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THALOE.

CHAPTER VIII

HE passed on with a storm of emotion raging more strongly than ever in his heart. If until then there had existed any remains of that veil of self-deception, already worn so thin, it was now at once entirely torn away; and he too surely knew that he loved the young Christian girl with a passionate vehemence of which he had never before supposed himself capable. Whatever attribute there was in her which had so fairly mastered him—whether it was the light of her gentle eyes, softened so pleasantly into changing hues by the shadow of their long dark lashes, the musically modulated tones of her winning voice, her kindly expressions of earnest and friendly good will, her constant and visible display of sincerity and truth, or her native culture and refinement—how could he tell which it might be, or what did it matter now? He only knew that, from having looked upon her at first with simple curiosity, and an absence of any fixed and conscious perception of her innate grace, she had gradually so grown into the depths of his soul that he had at last discovered more perfections of loveliness in her than even in his wildest transports of passion he had ever

recognized in the proud patrician beauty whom he had lately been so proud to call his own. And now, as he walked away, he looked longingly back, and felt that he would have been more glad to catch a glimpse of the corner of her simply wrought robe than to see Alypia sweeping by in all the grandeur and magnificence of her chariot of state.

"And yet it is better thus," he muttered again and again, in that old, vain attempt at self-consolation. "Our ways indeed are different; I must learn to think of her no more. Thereby, perhaps, I can the better crush out all useless longing for her."

Now, raising his eyes as he heard the mingled sound of many voices, he saw that he stood near a pleasant villa at the turning of the path. It was the summer home of some wealthy citizen, and the whole place was bright with festive light and gayety. Fresh garlands were bound in wreaths about the door-posts, and the fountain in front spouted scented water. From within, the murmur of song and lively conversation floated out into the open air. Slaves in rich livery were gathered around; some detained about the porch by ceremonial duties, others passing to and fro along the central court,

bearing gold and silver dishes in their hands. In front had gathered a little crowd of spectators, watching as well as they could the progress of the feast—some striving to count the courses, and speculating upon the nature of them with idle curiosity; others, more seriously inclined, intently looking on with moistened lips and hungry eyes, while awaiting the time when the fragments should be brought out, and doled forth to them in charity. Standing at the outskirts of this little crowd, Cleon for a moment gazed listlessly upon the scene, then prepared to move onward; when suddenly there emerged from the villa a single figure. It was one of the guests, who, throwing off his garland of roses as he descended the steps, passed hastily through the concourse before it, and singling Cleon out at a glance, seized him by the arm.

"Art loitering, Cleon? Then go with me; for I need other and better company than that which I have just had. The gods be thanked that I have escaped even as speedily as I did! Why will these wealthy plebeians presume to vie with the few who alone can give proper entertainment? Look you there! Would you not think, standing outside and listening to the music and seeing the wreaths and garlands, that it was a feast for the Cæsar himself? But within—lo! wines to which no aid of gold or silver can give flavor, and a mullet which has not seen the sea for nearly a week! And as for the conversation—Come, let us go around to the bath, where, though we may not ourselves bathe, we can scarcely fail to find some one proper to consort with."

It was one Gabius who spoke; a captain in one of the imperial legions, but not of the Pretorian Guard, and therefore of a lower rank than Cleon; a man of small stature, and having a peculiarly unpleasant face, the natural good that may once have existed in his features having long since been obscured by reckless indulgence in all the varied dissipation that the profligacy of that most corrupt age could invent; a man whose name was a by-word for all that was most low and debasing, and whose society

Cleon would at any other time have shunned as a moral pestilence. But now, in his momentary desperation, Cleon regarded but little the question of his companion's demerits. The voice was pleasant, and the greeting friendly: how, then, could either at that instant be repulsed? Any interruption to his own troubled thoughts could not be unwelcome, nor cared he whither his uncertain steps led him. So he suffered himself to be unresistingly controlled, and together the two strolled on for a minute longer, until they came to the public bath.

The sunshine fell with a full glare upon the broad portico, thickly dotted with slaves sitting upon the low steps, and there idly awaiting the exit of their masters, whose outward apparel some of them there guarded; while the zeal for relaxation being at that hour at its greatest height, the various entrances were constantly crowded by the coming and going of the bathers. To one of these entrances Cleon and his companion directed their steps; pressed through into a long passage, the air of which was perfumed to disguise the constantly escaping vapor of the warm water upon either hand; glanced here and there in at open doorways, which disclosed rooms mostly occupied by groups of bathers; and so advanced, until at an angle of the building there came loud bursts of laughter from a corner apartment in the passage, outside of which sat other attendant slaves. It was one of the tiring-rooms, set aside for the use of the especially wealthy; and through the partially closed entrance Cleon at once recognized the ring of familiar voices. Therefore, without scruple, he pressed through, and the two found themselves standing in a spacious apartment, with marble floor in white and black mosaic, and pillars whose sculptured capitals were wreathed with flowers; and were at once received with a burst of hearty greeting from many assembled acquaintances.

Most of these had already bathed, or else had merely loitered thither in search of pleasant companionship; and now, having by accident or design met together, were enjoying an impromptu outpouring of Setinian

wine, which stood upon a table in huge flagons, within easy reach of all as they were gathered around in easy position. Of the whole group, three or four were of the less prominent literary men of the day—historians and poets—of whom two at least had come with festive odes, to be read aloud whenever the opportunity might admit of it; if a fair guess to that effect might be formed from the rolls of parchment manuscript peeping out with apparent careless arrangement from the folds of their open tunics. Of the others, a few were men of mere wealth or station, whose conversation could not add much to the enjoyment of the occasion. All these Cleon passed by with a hasty glance, as he made his survey, and then proceeded to a more earnest scrutiny of the few who more nearly interested him.

Of these, the nearest was his young friend Camillus, reclining beside the table, and surveying the scene with that zest of which none but a youth in the first enjoyment of distinguished social privileges is capable. Raised upon one elbow, he lay in graceful attitude, affecting with pardonable vanity the air of a veteran in the arts of pleasure, lifting his goblet to his mouth in exact and cautious imitation of the more experienced of those about him; and with partial unconsciousness of the insidious effects of the wine, smiling with the best his satisfaction at each passing jest, and longing with all his heart to throw off that timid restraint which prevented him from like conversation. Standing erect beside him was the Tribune Balbus, a man of stern and unyielding demeanor, somewhat scarred with long and honorable service in the field, but not unhandsome, and gifted, moreover, with an imposing figure. As he there stood, maintaining an unruffled expression of quiet composure, or, at the best, only grimly smiling at some more pungent remark than usual, Cleon could see that the tribune was carefully watching him, beneath his bending eyebrows, with a fixed and searching gaze; and he began more fully than ever to realize that unsuccessful love had made an enemy of the man, and that in future a cautious

guard must be maintained against his superior power and influence. In the center, in strong contrast to the tribune, was the Senator Vortilian. He happened to be the last of the group to have his toilet completed for him; and now, stretched at full length upon a *sedilium*, which, though of the largest size, was hardly sufficient for his inordinate proportions, was submitting himself to the care of several slaves, who, having already dressed him, were now gathered closely around, decorating him with the final graces of their art. One fastened the strings of his sandals with the newest and most approved tie; another, holding his outstretched hand, trimmed his finger nails; a third rubbed fragrant ointment upon the beard; a fourth delicately tinted the features with paint and powder, so as to give the desired counterfeit of youthfulness and comeliness—each performing his especial task with a practiced hand, as though skilled by long study in that particular department; while standing at the distance of a pace or two was a fifth, apparently the master of them all, interestedly watching their progress, and occasionally interrupting with a suggestion or word of reproof. In Vortilian's lap lay a bunch of freshly gathered roses, which he occasionally raised languidly to his nostrils, not forgetting, however, between whiles to let one of the slaves lift his head, so as to allow of fresh draughts from the constantly filled flagon at his right hand. It fact, this man, of all those present, most completely gave himself up to the pleasures of the moment: sipping with elaborate zest of enjoyment, mingled with critical display of superior vinous knowledge; laughing with the loudest, though the effort painfully shook his fat sides; hailing each new joke with glee, even though his own massive outline was often the subject of it; rioting in the common talk about plays and dancing girls—in all things exhibiting himself an exclusive lover of the most sensual pleasures of the times; except when, now and then, with singular affectation, he attempted literary discourse, holding himself out as an earnest patron of letters, and with a grimace of assumed

affection, grasping the scroll which peeped out from his tunic front—probably the same volume that had lain upon his breast, as, in his drowsiness, he had been carried to the bath a few days before; and perhaps as yet unread.

Looking upon this man, there now came to Cleon the thought which will sometimes occur to the very wisest: whether, after all, such a life was not the best one to lead, since it seemed to give the greatest amount of happiness; and whether, in like manner, it were not the most sensible thing to abjure ambition, with its toils and snares and disappointments, and seek only for those material pleasures which have their instant and perceptible fruition.

Why not, indeed? What gain was there, after all, in a wise and virtuous life? Was there actually, as the philosophers had argued in the academic shades, and the priests had spoken from their temple altars, a future existence, in which virtue was rewarded for its self-denials of the present life? Who could tell? What if it were all a mistake, and if, when he lay down to die, the film of ignorance and false perception were to pass away from before his mind, and let in a clearer light, and show him that he was only composing his body for an everlasting, dreamless sleep? Might not he then bitterly regret that he had let the pleasures and fancies of the world slip by him, never any longer to be grasped? Lo! the records of his memory told him of the great and wise of every calling who had lain down to that long sleep, calmly discoursing with their gathered friends about the future possibilities, nor ever felt any pang of sorrow or remorse for the excesses of their lives. But grant that there was a Hades, and that there were really gods in Olympus, what sign was there that they ever took note of the actions of men so far beneath them? or that, so taking note, they ever gave virtue a commending smile? What were the gods themselves, that they should bear respect to a sober, blameless life? Even now around him were the bright frescoes which told about their own excesses. Upon the walls, Apollo gave chase to Daphne;

and Europa, clinging to the bull, stemmed the Hellespontic waves. Upon the ceiling, Jupiter, with golden-weighted hands, looked down upon the captive Danae. All this might be poetic tradition, indeed; but all tradition must be founded upon facts. The gods and their traditions must stand or fall together. Being as they were—if such they were at all—who was to know but that they would soonest open the Olympic gates to those who most truly had imitated them upon the earth, and filled the measure of their lives with revelry and feasting? Why might not the epicurean Senator Vortilian then enjoy the society of Jove, while he, the modest-living, duty-fearing captain of the Pretorian Guard, would be doomed everlastingly to wander through the gloomy shades of Pluto's kingdom? All, indeed, was doubt; and for that possible doubt should he now refuse and reject the good things of the world, while strength and youth held out, and he could so amply enjoy them? Nay; perish all crude maxims of morality, and let him take things as he found them: with thankfulness, rather, seeing that he yet had capacity for their reception.

"Give me also some wine," Cleon cried, upon this sudden impulse, calling to a slave who stood near with a freshly filled golden flask; "and fill the goblet to the very brim. It is of a rare vintage, and I would not have it said that I neglected it."

At this convivial outburst from one whose natural sedateness was almost proverbial, many looked up askance in wonderment, feeling strangely puzzled at such an unlooked-for development of new character; and for the moment one or two endeavored to reply in assent to the sentiment, but stammered in their speech, and were not a little relieved by the readiness with which the Senator Vortilian came to their assistance.

"Ay, a rare vintage!" he cried, directing the nearest slave to lift his head for him, while he held out his own goblet for replenishment. "See how the bubbles rise and break against the brim, and how the light shines through the liquid as you hold it askant, making a thousand colors play upon the

surface! The wonder is that the treasure has ever been allowed to reach us. For it seems almost a certain thing that Bacchus, in his wanderings around the earth, should have found that vineyard, and have there encamped until he had exhausted it; preferring the juice of those vines to the nectar of Olympus. And as for the taste thereof—ye gods!"

The senator, draining his goblet, smacked his lips with enthusiastic zeal, and looked about with an air of satisfaction, which required no further comment.

"And yet," he continued, with sudden remembrance that he had his other and better character to play, "let us not think only of the sight or taste thereof. That were to make mere brutes of ourselves. Let us rather dwell upon the glowing intellectual results which are thereby produced in our minds, nurturing new beauties of thought, the contemplation of which far surpasses the other grosser pleasures of sense. For what says Lamminides, a poet of lesser repute, perhaps, but only because the world has not yet learned to judge him aright? I have him here"—touching the scroll which peeped out in front—"and always carry him about me, as the companion of my solitude. He says that in all the—"

"Stay there, Vortilian!" cried one of the hitherto silent members of the company; a poet made peevish with long and probably well-deserved neglect, and who, having with him the roll of his own works, which he was anxious to recite, could not endure this open reference to a rival. "Or shall we ask to see for ourselves that favored volume? I know it well; for even at this distance I can recognize the ragged edge of the wine-stains upon the cover. And I remember that in past times it has done good service for Homer and Plato, as well as for a host of less important lights, whenever occasion required. Let us now see it for ourselves, and prove that it is not, after all, a mere list of delicacies for the palate, and kept by you at hand for your secret contemplation."

Undisturbed by the ready laugh which here arose, and rather joining in the mirth, the senator fell back against his lounge, and

shook his fat sides with the best of them; not offering to show the volume, or caring in the least to disprove the charge, so long as he could have his full share in the enjoyment of the poor jest; and contenting himself merely with an affectation of anger against the slave at his head for too rough usage with the golden comb. So the subject passed from their minds, and other topics came up; and for the while the mirth and festivity grew louder, as each had his story to tell or repartee to make. Of all the company, it seemed as though Cleon now drank the most and laughed the loudest. For while he thus laughed and drank with affected gayety and abandonment, was he not thereby the more certain of concealing the oppression upon his soul, and warding off those inquiries and suspicions which might lead to a disclosure? But of what use, after all, can be the most careful disguise, as long as mere accident is at hand to betray it?

"You have a new ring, Vortilian!" suddenly cried Gabius, glancing at the senator's forefinger bent around the uplifted cup. "Even from here I can see that it is of a rare workmanship and pattern."

"A trifle; though a family ring of some value as a relic," responded the senator, with careless readiness, exhibiting more plainly as he spoke the trinket purchased by him the day before. "It came to us as part of the ransom of a Persian Prince, in one of the last battles of the republic. My ancestor who took it was a general under Pompeius. It has no great value of itself, as you can see, but has been handed down simply for a secret charm connected with it."

"And you will tell us about that charm?" inquired Gabius. "Or perhaps you will take off the ring, that we may the better examine it."

"Nay, that I cannot do; for the virtue of the charm is, that when once upon the finger, it should never be removed. Nor can I even tell the nature of it, for that also would destroy its subtle influence."

"A charm for success in love, perhaps," was the laughing and somewhat sarcastic rejoinder. "Though that, surely, you cannot

need, having been already so often favored without it. Rather should it be a charm against inordinate appetite for mullet sauce."

"Were it really a love charm, Gabius, I should do better to give it to some others, to whom it might be of service; for, in fact, what care I for love glances, as long as wine does not fail me? I might give it to you, who have so often looked and sighed in vain, and have had the sweetest glances intercepted from you. Or, better yet, to some one like our young Camillus, who, too young as yet to feel the pangs of love, or to make a conquest by himself, would doubtless like to start upon the perilous course with proper auspices. I would, therefore, give it to him, and let him make his first budding essay of its power; for he cannot yet have learned to work without it."

"How know you that?" cried Camillus at this, raising his head, and for the first time in many minutes breaking his enforced silence; and a pleasant glow of satisfaction flitted across his face. Here, surely, was the opportunity of showing himself the equal of some of those about him; of proving that the gods had not been unfavorable to him; but that, in spite of his youthfulness and unpretending stature, he too had his experiences to tell: not gross or sensual experiences, to be sure; but it were worth while to tell even of a gentle smile or a beaming eye resting upon him with approving favor, so that he might boast of some pleasant token, at least, which might in time ripen into more serious love. Had he not long enough listened to the others in silence? Why should he not now speak out, when they seemed to allude so tauntingly to his inexperience?

"How know you that?" he repeated, so far under the influence of the wine he had been drinking as to lose a portion of his discretion, and rather encouraged to new asseverations in his defense by the mocking smile that passed about the table at his sudden boyish vehemence. "If I could tell—if it were right that I should mention it—I could assure you, indeed—"

"Why, how now?" was the laughing

interruption of Gabius. "What young damsel has smiled at your tossing locks, and putting her finger to her mouth, has assured you that she would look at you again when your beard had commenced to grow? Or better yet, what Psyche, finding in you her Cupid, has decoyed you into a corner, and there bestowed a kiss upon your pouting lips?"

"Nay, you will not then believe me unless I tell?" cried the page, losing, as he heard that tone of badinage, the remainder of his little discretion, and working himself into a state of wild desperation. "How, then, can I help doing so? Shall I, Cleon?"

"Why, what is there to mention that I should control you in?" answered Cleon, indifferently, not for the moment comprehending the purport of the question, and only caring to calm the excited spirit of the boy at the earliest opportunity. "If you have aught to tell which may not violate confidence, do so; and then we will pass on to other things."

"Then I can speak," responded the boy; "and I will do so. Know, then, that last evening, as I climbed the hill—I was on my way to Cleon's house—upon coming to that turn of the path above which skirts the base of the slope where the Temple of Neptune stands, I saw, peeping over a low wall, and watching me as I came along, a pair of soft eyes which, at the first moment I looked, sent a thrill through me. I would have spoken, but somehow I dared not. Yet the next instant I reproached myself for my cowardice, and still refrained, and walked by in silence; and all the time the eyes followed me with an approving smile. And when I had completely passed, upon turning, I saw that—"

"Will you be silent?" cried Cleon, who, having been sitting in a careless, unreflecting mood, now first seemed to comprehend the drift of these revelations. "Did you not promise me that you would speak no further upon this subject?"

Half frightened at the energy of the interruption, Camillus arrested himself, and, if permitted, would then have stopped. But

the matter had now reached another phase, for the curiosity of the company had by that time become aroused. There were some who wished to know whether this was a mere youthful imagining of the page, or, on the contrary, an actual love passage; and others desired to be enlightened as to what part Cleon could have in it, that he should have thus bound the other to silence. A third party, with less interest about the actual merits of the adventure, were well disposed to hear more, rather enjoying the pretty air of pretentious conceit with which Camillus uttered his revelations; and perhaps not liking that upon this common ground of festive equality the elder should assume a right to rebuke the younger upon any question of propriety. Therefore, when the page, with startled look, began to hold down his head and bite his tongue, there were enough among the company to excite him to rebellion, and help restore his independence of thought and will.

"It is not fair to stop him," cried the Senator Vortilian, in the excitement of curiosity rising so suddenly from his *sedilium* that the color brush of the slave went astray over his cheek, and spoiled the artistic labor of an hour. "How shall he ever learn what to tell, or when to keep silence, except by frequent confessions? Is there any one here who would betray him, or would think the less of him because of a single indiscretion? Take, therefore, another fill of the wine, Camillus, and let your tongue wag as it may: we will not love you other than we do."

"I would not stop him except it were for his good," returned Cleon, with a frown. "But he is in wine, and knows not what he is about; and it is not well that in such a case advantage should be taken of him, to compel the breaking of a promise and of confidence. Therefore, let him be silent, lest he do that of which he shall afterwards be ashamed."

It was a good argument, perhaps, but yet a rash and unguarded speech, being calculated to defeat its own purpose. For, at hearing words of such unpleasant comment,

the page raised his head, and there was now in his face a fixed expression of stolid obstinacy. Why should he be told thus rudely to be silent, in the presence of others before whom he was striving to prove his manhood? Why should he be ashamed to tell his little story of budding love, when the others all had their much greater experiences? And who, after all, was this Cleon, to reproach him with having drank too much, and of knowing not what he was about? Were there not friends enough present to encourage him to go on and speak as he listed? Gaining fresh courage from the smiles and nods thickly bestowed upon him, the boy smote the table with his fist, and broke out into utter rebellion.

"I will go on," he cried, with incoherent utterance. "Why should I stop? He says that I promised not to speak, but I do not so remember it. It is true that he asked me; but why should I consent? Is she more his than mine? I only know that she looked pleasantly upon me; I have never seen her look upon him at all. What if he did tell me that he had known her long, and that I must not interfere with him? Have I not the right to win my own way if I can? Let him say what he will, he cannot deny that this Christian girl smiled upon me."

At the last words the whole party broke out into a roar of laughter. This, then, was the sum of all the mystery! A Christian girl! And the grave captain running a race for her favor with the youthful page! Why, what sort of a man was this Cleon, after all, that, at the end of years of supposed correct deportment, he should stand at last exposed in an intrigue? And he had been otherwise so favored in love! Was it not enough that he had carried off the great court prize, and made himself the envy of tribunes and governors, but that he should dispute with a mere boy the possession of a simple Christian girl? Wonderful, indeed! Who, after that, could be trusted?

Thus the laugh and jest went round. Cleon and the page—the lion and the lamb! And while deceived by the random words of both parties, and by the natural disposition of

human nature to believe the worst, no one was prepared to credit Cleon with a mere disinterested friendship for the unknown charmer: and there was soon a division into two parties, who from playful raillery merged gradually into heated discussion, as they ranged themselves upon different sides; the one maintaining that Cleon should not be trespassed upon, having undoubted rights as the first discoverer of the prize; the other that Camillus should generously be yielded to, by reason of his youthfulness and the propriety of encouraging his latent propensity for love. Every moment the din grew louder and the debate more earnest, shutting out from hearing Cleon's attempted protestations, and bade fair to grow into manifestations of open anger; when suddenly the door opened, and gave entrance to one of Nero's messengers.

LEONARD KIP.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

REMEMBERED.

NAV, men have been who died to life and me;
 And looking back, the memory of all
 The love I felt for them, the tears as free
 As rain in autumn, seem a fantasy
 Behind the years that fall.

But him! I have not looked upon his face
 For years, indeed, and far from mine his way;
 Yet just as well through time and distance' space
 I can perceive the olden, loving grace,
 As he were here to-day.

He lives within my world; however dim
 My sight might grow, however closed my ears
 I still could feel his warm lip on the brim
 Of life's full goblet, and I know from him
 No lapse could hide my tears.

Oh, life is love and love is life, be sure!
 And once loved, always must that love be strong;
 Through every wave of strife it will endure,
 From every bitter battle come more pure,
 And stand in right or wrong.

Death only, as in pity, throws a veil
 Across the burning of its mighty flame;
 Death only makes the crimson strength grow pale;
 Before death only, love will ever quail,
 And not for grief or shame.

Oh, not because I loved this man the best
 Do I remember all his gracious ways!
 The man I had forgotten in his rest
 Held just as great a place within my breast,
 And garnered more my praise.

But he is safe. If we remembered such
As pass beyond us, with our present love,
If all day long we hungered for their touch,
Would not the burden weary us o'ermuch?
Would not life endless prove?

When time comes to it, all will be made plain
For them, for us. But those who still may tread
This earth, we know, can find remembrance gain;
Forgetfulness for them were greater pain
Than memory for the dead.

Then blame me not, because for him who lies
Beneath the snow I have no grieving tear;
While for my friend who looks on foreign skies
I wait and long. The dead one is so wise,
He knows how passing dear

He was to me; and he who lives can feel
My love about him, though we should not speak
Each unto each for years. One has the weal
Of death; the other bears the binding seal
Of life—and life is weak!

JAMES BERRY BENSEL

PHŒNIX, ROC, AND GRYPHON.

IN consequence of the belief in the heavenly origin of supernatural animals, it is necessary that they should be, for the most part, birds—or at least, winged. The quick transition from place to place, or from heaven to earth, and the ethereal composition of these creatures, necessitate their being endowed with wings, and these of gigantic proportions and brilliant plumage. Countries which abound in birds of large size hasten to regard these as agents of the heavenly powers, without further magnifying their proportions, or exaggerating their plumage and swiftness of flight. For example: The eagle of Greece could be naught else but the bird of Jupiter; the ibis, vulture, and hawk, deities of Egypt; and the vulture adored in Assyria, under the form of Nisroch. It cannot, therefore, surprise us to find the phoenix myth in China and Arabia strikingly similar

to the fables of Egypt, Greece, and India.

The phoenix myth in its purest form we find in China; and although, as I shall prove later on, the myth is not of Chinese origin, still it has been kept singularly clear and distinct; nor has it been, as is the case in other countries, confounded with the legends of the roc and gryphon.

The *fung-hwang*, or phoenix of Chinese legends, is a sort of pheasant, adorned with every brilliant color, and combining in its form and motions whatever is graceful and elegant, as well as possessing such a benevolent disposition that it will not peck or injure living insects, nor tread on growing herbs.* A Chinese writer describes it as follows: "The phoenix is of the essence of

* Williams's "Middle Kingdom."

water; it was born in the vermilion cave; it roosts not but upon the most beautiful tree;* it eats not but of the seeds of the bamboo; it drinks not but of the sweetest spring; its body is adorned with the five colors;† its song contains the five notes; as it walks, it looks around; as it flies, hosts of birds follow it."

Another writer states that it "resembles a wild swan before and a unicorn behind; it has the throat of a swallow, the bill of a fowl, the neck of a snake, the tail of a fish, the forehead of a crane, the crown of a mandarin drake, the stripes of a dragon, and the vaulted back of a tortoise. The feathers have five colors, which are named after the five cardinal virtues,‡ and it is five cubits in height; the tail is graduated like Pandean pipes, and its song resembles the music of that instrument, having five modulations."

According to these Chinese authorities, the phoenix appears only in seasons of universal virtue, and has not been seen since the halcyon days of Confucius. A very pretty comparison is made by Shaon, in his "Ode to the King Ching," between the high officers of the court and the phoenix. The verses are: §

"See how the phoenixes appear,
And their wings rustle on the ear,
As now they settle down!
Such are those noble men who wait,
O happy king, upon your state,
The servants of your crown.

"The male and female phoenix, lo!
With rustling wings about they go,
Then up to heaven they soar.
Such are those noble men who stand,
Prompt to obey your least command—
None love your people more."

As the name *fung-hwang* implies, it is the "emperor of birds." The Japanese similarly speak of the phoenix as the *ho-wò*, "the king of birds"; the common people, however, know it as the *nagai-iki-dori*, or "bird of

long life." The tombs of the Shōguns at Shiba and Nikko present most elaborate representations of the *ho-wò*, and the new and old paper currency of the country bears its image. The phoenix in China is the symbol of the empress, the dragon of the emperor; whilst the twin imperial emblems on the mikado's robes are the *ho-wò*, or phoenix, and the *Paulownia Imperialis* tree.* The common people in China dare not use the supposed likeness of the phoenix to promote their private purposes, except under certain circumstances, in accordance with established customs. For example: A sort of large tapers or candles, used at marriage festivals, have pictures on them representing the dragon and phoenix; certain kinds of round cakes, used as presents to the relatives and friends of the bride, have representations of these fabulous animals made upon them; the papers drawn up on the occasion of the betrothal of a boy or girl have also pictures of the dragon and phoenix,† etc.

Herodotus tells us that Egypt was the chosen country of the phoenix; and in accordance with this many texts speak of the bird. In Egypt it was called the *bennu*; was sacred to Osiris, and the symbol of resurrection and regeneration. E. de Rougé says: ‡ "The *bennu* was the type of the Greco-Egyptian fable of the phoenix. Its presence at Heliopolis symbolized the return of Osiris to the light." Brugsch Bey proves that *bennu* was one of the many names of the planet Venus. This star, by successively reappearing morning and evening, thus excellently expressed the dogma of evolution as taught by the Egyptian sages.§ The phoenix in Egyptian bas-reliefs is very similar to the sacred ibis in outward appearance, with the exception of two long brilliantly colored plumes on the head.

Tacitus|| gives us a very satisfactory account of the Egyptian phoenix; he says: "During the consulate of Paulus Fabius

* The *Wu-tung*.

† Yellow, white, green, red, black.

‡ Virtue, obedience, justice, fidelity, benevolence.

§ Legge's "She King," p. 316.

* Griffith's "Mikado's Empire."

† Doolittle's "Social Life of the Chinese," p. 267.

‡ "Etudes sur le rituel funéraire."

§ Todtenbuch, chap. xxvi.

|| Annales, vi. 28.

and Lucius Vitellius, there appeared a phoenix-bird in Egypt, and gave much material for discussion to the learned of both Egypt and Greece. On some points they agreed, but left many others contested. This much they acknowledged, that it is distinct from all other birds, by its plumage and song,* and is sacred to the sun. It is generally believed to live for five hundred years. The first of these birds appeared during the reign of Sesostris, afterwards of Amasis, lastly of Ptolemæus Energetes, in the city of Heliopolis, accompanied by hosts of birds, which were admiring its plumage. The dates of its appearance are, however, uncertain; and some authorities believe, therefore, that this last phoenix was an impostor, and that it did not come from Arabia." This is an important clause, as it proves that the phoenix was thought to have its origin in Arabia, by the very Egyptians themselves. Tacitus continues: "Having finished the number of its years, it builds its nest on the ground, deposits therein an egg,† from which comes the young one. The first care of the new phoenix is the burial of its parent. Wrapping the body of the parental bird in myrrh, the young phoenix, as soon as it can fly, deposits it upon the altar of the sun. But this is most probably mythical. Finally," adds Tacitus, with grave simplicity, "there can be no doubt that sometime the phoenix has been seen in Egypt."

As far as I have been able to ascertain, only two Greek authors make any reference to the phoenix. Hesiod, in a very fanciful verse, speaks of the longevity of the phoenix, but attributes to it a greater length of life than does any other writer. The passage‡ is as follows: "The crow lives nine lives of man; the stag four crow-lives; the raven three stag-lives, but the phoenix nine times the life of a raven; finally, the hamadryads ten lives of the phoenix."§ Herodotus gives us a very

complete account of the phoenix, and treats the fable with his usual caution. His remarks are so similar to those of Tacitus, already quoted, that it is unnecessary to give them *verbatim*. The most important portion is the following:*

"They† have also another sacred bird, which, except in a picture, I have never seen; it is called the phoenix. It is very uncommon, even among themselves; for according to the Heliopolitans it comes there in the course of five hundred years, and then only at the decease of the parent bird. If it bear any resemblance to its picture, the wings are partly of a gold and partly of a deep red‡ color, and its form and size perfectly like the eagle. They say it comes from Arabia."

The incredulity which Herodotus expresses in this account has been highly praised by another writer,§ who remarks that "no one can apply the term *leviter mentitus*|| to Herodotus, who tells you on every page that he only relates the information he received, and who professedly regards the story of the phoenix as fabulous."

The name *phoenix* implies the brilliant coloring of the bird. I am at a loss otherwise to account for the choice of the word, for it had certainly nothing to do with the Phenicians, although they also believed in the phoenix. From what is related of the bird, the Phenicians gave the name of phoenix to the palm tree, because when burnt down to the ground it springs up again, fairer than ever. *Phoenix* was a name for all dark reds; singularly enough, the Chinese paint the phoenix yellow, on a dull red background, and the Egyptians painted it on a sort of scarlet.

From what I have quoted, I think it is evident that the phoenix myth is of Arabic origin; and although Arabic authors differ widely

referring to this passage, remarks very sagely: "I opine that Hesiod has made some fabulous statements here." Other authors speak of this verse; Plutarch (*De Oracul. defectu*, t. ii. p. 415) quotes it in full.

* Herod. ii. 73.

† The Egyptians.

‡ Not "ruby," as Beloe translates.

§ Thomasius "De Plagio Literario."

|| Hecataeus does this.

* This I take to be the correct translation of "ore" here; otherwise "beak."

† "Vis genitalis."

‡ Hesiodi Fragmenta, 50, 4.

§ That would make the hamadryad's life considerably longer than 500,000 years. Pliny, (N. H. vii. 48)

in their descriptions of the phœnix, the fable must have originated in ancient Arabia, in a form very similar to the Egyptian version.

In examining the legends of Arabic writers, we find a confusion of the phœnix with the roc. 'Anka* is the name of the phœnix, *rukḥ* that of the roc; but the two have been so often used for one another, that it is not surprising to find Golius and many other lexicographers reading "gryphon" for 'anka. The 'anka was a bird which corresponded with the idea of the phœnix in so far as only one of the species was supposed to exist, and with the gryphon in shape and monstrous size. It was fancied to be rational, and to have the gift of speech, reigning as queen on the fabulous mountain *Kaf*. El Kazwini states that the 'anka "is the greatest of birds; that it carries off the elephant as the kite carries off a mouse. In consequence of its carrying off a bride, Allah, at the prayer of a prophet,† banished it to an island‡ in the circumambient ocean, unvisited by man, under the equinoctial line. It lives seventeen hundred years. When the young 'anka is grown up, if it be a female, the old female bird burns herself; and if a male, the old male bird does the same"—clearly mistaking the roc for the phœnix.

We now lose sight of the phœnix; for the *garuda* of the Hindus, the *simurgh* of the Persians, and the *bar-fuchre* of Rabbinical legends are evidently versions of the roc myth.

The legends of the roc are, without exception, of a later date than those of the phœnix. In China, it is true, the "Book of Mountains and Seas" mentions several gigantic birds, but admits that they are to be found in India or still farther south; nor does it speak of these birds as having any connection with the heavenly powers. An Arabic author says of the roc: "There is in certain of the islands a bird of enormous

size, called the *rukḥ*, that feedeth its young ones with elephants." Golius translates *rukḥ* simply as "a bird which carries off a whole rhinoceros." El Kazwini* relates a story told him of the roc, which is very similar to the well-known narrative of Sindbad the Sailor, in the "Arabian Nights," for which reason I give it here.

"A man of Ispahan related to me, that, being burdened with debts, he quitted Ispahan, and went to sea with some merchants. We came, said he, to the well-known whirlpool of the sea of Persia; whereupon the master declared that no ship could escape from this whirlpool, but that if one of us would give himself for his companions, he would do his best. Wearied by misery, I wished for death, and offered myself, on condition that the merchants should discharge my debts and act kindly to my children. This being accepted on oaths, the master put me on shore, gave me provisions for some days, and a drum to beat; while I was beating the drum, I beheld the water move; then they bore the ship along, and I looked at her until she was out of my sight and in safety. Left on the island, I was meditating on my case, which was like a dream, when at the close of the day an immense bird, like a cloud, came and alighted upon the top of an immense tree. I hid myself, fearing lest it should make me its prey. When the light of morning approached, it shook its wings and flew away. The next night when it came I approached it, but it showed no hostility to me. The third night I sat by its legs, and in the morning it flew away with me at a most rapid flight. When I looked towards the earth and saw not aught save an abyss of water, I was about to quit my hold of its legs; but life is sweet, and I constrained myself to have patience; and looking again at the earth, I beheld the villages and the towns, and the people looking at the bird. Then it approached the earth, set me down upon a heap of straw, and

* 'Anka is an Arabic word, meaning "long necked." Compare with this name the Chinese idea that the phœnix "has a neck like a snake."

† The prophet "Hamdallah."

‡ Madagascar, most probably.

* Kazwini's "Book of Wonders."

soared into the sky. You may imagine the astonishment of the people, who took me to their chief. I related to them my whole story, by an interpreter, and they wondered at me more and more. They treated me kindly, and I remained with them some days. I was walking on the sea-shore, and lo! I met the ship of my companions; and when I related to them my story, they were greatly astonished; and we thanked God, who delivered me in such a wonderful way; may his name be exalted!"

Marco Polo makes mention of the roc in his travels, giving a very entertaining account. He writes: "'Tis said that in those other islands to the south* is found the bird gryphon, which appears there at certain seasons. The description given of it is, however, entirely different from what our stories and pictures make it. For persons who had been there and seen it told Messer Marco Polo that it was for all the world like an eagle, but one, indeed, of enormous size: so big, in fact, that its wings covered an extent of thirty paces, and its quills were twelve paces long, and thick in proportion. And it is so strong that it will seize an elephant in its talons and carry him high into the air, and drop him so that he is smashed to pieces; having so killed him, the bird gryphon swoops down on him and eats him at leisure. The people of those isles call the bird *roc*, and it has no other name. So I wot not if this be the real gryphon, or if there be another bird as great. But this I can tell you for certain: that they are not half-lion and half-bird, as our stories do relate; but enormous as they be, they are fashioned just like an eagle."

The circumstance which localized the roc in the direction of Madagascar was perhaps some rumor of the great fossil *apyornis* and its colossal eggs,† found in that island. According to Geoffroy St. Hilaire, the Malagashes assert that the bird which laid those great eggs still exists, that it has an immense power of flight, and preys upon the greater

quadrupeds. Indeed, the continued existence of the bird has been alleged as late as 1861 and 1863. Professor Bianconi of Bologna, who has written much on the subject of the *apyornis*, concludes that it was most probably of the vulture family. This would go far, he contends, to justify Polo's account of the roc as a bird of prey; though the story of its lifting any large animal could have had no foundation, as the feet of the vulture are unfit for such efforts. Bianconi concludes that, on the same scale of proportion as the condor's, the great quills of the *apyornis* would be about ten feet long, and the spread of the wings about thirty-two feet; whilst the height of the bird would be at least four times that of the condor's. The *Dinornis giganteus*, or moa* of New Zealand, is another bird of immense proportions. Professor Owen has constructed a skeleton of it eight feet ten inches in height—the tibia, or shin bone, alone measures nearly three feet. According to Professor Owen, there were thirteen or fourteen species of moa, which is closely allied to the kiwi-kiwi, or *Apteryx Australis*, a specimen of which is to be seen in the London Zoological Gardens. Still more wonderful—indeed, almost incredible—are the accounts of the *harpagornis*. Dr. Haast discovered in a swamp at Glenmark,† along with the remains of the *Dinornis*, or moa, some bones (femur, ungual phalanges, and rib) of a gigantic bird, which he pronounces to be a bird of prey, apparently allied to the harriers, and calls *harpagornis*. These bones were sent home to Professor Owen, who is convinced that they belong to a bird of prey double the weight of the moa, and quite capable, therefore, of preying on the young of that species. Indeed, he is disposed to attribute the extinction of the *harpagornis* to that of the moa, which was the only victim in the country that could supply it with a sufficiency of food." A learned writer on the subject adds: "One is tempted to believe that if the moa, or *Dinornis* of New Zealand, had its *harpagornis* scourge, the still greater

* "Madeigascar" and "Zanghibar."

† The egg of this bird, preserved in the British Museum, would hold about 2.35 gallons.

* Hochstetter's "New Zealand."

† In the province of Otago, New Zealand.

apyornis of Madagascar may have had a proportionate tyrant, whose bones time may bring to light."

Tales of the *harpagornis* may have penetrated to the confines of China; for there appear to have been floating rumors of a great bird similar to the roc, which was much feared by the people. Ibn Batuta relates that it was in the Chinese seas that he beheld the roc, first like a mountain in the sea, where no mountain should have been; and then, "when the sun rose, we saw the mountain aloft in the air, and the clear sky between it and the sea. We were in astonishment at this, and I observed that the sailors were weeping and bidding each other adieu; so I called out, 'What is the matter?' They replied, 'What we took for a mountain is the *ruk*. If it sees us, it will send us to destruction.' It was then some ten miles from the junk. But Allah was gracious to us, and sent us a fair wind, which turned us from the direction in which the *ruk* was; so we did not see him near enough to take cognizance of his real shape." The cause of their alarm was most probably the refraction of some island or point of land, which appeared suspended in mid-air.

The *garuda* of the Hindus was most probably the *apyornis* again, for a common epithet of it was *gajakurmasin*, or "elephant and tortoise devourer." The *simurgh* of the Persians, on the other hand, was somewhat similar to the phoenix. In Persian mysticism, the *simurgh* is an emblem of the Almighty, dwelling on the inaccessible summits of the Caucasus, behind veils of light and darkness.

We find no mention of the roc in the literature of ancient Greece, unless we are to suppose that the gryphon is the type of the roc. Aristotle* solely makes mention of gigantic birds which were not gryphons. He says: "They say that on the island Diomedea, in the Adriatic, there is a wonderful and holy temple of Diomedé; round about it there live birds of immense size, with long and steel-like beaks. Now, if a Greek comes

to that place, they will remain passive; but when the barbarians of the vicinity come near to it, they fly up, and pouncing upon their heads, tear them to pieces and kill them." Birds of truly great discrimination!

The earliest mention made of the gryphon is by Aristæas, about 500 B. C. The *gryps*, says Herodotus, is the guardian of gold-mines. In another place* he remarks:

"It is certain that in the north of Europe there is a prodigious quantity of gold; but how it is produced I am not able to tell with certainty. It is affirmed, indeed, that the Arimaspians, a one-eyed race, take this gold violently away from the gryphons." Æschylus† makes use of this passage:

"Thus the gryphons,
Those dumb and ravenous dogs of Jove, avoid
The Arimaspians' troops, whose frowning foreheads
Glare with one blazing eye; along the banks
Where Pluto rolls his streams of gold, they rein
Their foaming steeds."

In connection with the account of Herodotus, it is remarkable that the people of northern Siberia firmly believe in the former existence of colossal birds, suggested in all probability by the fossil remains of great pachyderms, which are so abundant there. Indeed, the flat saber-like horns of the *rhinoceros tichorinus* are constantly called, even by Russian merchants, *birds' claws*. M. Erman ingeniously suggests that the Herodotean story of the gryphons, from under which the Arimaspians drew their gold, grew out of legends about these fossils.

The gryphon of ancient Egypt was closely related to the *nirgal*, or winged lion, of Assyria. It had the head of an eagle and the body of a winged lion; the Egyptian name for it was *akhekkh*. The gryphon seems to have been symbolic of terror; for in the history of the campaign against the Hittites, Ramses is said to have been "like a gryphon" to his enemies, "spreading terror wherever he fought." The name of the

* VII. 79.

* III. 116.

† Prometh. Vincit, Potter's Translation.

gryphon comes from the Greek *grypos*, "with a curved or hooked nose."

In conclusion, can we believe that such creatures as the phoenix, roc, or gryphon ever existed? In their forms of argus, pheasant, *apyornis*, or *harpagornis*, certainly. As regards the *phionix*, *rukhl*, and *gryps*, *per se*, however, I think the sage Mas'udi puts it most clearly. After having said that whatever country he visited, he always found that the people believed these monstrous

creatures to exist in regions as remote as possible from their own, he continues:

"It is not that our reason absolutely rejects the possibility of the existence of the *nesnas*, (the *empusa*, or ghou) or of the *'anka* (phoenix) and other beings of rare and wondrous orders; for there is nothing in their existence incompatible with the divine power; but we decline to believe in them, because their existence has not been manifested to us on any irrefragable authority.

F. WARRINGTON EASTLAKE.

WRECK OF THE GOLDEN RULE.

I HAVE threatened for nearly fifteen years to write this out for publication, but have delayed doing so until now. It may prove of interest to Pacific coast readers, as no detailed account of the affair has ever been published. It is the statement of an eyewitness; all of which I saw, *et quorum pars fui*.

It was on a pleasant morning in May, 1865, that the good steamship Golden Rule, of M. O. Roberts' line, freighted with over seven hundred passengers and crew, swung away from her pier in New York harbor, and steamed towards the Narrows on her way to Greytown. The gun was fired, the passengers cheered, and echo answered from the dock, where friends left behind waved hats and handkerchiefs.

Thus gayly we started upon our long journey toward California. All were in high spirits, when suddenly—unromantic omen of future disaster—a Hoboken ferry-boat dashed into our starboard wheel, inflicting such grievous injury that a halt was imperative until the damage was repaired. Swinging quietly out of the track of passing vessels, we dropped anchor, and sent a boat ashore for such assistance as was required to repair the wheel. At daybreak on the ensuing morning all was arranged, and we proceeded on our course. Passing the forts, the Narrows, and the fresh green hills

of Staten Island, the long, rolling swell of the Atlantic broke under our bows, the ship rose and fell gracefully upon the uneven surface of the water, and the fun commenced.

In a few days we got on our sea-legs, and began to enjoy the voyage. A passing sail, a shark, a shoal of porpoises or flying fish furnished topics for conversation; and by the aid of eating, sleeping, books, and cards, time passed rapidly.

We breasted the white-capped waves of stormy Cape Hatteras, and plowing steadily southward, sailed into a glassy summer sea. The heat increasing to tropical fervor, canvas screens were placed over the decks.

And now arose an excitement, as the cry of "Sail, ho!" rang from the topmast. The stranger was a ship under full sail, some miles off, and running squarely across our course. Our officers suspected her to be an Alabama or Shenandoah, and stopped our vessel, took a look at the stranger, and ran clear round her. Thus we escaped this great danger, as the "pirut" craft took no notice of us.

On the fifth morning from New York we sighted Mariguana Island; and in the afternoon the low, green shores of Inagua rose like a vision of Aphrodite from out the crystal sea.

Then appeared the lofty heights of Cuba,

Spain's ever-faithful isle; and all the ensuing night the revolving light on Point Maysi flashed its intermitting beams across the placid waters. Towards evening of the next day we sighted the wooded slopes of Jamaica, and at dusk glided past its easternmost point, crowned with a lighthouse that loomed dark and huge through the misty gloaming.

And now the wind freshened; the white-caps crowned the waves. The Caribbean Sea was giving us a taste of its quality. Steadily we plowed our way for twenty-four hours more, when the wind lulled, and as darkness approached the sea became phosphorescent. Every wave crest sparkled with fire. The swash from the vessel's side gleamed like a million glow-worms. Now the wind rose in fitful gusts, and the muttering of the distant thunder heralded the approaching storm. Such a storm too!—a tropical explosion. The heavens were alive with fire. The thunder pealed forth incessant bursts. Rain poured with tropical profusion upon the sparkling, phosphorescent sea. At last,

"The tempest glides o'er with its terrible train";

and we sought our berths.

About three o'clock in the morning the clash of the engineer's bell, the stopping of engines and paddle-wheel, and a mysterious grating under the ship's keel promptly roused me. Running to the ship's side, I plainly saw the long white line of breakers dashing on a coral reef. "Call up the hands!" said the officer of the deck. "Back the ship off the reef!" The engines were promptly reversed. "Everybody aft!" came the next order; and the bewildered passengers who were turning out in every stage of *deshabille* were hustled back to the ship's stern, in hopes that their united avoirdupois would raise the vessel's bow from the rocks. All efforts were vain. The wind swung round the stern, and the ship, lifted upon the rollers, was spitted on the jagged coral. The masts and steam pipes were next cut away, immense holes torn through the ship's bottom, and the last voyage of the Golden Rule was ended.

Just here rises the question, How does one feel while staring death in the face? My own experience was as follows: I was a strong, healthy young man, had just left home and friends, and here, apparently, was the end. I knew we were at the center of the Caribbean Sea, three hundred miles from land. In a few hours the wreck would probably break up. Then would follow a lingering torture: death by water, death by sharks, death by hunger, death by thirst, all passed before my imagination. I pictured myself floating on a solitary plank, over the wide sea, until, exhausted, I fell into the water. Relatives, friends, would never know my fate. Such anticipations almost overwhelmed my mind for some moments. Then hope arose, and summoned courage to contest fate to the bitter end.

Now dawn appeared, revealing a reef extending in each direction farther than eye could reach; the ship lay well up on the reef, about sixty yards from where its serrated crest broke the outline of roaring surf. With ceaseless monotony the vessel rose four to six feet on the heavy swells, and crashed back on the coral as each wave receded. Slowly the timbers broke under her bottom, causing her to settle lower into the water, the decks sloping more and more to seaward. Every wave thundered against her sides, and threw its spray clear over the ship. Everybody now hunted for something to eat, commenting that it might be our last meal below the skies.

"We must make rafts," were the words that next ran through the ship; and we went at it with a will. The spare spars, hatches, gratings, doors, tables, and planks were first used; next we cut to pieces the upper works, cabins, pilot-house, and hurricane-deck. We constructed many small rafts, which were lowered to the water, towed through an opening in the reef, and anchored together in one large raft in still water. Next, sundry barrels of hard-tack, pickled beef and pork, and other marine delicacies were hoisted on deck, lowered into boats, and transferred to the raft. Several cables were rigged from ship to rocks; and

on one a chair was attached, with ropes to pull it and any occupant to the reef. One adventurous individual tried the perilous venture; but as the tightening and slackening of the cables alternately ducked him into the water or threw him twenty feet in air, he expressed himself satisfied with one trip, and no one cared to repeat the exploit.

Now sundry people with telescopic eyes thought they saw something down the reef, in the hazy distance. A boat was dispatched to learn if this supposed discovery was tangible, or only the baseless fabric of a vision. A more serious voyage awaited our first mate. He took two men in one of the life-boats, with provisions and water, and started for Old Providence Island, supposed to be eighty miles to the westward, in hopes that aid in some shape might there be found. With cheers, prayers, and best wishes, we watched him out of sight.

At sundown the exploring expedition returned with the glad news that they had discovered an island about five miles off, that contained a small pool of fresh water. This unexpected report enlivened us all, as we now began to hope we might yet be saved. It was soon decided to transfer the people to the island; but first all must go to the large raft or reef. Lanterns were hung, and the labor of transferring the women and children to the raft commenced. By means of a loop of rope slung under the arms, women were lowered down the vessel's side, where strong arms seized them and pulled them safely into the boats. About two hundred were lodged on the raft, and provided with bedding by eight P. M., when, everybody being tired out, we sought such quarters for the night as were to be had. Except for heavy showers, the night passed without incident, though the churning, creaking, and groaning of the ship were not especially conducive to sleep. It may be imagined that few could rest well if their beds were raised several feet and thumped violently down half a dozen times a minute. The morning broke stormy, as rain fell in torrents and lasted all day. As nobody attended to the cooking or refreshment department, we

hunted a few hard-tack, chewed ice from the ship's ice-house over the wheel, to satisfy thirst, and resumed our labors. I would say here, *par parenthesis*, that no fresh water was to be had, as it was in iron tanks in the ship's hold, now covered with ten feet of sea water.

The life-boats were organized into a packet line, to convey women and children to the island, while one wooden boat took men to the rocks. I said took them to the rocks; but the thing actually done was to run the boat into water three or four feet deep, when the coxswain would sing out, "Jump!" and the boat was immediately headed again for the ship, so the timorous and delaying were more likely to go over head and ears, and often required to be pulled out by some friendly hand, to save their lives. Joining the last load, I reached the rocks, and selecting one particularly high and sharp, perched thereon like a very bedraggled fowl in the pelting rain, arranged the rim of my hat so that it would drip on my coat sleeve, which I continually sucked for drink, and reckoned up how many hours a human being could live under such circumstances. At length nearly all were at the island, and the powers that be, who had kept the young men until the last, graciously permitted us to stand in water to our necks for an hour, and then to step foot upon the raft. Now, embarked in a life-boat, we bore away for the island, which was reached at eleven o'clock at night. Hungry and chilled, I received a ration of one hard-tack, which was speedily eaten. Then seizing an ax, I cut fuel from the mast of a wrecked ship, stirred the decaying embers to a bright blaze; and thus warmed up, lay down on the sand, feet to the fire, and slept soundly.

An exploration at daylight revealed the island to be about ten acres in extent, partly coral sand, partly sharp, jagged rocks. Everybody went to house-building. How it happened, I forget; but I joined with three young men to construct a rude dwelling. Large pieces of coral were built into a wall, inclosing about eight feet square and four high on three sides of a square, but

open to the north. Rude rafters of drift-wood were laid across the walls, blankets stretched over them, fastened down with rocks, and our house was built.

The cooking and distribution of food now became the most important event of each day. Coppers were brought from the ship, meat cooked, a bell rung, and rations served. *Place aux dames*, first to the women and children. In single file they approached a table, formed of a board across two casks, crowned with immense pans. Each person received one-half a sea-biscuit, and a piece of salt beef or pork as large as two fingers.

This ration after the first day was increased one-half. The men were served last. Rations were issued twice daily. A guard was stationed over the water, with instructions to serve out one-half a pint to each applicant.

And now the island assumed the appearance of a little village. Its seven hundred inhabitants were rudely lodged in stone huts roofed with shawls and blankets. Some fished, others swam in the sea, while still others returned to the ship for food or plunder. I began to study my comrades. Two were large, heavy men from New Brunswick. The third was a natty, dapper youth of New York City, whom we called Jake, whose peculiarities furnished endless amusement. Returning with Jake from dinner—if our scanty ration might thus be called—on the third day of our residence on the island, he commented as follows: "I say, Cap, we will need a cargo of supplies soon. These ladies' toes are sticking out of their shoes, and their dress skirts look like saw teeth." This being true enough, I acquiesced, when suddenly Jake uttered a yell, clapped his hand to his mouth, and used an ejaculation more forcible than polite. Noticing my surprised look, he exclaimed, "Well, I think it's bad enough to be nearly starved, without giving us feed that's worse than tombstones on teeth"—exhibiting at the same time one-half an incisor that had snapped like a pipe stem upon the flinty hard-tack.

Jake prided himself upon his swimming, and often exhibited his prowess, the

warm water rendering it pleasant and refreshing. On the fourth day Jake started to swim to a reef of rocks about two hundred yards from the island, and had nearly reached it when we saw him lash the water into a foam, rush up the shallows, and spring quickly to the other side of the reef. This haste was explained by the appearance of the back fin of a large shark in his wake. The sea-monster mounted guard, and kept poor Jake under surveillance the whole day beneath the broiling sun.

At dusk the shark disappeared, when Jake slipped quietly into the water and reached us in safety. That night Jake slept uneasily. His tender skin was blistered and burning; and though we turned up for him the softest sides of the wave-smoothed stones that paved our hut, and upon which we slept, offering at the same time such consolation as young men usually give to each other when victimized, he groaned continually, and refused to be comforted. At last he fell into an uneasy sleep. He dreamed that he was swimming in the water, with that dreadful shark in full pursuit. He struck out, he struggled, he dashed through the waves. He lashed every muscle to its utmost tension. In vain! The cold, clammy fins of the shark struck his hands, his neck, his face. The man-eater opened his deadly jaws to seize his prey, displaying his horrid triple rows of sharp teeth. But now Jake nears the shore; he grasps the rock, and with one superhuman effort throws himself upon the welcome land. At least, that was his dream; but the reality varied somewhat. The facts were, that various crabs, small lobsters, and other creatures of the deep haunted our huts at night. These gentry crawled over our faces, ate our clothing, and occasionally nipped an ear or finger. Usually we waked, threw them out, and slept again. But this night Jake's dreams were colored and directed by the events of the day, and when the sea-vermin crawled over his face he imagined he felt the shark's fins. So far it mattered little; but when in imagination he seized the rock to throw himself ashore, he actually grasped one of the

key-stones of the wall of our hut, and dislodging it from its place, *traxit ruina*, half a ton of coral rock came rattling about our ears, bringing rafters and roofing in its course of destruction. It fell mostly on Jake, as he lay next the wall; and as soon as the rest of us grasped the situation, we shook off the coral and dug him out. Fortunately the rafters in falling protected him somewhat, so that, save a few bruises, he was little injured.

A day or two after we reached the island our second mate and three men were dispatched to sea in a life-boat, instructed to reach Aspinwall if possible, and send us relief.

And now began a siege of dreary monotony, of fading hopes, of wearisome *ennui*, such as is inflicted upon few denizens of earth. Day after day came the same tiresome, monotonous round. The blazing sun filled the sky with fiery heat. The faces of all were blistered with exposure; clothing and shoes destroyed by the jagged coral. Many women were in a particularly dilapidated condition, with elbows through sleeves, shoes gaping wide, and dress skirts riddled by abrasion upon rocks, or eaten by sea-crabs. These vermin, while I slept, actually ate about one-third a linen handkerchief tied about my neck and head.

Res angusta domi—it was narrow house-keeping. Our food ran low, even though the daily pittance of each would not have satisfied a cat. The beef, too, was so detestable in quality that it was unfit to eat. Its offense was rank, and smelled to heaven. Many a time did I throw my morsel to the ground in disgust, and afterwards, compelled by the ceaseless gnawing of my vitals, return to it again, and yet again, until all was devoured.

And to such horrible fare were condemned many delicate ladies and children who never before knew a want ungratified.

Worse still, the scanty deposit of fresh water left by the rain was nearly exhausted. A few days more, and that would be gone; and then we well knew by what lingering torture death awaited his prey. Eagerly we

watched the ocean, but no welcome sail greeted our anxious eyes. Famine began to tell upon our ranks. Sunken cheeks, gaunt faces, hollow eyes, and thinned forms too plainly revealed its baleful extent. Grim despair fell upon our camp, and clutched its talons in every heart. It was watching and waiting. We could do nothing but endure. We could go nowhere. Help must come to us.

And help came at last. On the tenth morning a tiny speck appeared on the southern horizon; soon it grew to a sail, approached the island, the dark hull appeared, and we knew that we were saved.

Then was seen every manifestation of gratitude and joy. The people embraced, they cried, they screamed, they danced, they prayed, they rolled upon the sand. Women indulged in hysterical fits; men wept like children. All felt how great was the burden lifted from their hearts, as the shadow of black death flitted away. Another vessel followed the first. Both soon anchored near the beach; a boat was lowered, and as it reached the shore we crowded to take the hand of our first mate, who brought this welcome succor.

His story was soon told: he passed Old Providence Island in the night; the sea became rough; his boat often filled with water; once or twice it overturned; his provisions were ruined or lost. Safety was only found in running before the wind. In three days he ran three hundred miles, and reached that *terra incognita*, the Musquito coast. Here he found two small schooners taking turtle, whose captains agreed to come to our relief. As they had to run into the wind's eye, their progress was necessarily slow; perpetual tacking was necessary, and seven days elapsed before we spied their welcome sails.

It was soon decided that the fishing schooners should each take a load of passengers to Aspinwall. Next morning most of the young men received orders to embark on these vessels, which were soon loaded to near the water's edge. The sails were spread, and we were about to start, when a sailor at my side cast his eye to seaward, and cried,

"Sail, ho!" An hour brought the new arrival within a mile, another following in her wake.

They proved to be two large United States war steamers, the Huntsville and State of Georgia. "Three cheers for the United States Navy," some one cried out; and we gave them with a will. A boat from the Huntsville, coming alongside our craft, informed us that our second mate reached

Aspinwall safely; that a few hours later these vessels steamed into port; that he reported our situation to their officers, who at once proceeded to our relief. All were soon transferred to the war ships, and furnished a substantial meal.

Nothing more occurred of special interest. We reached Aspinwall in two days, crossed by rail to Panama, and embarked upon the America for San Francisco.

WILLIAM A. PATTERSON.

A TALE OF SAWYER'S FLAT.

"God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own."—*Anon.*

THE PROLOGUE BY BILL SPARKS.

SPARKS? Yes, stranger, that's me. And the little kid yender, that's our Johnny. He ain't no kin of ours, but he's ginerally known through these parts ez Bill Sparks's kid. Jest set down on this yer log 'nd I'll tell yer about it. Hev ye got any sech thing as a chaw o' terbacker handy? Yer see, a feller's feelin's is apt to git riled up, 'nd thar ain't nothin' so divartin' in a case o' thet kind ez a good chaw to work on. Thankee. Now I'll let her bile.

It wus in '49 thet me 'nd Jack Trumbull left the States, 'nd crossed the plains 'long with a passel of fellers that hed got Californy on the brain. We brung up in Nevady County, ez pegged-out a lot as you'd keer to see; 'nd then we had the devil's own luck, what with me gettin' tuk in at keards, (bein' sorter green) 'nd Jack fallin' sick with fever.

Wall, howsumever, ez soon ez Jack got onto his legs ag'in we rigged out a couple o' pack-mules, with picks, shovels, gum boots, flour, bacon, and thet sort o' truck, 'nd got out of thet. We crossed over inter Sierry County, tuk up some claims, 'nd struck it rich.

At the end of two years we'd raked together quite a likely pile, 'nd Jack sez to me, one night after we'd turned in, sez he:

"Bill, I've been tol'able lucky. I've panned out some thousands, 'nd I calkerlate to pan out ez much more ef I'm spared. But I've ben thinkin' a good deal lately about the old folks to hum, 'nd I think I'll go back 'nd make 'em a visit. They're gittin' purty well on in years, 'nd I'd orter go, I guess, afore it gits too late. I'll stay long enough to pay off the mortgage 'nd fix up the old place comfortable, 'nd I'll be back in the fall."

It wus a little suddent to me, but still I wa'n't no ways suprised. Fer ye see Jack hedn't never tuk kindly to a miner's life, nohow. He wus sorter mild 'nd soft spoken—"Lady Jack," the fellers used to call him—and didn't never seem to set much store by our drinkin' 'nd swarin' 'nd rough ways. So sez I, "Good luck go with ye to the old campin'-ground, my pard; 'nd I'll wait fer ye here." Wall, the long 'nd short of it wus, thet Jack left fer home a week from thet day; whilst I went on with my diggin'.

I got two letters from him durin' the summer, 'nd in the third one he writ thet he'd be in San Francisco airly in the fall—I might look for him in October, anyway.

When the time drawed near I was ez oneasy as a suckin' colt away from its mother. Yer see, I wus gittin' anxious to hear from my folks, 'nd from a purty little black-haired girl thet wus a-waitin' fer me back

thar. Thar! never mind me, stranger. I'll be all right agin I've blowed my nose. Thet terbacker helps a feller out wonderful. Yer see, she's dead 'nd buried sence. Thet's why I never keered to go back; but I sent the stamps 'nd hed a monymment put over her—the finest in all the kentry raound, so folks say.

I used ter watch the stage mighty clost them days. It made two trips a week up through the diggin's, carryin' passengers 'nd the mail; 'nd one night thar sot Jack, ez big ez life, on the driver's seat, a-holdin' in his arms the little kid ye see yender. Only he wuz a right sight smaller then, a-warin' petticoats, 'nd only prattlin' a few words. Wall, at sight o' the young un, I forgot my anxiety about home, 'nd my first words, ez I shuk hands with Jack, wuz:

"Whar on this yarth did ye run afoul o' thet youngster?"

Jack kinder smiled, and sez he: "The little un's hungry and tired; 'nd after he's ben fed 'nd put away fer the night, I'll tell ye all about it."

A woman, much more a child, wuz a rare thing in the diggin's them days; and 'twa'n't no time till the news hed spread thet a young un hed come to camp, 'nd the fellers all kem flockin' round the little codger: some of 'em a-feelin' of his curly hair, 'nd others a-strokin' his soft cheeks, ez ef to make sure it wuz a real live child. Wall, the little stranger wuz made welcome, now I tell *you*.

We hedn't no accommodations; but at supper-time I jest surrendered my place to him, 'nd made away with my slap-jack 'nd bacon off'n a clean shingle, with a rat-tail file 'nd a corkscrew fer knife 'nd fork.

It 'ud a fetched tears to the eyes of a Mexican mustang to ha' seen the boys chipperin' over the baby at the table, pickin' out tidbits and feedin' him with their knives. After he'd eat his fill Jack stowed him away in one end of his old bunk, then drawed his chair to the fire, 'nd this is what he told us, near ez I kin remember, in his own words.

"Among the passengers thet tuk ship along with me from New York, I noticed a purty,

pale-lookin' young woman, with eyes like a antelope's, 'nd a string of goldy hair a-hengin' down her back, 'nd she hed a little child with her. She seemed kinder timid like, 'nd kep off to herself; but the child wuz ez peart ez a chipmuck, 'nd made up with everybody.

He used ter climb onto my knees 'nd prattle in his baby jargon by the hour. From that I tuk to carryin' him round in my arms, 'nd lookin' after him when his mother wuz to her meals. She used ter thank me in her purty way, 'nd so through the little un we kem to be well acquainted. I larnt from her thet she wuz a-comin' out to her husband thet wuz a perfesser, or preacher, or suthin' of the sort in San Francisco; thet he hedn't never saw the child, 'nd she wuz a-comin' unbeknownst to him, 'lowin' to give him a supprise.

"Wall, along with the rest o' the passengers wuz a tall, handsome man, in a military dress, thet they called Colonel; 'nd I see him a-watchin' thet young thing with an evil look in his black eyes, at different times. By some means he'd got on speakin' terms with her, and jest follered her up, never lettin' a chance slip by to show her some attention, sech ez fetchin' her a glass o' water, or a chair, 'nd so forth. Ef ever Satan walked this yarth in human form, thet wuz him in the military cap 'nd epaulets; 'nd he lured thet poor young creetur on to her ruin. I could see thet she wuz ez helpless in his clutch ez a kitten in the toils of a anaconda. Onct I made so bold ez to speak to her about it; but she only seemed hurt, 'nd sed thet the Colonel hed been a good friend to her, 'nd she tuk it unkindly of me to speak disrespectful of him.

"After thet, things went on from bad to worse. I could see them promenadin' the deck on moonlight nights, when the little kid wuz asleep; she with her face turned up to hisn, and him a-talkin' thet low 'nd sweet till I wanted to put a bullet through his black heart. I kep' myself dark, but I thought, 'I've got an eye on you, my fine feller.' You can't think what a load fell off'n my mind when we drawed near to the end of our v'yage; 'nd one evenin' the mate told

me we'd git into San Francisco harbor about eight o'clock thet night. I jest thought ef thet poor young thing could only reach her husband's side onct, he might waken her from the spell the evil-eyed Colonel hed cast over her.

"We steamed in through the Golden Gate shortly after dark. On board everything wuz topsy-turvey—passengers hurryin' back 'nd forth, sailors ye-hawin', 'nd the mates 'nd captain cussin' a blue-streaked race. I wuz leanin' over the taffrail, smokin' a segar, when I felt somebody tech my shoulder, 'nd lookin' round, thar stood the little kid's mother, holdin' the child in her arms. Sez she, 'Would you mind takin' baby for a few minutes, while I get my things together?' I tuk the little un, 'nd she walked away towards the cabin very fast. After she'd got a rod or so off, she turned 'nd looked back at us sort of wistful like; then she kem back 'nd fell to kissin' the baby, 'nd cryin' over him; then she got my hand in both o' hern, 'nd sed ez how I'd ben so kind to her and the child; 'nd now we wuz about to separate p'raps forever. She told me her husband's name, (the name's slipped me, stranger; I ain't good at rememberin' names) 'nd sed *he* would thank me for my kindness to them. Then she hurried off ag'in. I didn't think nuthin' strange of her actions—wimmen is soft creeturs, anyhow—so, when the little kid got sleepy, I jest set down, with him layin' acrost my shoulder, 'nd waited for her to come. I waited 'nd waited, and when an hour hed passed, 'nd she didn't put in no appearance, I begun to feel kinder skeery. After a while I got up, with baby still asleep in my arms, 'nd went to look for her. I went down inter the cabin; but the cabin wuz empty. Then I kem back on deck, but she wan't thar, 'nd the last dozen or so of passengers wuz filin' over the plank. I went to the captain then; 'nd together we tuk another look for her; but 'twa'n't no kind of use. She wuz gone. And the truth kem out at last, thet she'd eloped with the black-eyed Colonel, 'nd left her child to the tender mercies of strangers.

"So I jest tuk the little shaver with me to

a hotel, 'nd the next day inquired all over the city for the father; but nobody seemed to know the name. Then I advertised, and waited a week for some word; but I never heard nuthin'; so I left my address with the authorities, 'nd told them ef the father should turn up to let me know; 'nd I jest fetched the little kid 'long with me. I couldn't b'ar to send him to the foundlings. Yer see, I'd kinder got a hankerin' after the little chap."

Them's Jack's words, to a /, stranger; 'nd thet's how Johnny happens to be boardin' in Sawyer's Flat. No one ever kem to claim him, 'nd we looked on him as ourn. Jack set a heap o' store by him; 'nd thar wuzn't a man in the diggin's thet wouldn't a shed his heart's best blood for him ef he'd ben called on. We used to take him with us to our work. Ef he got hungry, we'd give him a cold slap-jack; ef he wuz sleepy, we'd make him a bed o' pine needles, 'nd cover him with our coats. He would sing to himself at his play all day long, 'nd wuz ez happy ez a lark. At night some one of us would tote him home on our shoulder; 'nd he bunked with first one then t'other.

Jack was calkerlatin' to take him back to his folks in a year or two. But he never went, poor feller! Fell down a shaft and caved in his ribs. Only lived a couple of hours; and the last thing he said wuz, "Bill, take good keer of the little kid." I promised him I would; 'nd I've stood by my word, ef I do say it. He's a gritty little chap—that Johnny of ourn. Fight? Jest try him on and see; swar too. O, he's cute.

But its gittin' chilly, and with your leave we'll step inside, stranger. Will you take suthin' to drink?

THE STORY.

Time—a stormy night in November, '54. Place—the interior of a miner's cabin in Sawyer's Flat. Without, the wind howls dismally; gathering its forces in the secret places of the mighty Sierra; then rushing with a furious onset into the flats below; now mingling with the hoarse roar of the

mountain torrent, and now shrilling away in the far distance with the wail of a banshee.

The mountain pines writhed before the awful blast, like giant creatures in agony; and the rain fell in solid sheets. Within, a huge fire of pine knots leaped and crackled as if in defiance of the dreadful din of the combating elements. It cast a cheerful glow on the bare, brown walls of the apartment, and lighted up the weather-beaten features of half a dozen men who were seated at a pine table in one corner of the room. Coarse fellows they were—several outcasts in flannel shirts and big cowhide boots; but *men* for all that—men who were quick to avenge a wrong, who never forgot a kindness, and who would stand by a "pard" with their latest breath. They were engaged in the game of cards classically denominated *seven up*; most of them were smoking, and all commented in profane measures at intervals, as the goddess Fortune denied or befriended them, punctuating their expletives with copious expectorations of tobacco juice.

In another corner of the room, in one of the rude couches which were ranged along the wall, lay the figure of a child of five summers, or thereabout, sleeping peacefully amid his incongruous surroundings. He was fair as an April blossom. About his broad, moist brow the hair clustered in rings of burnished gold; his lips were slightly parted, disclosing two rows of pearly teeth; and the lashes that swept the rounded cheeks were long and silken. This was the little foundling whose own had abandoned him, and whom the waters of the wide world had taken up and cast at the foot of the everlasting hills—in the vernacular of the primitive Californian, Bill Sparks's kid.

At length the game of cards was ended, and Sparks, the proprietor-general of the cabin, pushed back from the table with a yawn, and signified his intention of retiring. He was a Missourian, as lank as one of his native fence-rails, with long carrotty locks, and a scraggy beard of the same vivid hue.

"Most time to turn in, boys," said he.

"Guess I'll take another whiff at old Black Tom, though, first," and he drew from his pocket a rusty black pipe, which he appeared to carry there as a provision against every earthly contingency, and which he proceeded to fill and light. The other men arose, and gathered around the blazing hearth.

"An awful storm, boys," said one, throwing on another knot; "seems as ef the devil an' all his imps hed got inter the night."

"That it does," rejoined a representative from Ohio; "'twus on jest sech a night as this that my old grandad died, three year ago, and left me his blessin' an' a pewter mug. Rich, too, but as mean as dirt. Clost? Why, he'd pinch a five-cent piece till it 'ud squeal." With which mournful reflection on the character of his departed ancestor, the Ohioan solaced himself with another "chaw," and whistled the "Arkansas Traveler," very much out of tune.

A burly "Injarian," known as Jake Latimer, leaped to his feet, and executed an impromptu breakdown to the soul-inspiring strains. "Thet's the ticket, Jake," cried the company enthusiastically, as he finished with a flourish that threatened to send his short legs flying off in a tangent.

"Let's hev a song from the baby," suggested some one. "A song from the baby!" seconded one and another.

Sparks removed the unctuous pipe, and ventured a mild remonstrance. "The little shaver's asleep, 'nd it'd be a burnin' shame, boys—"

Before he could conclude the sentence, however, one of the men had crossed over to where the little sleeper lay, and had administered a smart slap outside the blankets, to awaken him.

"Come, old feller, roust out of this. We want yer to sing fer us."

The child turned over with a gesture of impatience, and muttered fretfully, then fixed himself for another nap; but the miner flung back the covering, and lifted him to the floor.

"Come now, sing 'Nigger in the Woodpile,'" urged the representative from Ohio.

"I won't," exclaimed the child, angry at

being thus rudely aroused from his slumbers.

"O, sho! Don't be hard on yer pards; ef yer won't sing fer love, le's see what money 'll do."

"Will yer take a dollar?"

"No, I won't," said the little one, rubbing his eyes sleepily.

"Two?"

"No."

"Three, then?"

The child ceased rubbing his eyes and began to show signs of yielding, though he still shook his head in refusal.

"Five dollars—come now, say five," persisted the Ohioan.

"Yes, I'll sing for that," said the little one, folding his arms demurely.

"Fire away, then, old fellow."

"Let me see the money first," demanded the child, with a cunning air.

The miners guffawed loudly at this, and one of them seized the fire-shovel, which he passed around the circle, and on which each in his turn deposited a piece of silver, until the required amount was made up. This was carefully placed in a pile on the table, and the child immediately began to sing, in a clear, piping treble, some ribald miner's song that had been taught him. At its conclusion the men applauded with much vociferation, and he came forward to claim his tribute. But Bill Sparks, with a wink at the others, and purposely ignoring the little outstretched hand, reached forth one of his long arms from where he sat, and swept the money off the table into his own pocket. For a moment the child stood transfixed with rage.

"Pitch into him, baby." "Give him a double-lefter." "Punch his ribs fer him," cried the men simultaneously.

Lifting his tiny fist, the little one stepped to his tormentor's side and dealt him a square blow between the eyes; whereat there was another general guffaw, and Sparks dropped his head upon his hands in mock distress. In a little while the storm of passion had faded from the small face, and Johnny was clinging with both arms about

Sparks's neck, entreating him to look at him.

"I ain't a bit mad now, Bill," he pleaded. "You just see if I am. You kin keep the money, an' I'll let you hev my new knife, an' the red-topped boots what Jake Latimer got me, an'—"

"Hello, thar, old fellow!" shouted Bill, as he suddenly caught the child up and tossed him high above his head. Then giving him a hearty hug, he crushed the silver into his rosy palm, and tumbled him back among the blankets, where he was soon sleeping as composedly as before.

The men drew up to the hearth again for a final smoke, preliminary to retiring, and silence gradually fell upon the little group. The fire burnt low and smoldered. The Ohioan and the "Injarian" were snoring in their seats, the others sat wrapped in the blissful reveries of home, when they were aroused by a succession of slow, distinct raps at the door.

They all started up instinctively. "Tarnation 'nd blue blazes!" ejaculated Bill Sparks; "who kin be abroad on sech a night ez this?" And taking the candle in one hand he wrenched the door open with the other. "Who's thar?" he called, peering into the darkness.

"The voice of one in the wilderness, crying, 'Prepare ye the way,'" was the answer, in tremulous accents.

There was a little superstitious stir in the room. A sudden gust of wind had extinguished the light; and when Bill succeeded in procuring another, they beheld in their midst a strange apparition. It was that of a middle-aged man, whose drenched clothing was clinging to his attenuated form. His face was cadaverous—almost unearthly in its pallor; his long hair and beard were white as snow; and in his eyes, which were preternaturally large and dark, burned a light that seemed borrowed from other worlds than ours. For a while he stood regarding the men with a solemn gaze; then lifting one of his long, thin hands toward them with a benignant gesture, "Peace be unto you," he said.

An awed look stole into the rough faces, and without a word, Sparks placed a seat before the fire; then withdrew to where his companions stood. The man walked forward, and extended his hands over the embers without speaking, for a short time; then turning, he addressed them again:

"Brethren," he said, "I am a pilgrim and a sojourner, a man of sorrows, and one acquainted with grief. I am gone on a long journey. I am gone on a journey of a year and a day. I travel to a strange country. It lieth afar—even beyond the rising and the setting of the stars. But I beseech you, brethren, that I may abide with you till the storm be overpassed; for a terror is abroad in the night, and my breath is faint."

The men exchanged significant glances.

"Luny," said one, tapping his forehead.

"Mad as a March hare."

"Poor old buffer; seems sorter harmless, though."

"We couldn't turn a dog adrift in this storm."

"Course not."

"But thar ain't nowhars for him to sleep."

"Never mind; I can shake down on the floor, an' he kin take my bunk."

"He'll want suthin' to eat."

"Sartin; we ain't the cubs to let a man go hungry."

Having thus hospitably concerted their plans, it devolved upon Bill Sparks, as spokesman of the establishment, to make them known.

"Wall, stranger," said he, "ef yer ain't perticklar what ye take, I guess we kin grub ye and lodge for the night, anyhow."

"I am very grateful, brethren," answered the man; "I have neither silver nor gold, nor worldly goods wherewith to recompense you; but my Master, when he cometh, will give to you a crown of life, and an inheritance that fadeth not away."

By this time the men had in a measure regained their equanimity. Jake Latimer stirred the fire; Bill Sparks brought forth the indispensable frying-pan, and soon the air was filled with the aroma of cooking viands.

When the meal was ready, the guest drew his stool to the table, and first bending his head in silent thanksgiving over the humble fare, partook of a few morsels, then carefully gathered the fragments together.

"And his weary one was fed with the five thousand," he said, as he rose again. Suddenly he espied the sleeping child. "Yea, verily, the infant Samuel," he said; "the child of many hopes and prayers. They told me I had such a one," he continued, seating himself by the fire, and speaking in the same mournful cadences. "But a great light shone out in the east; I heard a noise as of many waters, even the thunderings of His fierce wrath; and I hid my face, because I was afraid. When I dared to lift my eyes, I beheld my household images shattered in the dust. Darkness was over the land for a space of many days afterwards; but at length the veil was rent asunder. Then a ship came from the other shore, and bore to me the word that she from whom I drew half my life had forsaken me. Then darkness came over me again. The sun gave forth no light by day, nor the moon by night; and all the daughters of music were brought low. When I awakened once more, they reviled me, and shot out the scornful lip at me, and said that my mind had fled. But it was not true; for what profiteth the broken vessel when the wine has been spilled? Yet they could not know of the wondrous things that had been revealed to me when my feet stood within the valley of visions.

"I tell you, my mind was tenfold stronger and clearer than before; but my body was dead. Yes, my body died when the darkness was over me. I felt my heart when it ceased to beat; it lay in my bosom a dull, leaden weight. I felt my cheek grow cold in the warm air, and then I knew I was dead. But because I had taken on a new spiritual shape, and because they could not understand the strange words upon my lips, they said I was mad, and sold me into bondage, and immured me in a vile place.

"But once the keeper of the gates slept, and I passed out of the land of bondage, and fled through the wilderness into the

fastness of the hills; and behold, here am I. But ye need have no fear, brethren; for though I am not of flesh and blood, yet my heart is filled with unutterable love toward all men; and I shall shortly go hence to the far country of which I spake."

The next morning dawned dark and lowering in Sawyer's Flat. The storm had spent its force; but the rain still fell in great, cheerless drops, and the wind soughed drearily among the dripping pines. It was the Sabbath day, and the miners did not rise till late, as was their wonted custom on the Sabbath. Their weird guest was still sleeping the unbroken slumber which follows utter bodily exhaustion, and they were obliged to waken him for breakfast. After the homely meal of fried bacon, hot cakes, and coffee had been dispensed, he settled himself in a corner near the fire, where he sat for a long time in silence, watching the flames as they danced and glowed, with a look in his eyes as of one who stands at some invisible portal and sees great mysteries beyond. The men occupied themselves in various ways; some attended to their weekly mending, some played cards, and one or two wrote letters.

Little Johnny, left to his own devices for amusement, stood at a distance from the visitor, chewing a chubby forefinger, and eyeing him with childish speculation. But the man's thoughts were far away, and he vouchsafed the little one no word nor glance. This was extremely unsatisfactory to the small potentate of Sawyer's Flat. He was not used to indifference. The subjects of his realm were very loyal ones, and he had grown to regard his sway as universal. He came still nearer, and by and by he opened up civilities after the usual manner of children.

"Has you got any little boys to your house?"

For the first time the man looked up, and encountered the child's questioning gaze. "It is the little Samuel," he said.

"No, I ain't," said the little one, stoutly denying the innocent charge; "I'm Johnny

—I'm Bill Sparks's boy, an' Jake Latimer's boy, an' all the rest of 'em's boy. Has you got any little boy?"

"They told me I had one; but when the darkness was over me, it was hidden away. Then it was that my earthly house of this tabernacle was dissolved; yet I have the assurance of a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; but if the child be there, I know not; and the mother—" suddenly he dropped his voice to a whisper. "The mother's name, henceforth, must be mentioned no more forever."

"I ain't got no mother," said Johnny.

"Poor child," said the man, with a pensive smile; "she who has borne thee—she is thy mother."

"But I tell you there wasn't no mother ever borned me," returned the child, energetically. "Bill Sparks jist *got* me."

At this juncture something occurred to divert his attention; but he resumed the acquaintance, already partially formed, at frequent intervals during the day. The stranger evinced a deep interest in the little one, and that night he held him on his knee till he fell asleep, with his rosy cheek pressed against the pale, withered one of his newly made friend. The next day came and passed; another and another; and as yet the wayfarer was a guest at Bill Sparks's cabin.

Indeed, the miners had become attached to the gentle stranger, and grew to look on him as a desirable accession to their numbers; inasmuch as he displayed a considerable knowledge of the culinary art, and assumed almost the entire care of wee Johnny, in whom he found a ready sympathizer and champion.

For hours he would hold the little one in his arms, listening with mild delight to his childish prattlings, and answering his numerous questions with a patience quite beautiful to see. Sometimes, when the child slept against his breast, he would stroke the little golden head in an abstracted manner, or he would lift a dimpled hand in his shriveled palm, counting the little fingers over and over again, and murmuring pathetically to himself meanwhile:

"They said I had a child; but the child is not, and the mother is not; and the air is filled with lamentations for the dead. Ay, we are all dead; the tree, the vine, and the blossom. But the grave wherein they buried us was too narrow, and some of us rose again, and wander restless up and down the earth."

One evening the men were seated around the table, smoking and playing cards, while Johnny and the parson were in their accustomed place by the fire—the latter graphically recounting the tribulations of the prophet Daniel, to all of which he averred he had been an eye-witness, with the little one as a big-eyed audience. The marvelous recital was rudely interrupted at the most thrilling point by one of the men exclaiming, half playfully:

"O, come, Parson, shet yer mouth; can't yer never let up on yer religious blarney?"

The parson dropped his head upon his breast, with a pained expression, and a tear rolled down his cheek, and fell off against Johnny's hand. Only a tear; but it was sufficient to rouse the pugilistic impulses sleeping within the breast of his small champion. The child put aside the encircling arms, tottered across the room, and without a word of warning, struck the offender in the face.

"There now, Sam Richards," he said, with the air of one who had ameliorated the ills of humanity at large.

"Hello, young un; what's up with you?"

"It's up that you made my gran'pa cry." (The miners had taught him to call the venerable-looking stranger "grandpa.") "An' I pegged it to you."

"Wall, never mind, baby; go back to yer pard. It's all right," said the man, in a wheedling tone.

"Yes, it's all right now, Sam; I ain't mad at you; but ever' time you make gran'pa cry, I'll peg it to you hard as ever I kin"; and back he went, and betook himself to the task of conciliating gran'pa.

So the days wore on, and December snows came and found the parson still at Sawyer's Flat. It was about this time that another stranger arrived—a man of large

circumference, with an insinuating smile and a profusion of flashy jewelry. He was soon followed by ox-teams, bringing workmen and building material; and in a few days a pretentious structure was in process of erection. It was completed about the middle of December, and an ambiguous sign, with the inscription, in mammoth red letters, "The Pioneer," was hung out.

A morning or two later the stage set down at this place a half-dozen women—nay, rather they were poor, helpless wrecks, drifting with the great tide of human misery which was bearing them—God only knows where; and he only in his infinite mercy could care. Afterwards there were sounds of Bacchanalian mirth at the Pioneer by night. Thither all the miners in the vicinity gathered when their day's work was over; and the orgies were often protracted till the morning stars grew pale, and the gray dawn came stealing in over the hilltops.

Bill Sparks's cabin was quite deserted now through the long winter evenings, by reason of the superior attractions of the Pioneer: deserted save for the parson and little Johnny, who were faster friends than ever, if that were possible. Often the men returning late at night, noisy from their recent potations, were suddenly sobered by finding the two still sitting by the smoldering fire, fast asleep.

So the time went by, and at length it was Christmas eve. In thousands of stately cities bells were ringing out their joyous clangor; and in thousands of happy far-away homes there were light and warmth and good cheer. Many a little night-capped head would, this night of all nights, seek its pillow reluctantly; and many a childish heart would be transported with visions of Santa Claus, Christmas trees, and Christmas tables groaning under their weight of good things. But to the little waif in Sawyer's Flat came no such revelations of delight.

It had been previously announced through the "diggins" that Christmas would be celebrated by a dance at the Pioneer on the evening preceding; and at an early hour Bill Sparks and his compatriots were deep

in the mysteries of a backwoods toilet. The child watched them in quiet through the trying ordeal, which consisted for the most part in a shave and a change of shirts. The parson sat by the fire, seemingly unconscious of any unusual proceeding. At length the final touches had been applied, and the men filed through the door, Sparks pausing on the threshold to call back:

"Keep an eye on the little kid, parson; 'nd a merry Christmas to ye both."

"What's Christmas, gran'pa," asked the little one, as the echo of their retreating footsteps died away in the distance.

"It is the birthday of the Prince of Peace," answered the man gently. "Angels heralded his coming to the shepherds on Judea's plains, hundred of years ago; and the wise men of the east were led by a star to where the babe lay in a manger in Bethlehem. Many nations commemorate the event with feasting and with great gladness, even unto these latter times."

"What was the poor little baby's name that had to sleep in the manger, gran'pa?"

"He was the Christ. He it was of whom the prophet wrote, saying, 'He was despised and rejected of men.' He was wounded for our transgression; yea, he came to his own, and his own received him not. There was no guile found in him; yet he was taken from prison and from judgment by his enemies, and was scourged, and they nailed him to the tree, and he died."

"How big was Christ, gran'pa? Was he big as Bill Sparks?"

"He was of the stature of men, but in his countenance the majesty of the Most High sat enthroned."

"Why didn't he fight 'em, gran'pa?"

"His ways were not as our ways. He was meek and lowly of spirit; and having loved us, he loved us to the end."

The child's eyes were glistening with sympathy and interest. "Don't I wisht I'd 'a' been there," he said. "I'd 'a' fought for him. Did they bury him in the ground, gran'pa?"

"Yea, but he rose again at the third day."

"And won't he never git dead no more?"

"He liveth evermore."

"Where is he now?"

"He is gone hence to the city of the New Jerusalem. The streets there are of pure gold, and the foundations are of precious stones. There the departed saints dwell and are happy forever. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain."

"Where is that booful city, gran'pa? Is it very far off?"

"It lieth just beyond," answered the man serenely.

"Does they ever let any poor little boys into it?"

"He said, when he was on earth, 'Suffer the little ones to come unto me, and forbid them not.'"

"Well, le's go, then, gran'pa," and the child slid to the floor.

"In God's own time we will."

"No, le's go right now. I hate to leave Bill Sparks and all the rest of 'em; but I guess they'll git another little boy; an' I jist *want* to go to that big, booful city, an' see that good Christ-man, an' tell him I'm a poor little child what ain't got no mother, an' if I'd been there when they was hurtin' him I'd 'a' pegged it to 'em. Don't you think he'll be glad when I tell him that, gran'pa? Come, le's go."

"It is best so, then; I have already deferred my journey too long," said the man, as he slowly rose to his feet; "it is then God's will that we should go, child."

"We ain't got very good clothes, gran'pa," said the little one, scanning his wardrobe doubtfully; "but I guess when we git to the city Christ will give us some better ones. Come on."

So, hand in hand, together they passed out into the darkness. There had been a heavy fall of snow, and the night was bitter cold. The moon had not risen; but the stars twinkled overhead with a frosty light, and the snow lay gleaming far and wide. The man shivered involuntarily, and clasped the child's hand closer.

It so happened that their way led them by the Pioneer; and through a half-open door they could see the dancers as they moved to and fro, in time to the music.

"O, there's Bill Sparks!" cried the little one, catching a glimpse of the familiar figure. "I must say good by to him, gran'pa; but I mustn't tell him we're goin' to Christ's house, 'cause he'd feel bad. Come, let's go in"; and he led his companion into the glare of the heated room.

There was a break in the festivities at this unlooked-for arrival. The music ceased, the dancers paused in their places; and one of them, a woman, whose sunken cheeks glowed with an artificial hue, shrieked out as in terror.

"Harold—the child!" she gasped, and sank groveling at the parson's feet.

He stooped and lifted her, until she stood before him, with her shameful face drooping upon her breast, and her long golden hair falling about it in a veil. He took one of her hands in his, and looked at it long and mournfully. She neither moved nor spoke; but her breath came in quick gasps, and her eyes were widely dilated. Johnny regarded the whole scene with wonderment, and a hush fell upon the assembly. It was broken by the parson.

"Brethren," he said, "this woman's hand lay in mine on a fair spring morning, long ago, when first she became my wife; but the marriage ring is gone, and in its place I see a dark stain. Pray God it may be washed away in the years." He raised the hand to his lips and kissed it; then, as he gently released it, he said, with inimitable tenderness, "Woman, go and sin no more," and turned away from her.

A general whisper ran around the room. Bill Sparks stepped to the man's side, and taking his arm, drew him to the door.

"Look a here, Parson," he said, with a tinge of asperity in his tone, "I don't take it kindly of ye, comin' in on us like this. Thar, take the little kid home to bed, and don't come back here ag'in. 'Tain't no place for you."

"Good by, Bill," said the child, tugging at his coat sleeve.

Something impelled the rough fellow to take his little kid in his arms and kiss him.

"Good by, baby," he said; "run along home with the parson now," and he set him down again.

"Come, gran'pa," said the little one.

So again they passed out into the darkness, and resumed their toilsome march to the New Jerusalem.

"Are you sure this is the way, gran'pa?" asked Johnny, after they had gone some distance in silence.

"Let not your heart be troubled concerning the way," said the man; "He leadeth us."

The night air pierced them like a knife, and chilled them to the bone; but they pressed bravely forward, until the lights of the Pioneer glimmered faintly in the distance, and somber shadows lay across their pathway.

At length the little one asked with chattering teeth, "How'll we know when we git purty near there, gran'pa?"

"We shall see a light appear," answered his companion, folding his scanty garments more closely about him.

"It's gittin' light over there now," returned the child, pointing eastward with his little numb finger.

The eastern sky grew softly luminous, and ere long the moon arose above the distant peaks, tipping the dark horizon of pines with a silvery radiance, and transforming the landscape to one of fairy splendor. A faint breeze swayed the forest branches, till their icy pendants glittered like diamonds in the moonlight, and every rock and snowy shrub seemed to have taken on gigantic proportions.

"Is we pretty near to the city, gran'pa?" questioned the little one at length; "'cause I'm so cold and tired."

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors," repeated the man in a solemn voice. "Everlasting doors," echoed the forest, with a sigh.

"O, I guess they will open the door when

they see us comin'," said the child, as he trudged resolutely along. "Don't you be 'fraid, gran'pa; I'll take care of you."

Colder grew the night, and wearier the way, and as yet the heavenly city lay afar off. The pilgrims were fast succumbing to the fatal lethargy which precedes death by freezing. Their steps flagged more and more; they spoke at longer intervals, and presently the man sank to the ground with a moan. Johnny stood waiting for him to rise again.

"Come, gran'pa, le's hurry on, or we won't git there to-night." There was no response.

"He's tired, I guess. Is you tired, gran'pa?" asked the child, putting his face down close to the man's ashen cheek.

No answer.

"Poor gran'pa's so cold," said the little one, pityingly. "I'll put some snow on him, an' I guess that'll make him warm." And with his poor chilled hands he scooped up the snow, and heaped it on his fallen comrade. "I'm so sleepy," he murmured drowsily, having finished his labor of love; "I'll jist lay down beside gran'pa, an' go to sleep, an' mebbe Christ will look out of his big, booful city an' see us, an' be sorry, an' send out an' fetch us, an' when we wake up it'll be to-morrow, an' we'll be there."

So Johnny quietly lay down to his last sleep; and who shall say that the child's conjecture came not to pass? Who shall say that the dear Christ looked out of his 'booful city,' and was not sorry? Henceforth two pale citizens of Sawyer's Flat would know no more of sorrow. For a Presence drew near to them as they slumbered—a sweet, calm Presence, like unto the majesty of one that liveth and was dead; and a voice said, "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my father which is in heaven." Afterwards there was deep stillness in the hills.

The sun rose hours later, and his earliest beams fell on the sad faces of a little party who were slowly following a trail leading from Sawyer's Flat, ostensibly in search of something—something which they longed yet dreaded to see.

"Yes, these is their tracks, sure enough,"

said one of the men. "They must of wandered off'n the road, 'nd got lost."

"It was wrong in me to send 'em off alone," said Bill Sparks, with a remorseful groan.

"What's yon?"

They came nearer, and there, under a little hillock of snow, they found them—dead.

"Let me hev the little shaver, boys. I'll carry him," said Bill Sparks, tearfully. "He was sorter mine, you know. The rest of you fetch the parson, an' handle him keerfully, for Johnny's sake, boys. He wuz fond of him, poor little kid!"

The miners lifted the rigid form of the man between them, and in mournful procession they retraced their steps, bearing their two pitiful burdens.

They buried them that evening just at sunset. They hollowed out a grave on the hillside, and into this they lowered the rude coffin which held all that was earthly of Johnny and the parson.

"Seems as ef somebody 'd orter make a pra'er, or suthin'," said the Ohioan. "Seems sorter heathenish to stick 'em in the ground 'ithout a word of any kind."

"Boys," said Bill Sparks, stepping to the head of the grave and blowing his nose pathetically, "I'm a green hand at this business, as ye well knows; but ef ye'll all stand by me, I'll try 'nd git through somehow."

The men gathered around the open grave, and stood in sorrowful silence while Bill Sparks led in prayer.

"O Lord," he began, "we're a hard set, as ain't fit to stand afore ye, 'nd we knows it. Which we don't ask nothin' good for ourselves, for we know we don't deserve nothin'. But we'd take it kindly ef you'd jist send a couple of yer angels, (some of yer biggest ones, Lord, with shinin' wings) 'nd give our little kid a lift over the dark river. The same, likewise, fer the parson, ef it ain't askin' too much. We've hear'n tell, O Lord, about yer s'archin' the hearts o' men; but I guess you won't hev to s'arch very fur into urn to see what a awful achin' there is thar whenever we think of that little

feller a-layin' cold 'nd stiff in the ground. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; 'nd may the Lord hev marcy on us old hosses as is left."

The others echoed the "Amen" fervently, and Sparks withdrew to a fallen tree which lay near the place of interment. "Fill up, boys," he said, pulling his hat low over his eyes. "I jest couldn't throw a clod on the peart little shaver for the life of me. Seems as ef he'd holler out ag'inst me."

The men fell to work, and when they had leveled down the clods they shouldered their spades and departed. And through the hill gap the last red gleams of parting day shone in and fell with a warm benediction on the tiny mound.

CONCLUSION BY BILL SPARKS.

Yes, stranger, we lost our little kid, and I think the boys'll all jine with me in sayin' thet wuz about the hardest time we ever put over in Sawyer's Flat—that Christmas day when we laid little Johnny away out o' sight.

Yer see, it happened in this wise: There wuz a sort of fandango at the dance-house on the hill, (a rough place, stranger, though nothin' like so bad as it wuz them days) and us fellers all went 'nd left the child to hum with a poor old buffer that hed come along one rainy night 'nd we'd tuk him in; which he wuzn't jest right in his mind, but he sot a heap o' store by the little kid, and stayed right on with us. I dunno how it kem about, but when the fun at the dance had reached its highest pitch, who should streak it in at the door but the parson and our Johnny. Lord! how it did set us all back! One o' the wimmen screeched out and collapsed right thar. The parson raised her up and sez suthin' to her; and by that I'd kinder got over my supprise, and coaxed the parson to take the little un home ag'in, (which I can't never forgive me, stranger, for sendin' them two helpless critters off by theirselves, though it wa'n't but a little ways to the cabin, and the night wuz clear, but cold ez Christopher).

Wall, after they'd gone that woman fell

into faintin' fits, 'nd she'd moan and holler so pitiful like. "Let me go away from here; I must leave this place. Oh, let me go!" And when the express kem along about daybreak, nothin' 'd do but she must be put aboard; 'nd I'll never forgit her white, skeered-lookin' face as they drove off—not till my dyin' day.

Me and the boys kem home right away after that, but the cabin wuz deserted; 'nd suthin' seemed to tell me right then thet we'd never see the parson 'nd little Johnny alive ag'in. We all sot out to hunt for 'em; we struck their trail, and it 'pears they'd never kem back to the cabin at all; for we found them about two miles further on, in a little cañon, layin' side by side, froze stiff. And as I remarked before, that wuz a dark day now, sure.

It beats the nations, though, how things do happen in this world. Stranger, who d'ye s'pose the parson turned out to be? Nobody more nor less 'n our little kid's own pappy. Yer see, about the time his wife 'nd child should hev arriv in San Francisco, he was down with a fever, in one o' the towns in the northern part of the State. When he rallied they broke it to him too suddent about *her* throwin' off on him, 'nd he went clean lunny. They sent him to the asylum, but he didn't git no better, though he never wuz vi'lent. One day he give 'em the slip, and sloped it, 'nd fetched up in Sawyer's Flat, as you've hearn tell afore.

Things wuz cleared up afterwards, and it kem out that the woman who'd left on the stage that Christmas morning wuz the very one Jack hed told us about, 'nd the little un's mother. She'd all gone to rack, poor thing; and the more I think of it, the more I think *she's* to be pitied instead o' them two that's dead 'nd at rest.

The grave? Thar it is, stranger, under that biggest pine tree, jest above the cabin; and thar ain't one of us fellers, rough as we be, but when we looks that way feels as ef we'd got some stock in the good place, now our little kid's thar.

It may be foolish of me, stranger, but often of a night, after we've turned in, and

the boys is snorin' around me, 'nd every-
 thing else is still, I like to lay awake 'nd
 think that mebbe there is times when the
 little un grows just a mite tired o' the halle-
 lujahs, 'nd of roamin' about the golden streets;
 'nd I like to think of him settin' down on the
 lowest steps o' the Throne, 'nd leanin' his
 cheek ag'in his little hand, like he used to, 'nd
 wonderin' to hisself how all his old pards
 down in Sawyer's Flat is comin' on.

MAY A. GUTHRIE.

IN WEAL AND IN WOE.

WHEN all is well with thee,
 And thou no cloud canst see
 To dim thy days,
 Then let thy gladsome song
 Repeat both loud and long
 The note of praise :
 To one that walks in night
 Thy joy may be a light
 On darkened ways.

When thou art filled with grief,
 And findest no relief
 For weary brain,
 O then thy sorrow show :
 Some soul that could not know
 Thy hidden pain
 May bear thee oil and wine,
 And cause thy face to shine
 With joy again.

CHARLES S. GREENE.

THE IRON BARON.

ON the 24th of October, 1880, at his castle of Brolio, near Siena, there expired the last of the important actors in the great drama of Italian redemption—Garibaldi always excepted. Baron Ricasoli was past seventy years of age, and had long retired from public life. Nevertheless, the news of his death was felt as a painful shock; and telegrams of condolence were sent from all the Italian cities to the syndic of Florence, as well as to the brothers of the defunct. He was not the least among that choice assemblage of men who have come to be called "the makers of Italy"; and who, during a terribly critical epoch of their country's history, displayed such marvelous perseverance, self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty, that their names are known and honored in foreign lands. Perhaps Baron Ricasoli's retiring nature and his indifference to fame have caused his services to be less noted than those of the other distinguished men who were his fellow-workers. Inferior to Cavour in statesman-like genius, and wanting

D'Azeglio's polish and accomplishments, he was, nevertheless, a man of parts and solid if not shining qualities.

Born in 1809, of a noble family counting twelve centuries of a pedigree, (the first progenitor in Tuscany was a Gothic chief) while still a minor he entered into possession of great wealth and extensive estates. Though a mere youth, he acted with much sense and dignity as the head of the family, and gave such personal supervision to his property as largely increased its value. He studied agriculture with ardor, and introduced all the newest machinery from foreign countries, taught his tenants the use of it, established schools for the poor children, and overlooked all himself, riding from one end of the estate to the other like a steward. But Ricasoli never sank into a mere squire. Though he loved country life and active exercise, he took a keen interest in political questions; and he had brought away from college a love of books which never diminished. In order to have time for study, as well as other duties, he was in the habit of rising between four and five o'clock, taking a cup of coffee, and reading till ten, when he breakfasted, and set out on his daily rounds over the land; he dined at six, and hardly allowing himself an hour's repose, spent the evening with his books, of which he had a magnificent collection in the old library of Brolio. It was not the desire of increased wealth, nor the pride of producing the finest wines in Tuscany, that induced the young Baron to devote so much attention to agriculture. He wished to improve the condition of the peasantry, and give an impetus to progress in his province. At one time he tried to persuade the Tuscan government to drain the Maremma, a vast tract of unwholesome, marshy land, which has often occupied the attention of political economists; but the Grand Duke's minister was of the opinion that the draining of the Maremma might drain the treasury, and refused to venture upon the undertaking. Then the indomitable Baron set about proving its feasibility, by working at it himself in a small way; but this does not appear to have

stirred any emulation in the bosom of the Grand Duke, who doubtless said, in his easy-going way, "*Faccia pure.*"

Bettino Ricasoli had shown from infancy a character upright, fearless, and strong; generous, but hating ostentation; warm-hearted, but not expansive; neither self-asserting, nor shrinkingly modest; loving his country intensely, but regardless of her praise or blame; aristocratic in his respect for ancient lineage and customs; democratic in his love of liberty and progress; chivalrously loyal as a Stuart cavalier, but not like them in blind devotion to a worthless sovereign; for he transferred his allegiance from a cowardly and faithless prince to a true and brave one, when he saw the national interest required it. Such was Bettino Ricasoli; and, taking him all in all, he was a man of whom his country may well be proud. Tall, muscular, erect, with a severe, intellectual face, and dark, hollow eyes, one could read in his expression that immutable resoluteness which gained him the title of "*The Iron Baron.*" When a child at school, his master ordered him the monkish punishment of making the sign of the cross with his tongue on the earth, and he declined to obey; when the command was repeated, he replied firmly:

"It is a beastly thing: I will never do it."
And he did not.

"The child is father of the man," and this little incident foreshadowed his future. His love of truth has become proverbial; and his countrymen, when they wish to condemn a crooked or equivocating policy, quote a famous saying of his in the Chamber of Deputies. He had sat silent, listening to a debate, when, at a particular point, he suddenly rose, and startled the assembly with the stern words, "*Let us be honest!*" He hated flattery, and even what the Italians would call politeness; for though the Ricasoli blood had flowed for twelve centuries under Italian skies, he had something of his Gothic ancestry in him still. When a person whom he had saved from ruin wrote him a gushing letter of gratitude, he begged of him not to address him in that tone any more.

Ricasoli, while still young, married a girl

of noble birth, fresh out of a convent, so that he might educate her after his own taste; and she being of *buena pasta*, as they say, he molded her into a pattern antique Lady Bountiful, spending almost her whole time shut up in the feudal stronghold of Brolio, devoting herself to the education of her little daughter and the wants of the tenantry. There was a fine old library at Brolio, of which the owners made good use; and they occasionally entertained friends in a simple, informal way; but they rarely passed a winter in their city palace, amid the gay society of Florence. Thus, tranquilly and happily sitting under their own vine and fig-tree, flowed the even tenor of life, till the ever-increasing political agitation called the Baron into the arena of public life. In 1847 he urged upon the Grand Duke the necessity of some reforms in Church and State, but with no result.

"The clergy," he said, "are not, as a rule, either learned or well-trained, and they are too numerous. They have neither useful studies nor occupations. The monks do not instruct themselves nor any one else. Festivals and rites are multiplied for the sake of gain. The veneration of faith and the practice of evangelical virtue, neglected by the clergy, are still more neglected by the laity."

It may be here mentioned that though Baron Ricasoli was a religious man, given to reading the Bible, there was no foundation for the rumor that he had become a Protestant: on the contrary, he was regular in his attendance at the services of his church, as it was not the doctrine, but the discipline, that he criticised. He was a moderate reformer, and did not wish to push matters to an extreme against any institution, as long as there was a capability of improvement in it.

The only people to whom he showed no quarter were the Reds, whose extravagances, in 1848, led to the recall of the Grand Duke. The order-loving Florentines were prepared to welcome back their sovereign had he come alone; but when they saw him accompanied by a foreign army, they were

disgusted. Ricasoli was faithful to the feeble prince as long as he was faithful to his subjects; but he was not a man to pardon cowardice and falsehood. When he put his hand to the document recalling the Grand Duke, it was with the understanding that he was to reign over a free people with a constitutional government. The prince, restored by Austria, though

"Wearing a smooth olive leaf
On his brute forehead,

was henceforth a stranger to him. Having perjured himself, like all the rulers of Italy at that time, with one glorious exception, the Grand Duke was alienated forever from his subjects, and rested all his authority on military force. And when, ten years later, the people demanded a constitution, and he wanted the troops to fire upon them, his generals refused to give the order. Then he took his departure, quietly escorted to the frontier by the guards. To his "*A rivederci*," his subjects replied, "*Addio*"—and a final farewell it proved.

Baron Ricasoli then put himself at the head of the Moderate Liberal party, which at this time (1850) was much stronger than the Republican; and soon after he was elected Dictator, or supreme head of the provisional government, which difficult and delicate office he fulfilled with general approbation. A gentleman of Radical sympathies records a conversation he had with the Iron Baron at this critical juncture; and though he held different opinions, he speaks with admiration of his lofty sense of duty and firmness of character.

"My family have twelve centuries of existence," he said: "I am the last of my race, but I am ready to give the last drop of my blood to maintain the integrity of my political programme."

The interregnum lasted nearly a year, during which time the crown of Tuscany was twice offered to Victor Emmanuel, which the "Honest King" reluctantly refused to accept till the consent of Europe was obtained. When the people were assembled for the last plebiscit, the Dictator addressed

his countrymen in a tone of happy confidence:

"Tuscans, you are called to cast your vote into the urn; a vote which you have so often and so solemnly and with so much reason expressed during these ten months in which your destinies have been preparing. Your moderation and firmness have gained you the sympathies of Europe. Tuscans, we are proud to have conducted you thus far, and we are sure your last step will be worthy of the preceding ones. In a few days you will enjoy, in its fullness, the fact of **knowing** yourselves to be Italians, under the loyal and magnanimous king, Victor Emmanuel."

When Ricasoli, in company with Farini, the Dictator of the Emilian provinces, repaired to Turin to present the documents of the plebiscit to his new king, he took the oath of allegiance which bound him heart and soul henceforth to Victor Emmanuel and united Italy. The mediæval chivalry of the Baron's character was perceptible in his relation with his new sovereigns, as the sentiment of loyalty was augmented by a warm personal affection. His great wealth, proud, independent character, indifference to public *télat*, and uncourtier-like manners, made his devotion to the king all the more graceful and touching. One evening, when in Rome, Victor Emmanuel rode out to Ricasoli's villa, to pay him a visit, and finding him from home, wrote upon a smooth stone in the wall, "I came to see you this evening," with the date and signature. The owner of the house immediately ordered a crystal covering for the precious characters. On another occasion the king and his sons spent a few days at Brolio castle, and the auspicious event of the arrival was commemorated in a costly oil-painting. When the Baron had received his sovereign in feudal state, and conducted him to his apartments, he retired, and was seen no more. After some time the king sent one of his gentlemen to seek the host, who excused his absence with the following Douglas-like reply:

"When the king enters the house of a

subject, he becomes the master of it, and it would be an impertinence to intrude one's society upon him without a special invitation."

On the death of Count Cavour, 1861, Baron Ricasoli was called to the head of the government. Though an excellent administrator in home affairs, he was not a good diplomatist; and the great minister's sudden demise had left affairs in a bad state for his successors. He alone could have untangled the skein of which he knew the secret windings. In nine months after taking office, Ricasoli was not displeased to give place to another, and retire to his beloved country life, in which was blended the simplicity of a Cincinnatus and the stateliness of a feudal lord. He refused all emoluments as Dictator and as minister.

Once again Ricasoli was called to power, on the eve of an unfortunate war in 1866—General La Marmora having to resign in order to lead the enemy against the Austrians. After the cession of Venice to Italy, he found his party in a minority in the Chamber, and resigned: a misfortune for the country, for his successor, Rattazzi, had not his acumen or firmness, and troubles followed, the greatest of which was the unhappy outbreak of Garibaldian fury, which ended with Mentana.

The Baron had no son, and but one daughter, who married a relative; and her children, who bear the name of Ricasoli, are his heirs. Victor Emmanuel's death, as may be imagined, was a great blow to the poor old Baron; but he transferred his devotion to his son, who greatly admired Ricasoli's character, and often consulted him. As late as 1880, about six months before he died, the old statesman received a royal summons to Rome at the time of a ministerial crisis, and he went, saying: "I am no longer good for anything, but what life and strength I have are still at my sovereign's command."

Though suffering from disease of the heart, his energy of mind and body was unabated. On the morning of the 24th of October, while trying to dominate a wild young

horse, he got a fall, to which he attached no importance. After dinner, he retired as usual to his study, and two hours later his housekeeper found him lying in a chair, staring vacantly at his watch, which he held in his hand. He never spoke again, and only breathed two or three hours.

The Baron's will required him to be buried without pomp, in his private chapel, beside his wife and daughter; but this did not hinder the grateful Florentines from having a grand funeral service in his honor in Santa Croce. It was a noble and imposing tribute to the memory of the great patriot, and we have only seen it surpassed by one funeral of a great man; but that was one which could not be repeated twice in a century. The day of Baron Ricasoli's obsequies was held as a national mourning, and all the cities were represented at the ceremony. The square in front of the church of Santa Croce was filled with troops in full dress, as were also the steps of the edifice. Both sides of the nave presented solid masses of military, resting upon their arms, silent as mutes. In the center of the building was the splendid catafalque, like a great tomb of red granite—this material being chosen as typical of the Baron's character—surrounded by enormous silver candelabra, with a perfect forest of candles, and adorned with wreaths in different metals, presented by the other cities of Italy. All round the tomb was a carpet of fresh flowers, arranged in pretty designs, with crosses in the center. On the top of the catafalque was placed the urn, hung with black velvet and gold fringe. The sides of the catafalque and the pillars of the church were covered with inscriptions, of which we give a few specimens:

"Before commanding others, he learned to command himself; he educated himself in the sense of duty, and in it he remained inflexible while he lived."

"Before Tuscany, his birthplace, he put the great Italian country. May the sacrifice be useful to us, and fruitful of common good."

"Devoted to the king, whom he held to be the corner-stone of the unity of the

country, he served in the ministries of the state with the loyalty of a gentleman, with the dignity of a citizen."

"No ambition ever possessed him except that of serving his country."

The church was draped in black and silver, and all the side altars, as well as the high altar, were lit up. Notwithstanding all this illumination, the dim religious light still prevailed, for the obscurity caused by the deeply stained windows was increased by a heavy down-pour of rain. The transepts were filled with ladies and gentlemen dressed in mourning, with the exception of the military and those who wore official costume, and there were many such. Every member of the royal family had a representative; the Senate and Chamber were represented by their respective presidents, Zecchio and Farini; several ex-ministers of different opinions were there, and the then head of the government, Signor Cairoli: for all parties united to honor the memory of Bettino Ricasoli. In a large open space in front of the altar was placed a chair of state, with a *prie Dieu* in front of it. When everything was in readiness, and the great mass of the people, native and foreign, had been provided with seats, the band in the piazza, playing the royal march, announced the arrival of the Duke of Aosta, who, attended by the knights of the *Santissima Annunziata* in their gorgeous crimson velvet and ermine robes, took the conspicuous place allotted to him, and immediately became the object of universal attention, but particularly among the foreign ladies, who whispered to each other, "The King's brother!" and mounted on chairs to see over the heads of the congregation. He did not sit, as did the rest during a good part of the service, but maintained his erect and soldier-like posture to the end. Standing alone in the midst, with his handsome uniform and decorations, and the long white plumes drooping from the hat he held in his hand, the prince made a graceful central figure, to a most imposing picture. In front of him was the altar, with a number of clergy in gorgeous vestments, and all the enchantments with which they know how to

surround themselves on such occasions; on either side of him were generals, prefects, senators, syndics, all in handsome official costume; behind him the knights and all his brilliant staff, covered with decorations; beyond them the officers of lower rank; and then the wall of soldiers at either side the nave—together forming as magnificent a spectacle as can well be imagined.

While listening to the sad sweet music, and thrilling voices chanting the requiem, our eyes wander to the walls of this historic old church, along which are ranged the tombs of the mighty men of genius of whom this proud city boasts herself the mother, the two greatest of which fix our attention. There stands the king of sculptors, painters, and architects, grim and gaunt, his hands gnarled with the use of the mallet, his rugged brow wrinkled with thought and care, looking down with a scornful expression upon the arts, weeping at his tomb. Near him the divine poet sits aloft, over a costly monument, gazing at his fellow-citizens with a perpetual reproach in his haggard but grand and noble countenance. This marble image, crowned with laurel, is all they have of their gloricus Dante; for his ashes are in Ravenna, where he died, and the Muses weep here over an empty tomb.

And what are we to think of this Florence, who allowed her greatest artist, whom she knew so well how to appreciate, to be persecuted and enslaved by a succession of old tyrants called popes; and worse still, persecuted and banished her greatest poet, letting him die in miserable exile? What inconsistency is involved in the neglect and ill treatment of two such matchless men, and the veneration and honor now bestowed upon a citizen whose proudest claim to admiration is his uncompromising integrity and devotion to country! If the spirits of Dante and Michael Angelo could look down on the scene, would they say that the Florentines were a stupid, unappreciative people, who

did not know how to value great genius, and lavished honors on mediocre men? If they were permitted to understand the transformation society has undergone in the intervening ages, we think they would not so judge their fellow-citizens of the nineteenth century; but say rather, as we do, how the times are improved since the *cinque-cento*! Theirs was a glorious era for art and learning; but the morals and manners, the sense of duty and manly dignity, have made progress since Dante was hunted like a felon from city to city, and made a butt for the coarse jests of his learned patron, Can Grande. How proud a great sovereign would now be to have a Dante at his court; with what veneration would he be regarded by the public in general; with what tender consideration would his political passions and prejudices be regarded; what indulgence for the human foibles of such a genius! And what country, calling itself a republic, which had the honor of producing a Michael Angelo, would allow him; nay, force him by refusing her protection, to dedicate his gigantic intellect and sacrifice his free thought to the despotic will of an old man who treated him as a prisoner or a slave? 'Yes, we have made progress, let the quatro-centists and the cinque-centists say what they will; and a higher sense of duty and honor and self-respect has begun to leaven the whole race: and we take it as a wholesome sign of the times that virtue, unallied to genius, has begun to be honored.

"Only an honest man doing his duty," when he sets his standard of duty high, and has strong temptation to neglect it, is now justly considered an object worthy of admiration and respect. And so, even if Bettino Ricasoli had not had the intellectual qualities with which he was endowed, the man who was never possessed of any ambition but that of serving his country, and served her so well, would be fully entitled to the honors which that country has bestowed.

G. S. GODKIN.

A GLIMPSE OF THE COAST RANGE.

It was on a bright morning in May, 1879, that my husband and I started for a ranch twenty-five miles from San Diego, California, situated fifteen hundred feet up in the Coast Range.

The rainy season had been over for some time, and already the brilliant green of the landscape, occasioned by the vivifying influence of the gentle showers, had given place to a dry, parched appearance, while most of the lovely wild flowers of early spring had withered away beneath the rays of the sun. Early as it was, it was very warm; and indeed, from sunrise until about 10 A. M. is usually the hottest part of the day in San Diego. After that hour a refreshing breeze sweeps inland from the ocean, tempering the atmosphere to a delicious coolness; and the summers are as notably free from excessive heat as the winters are exempt from extreme cold. Our ride to the mountains was to be taken in a rather ungainly conveyance—a high, heavy wagon, coupled to another "trail" wagon, the two drawn by six powerful horses. Both wagons were heavily loaded with lumber, to be used in building a new house on the ranch, and we anticipated a slow and tedious journey.

Tying on my broad-brimmed hat, I climbed to the seat, perched high up in the air; T—— cracked his long whip, spoke to the leaders, and we were off.

For several miles our course lay over barren *mesas*, with the calm, blue waters of the broad Pacific lying on our right, not a sail dotting the wide expanse. Some ten miles from the coast extended the rocky Coronada Islands; and looking backward, beyond the town scattered so picturesquely over the beautiful slope rising from the bay, we saw the bold promontory of Point Loma, which, with a long stretch of sandy beach on the other hand, forms the almost land-locked harbor of San Diego, twelve miles long by

two miles wide. Four miles from town, on the edge of the bay, lay National City, a small settlement which is now the terminus of the California Southern Railway, a Boston enterprise.

After leaving the outskirts of the town, scarcely a human habitation was passed until we reached the Six Mile House, a mere shed occupied by a lone bachelor, where both man and beast are accommodated with "some'at to drink," the traffic in liquors bringing the proprietor a handsome income. For California is a dry country, and the average traveler on the dusty roads finds the "stations" none too plentiful for the satisfaction of his thirst. A change in the aspect of the country began now to be manifest. Not that it was any better clothed with vegetation—grease-wood and manzanita shrubs being all that greeted the eye—but myriads of cobble-stones, worn round and smooth, lay scattered over the ground, bearing witness to the fact that the surface must have been at some period covered with water.

Not a house was seen in the next five miles, until the neat, vine-wreathed cottage of the next "station" came to view. This was surrounded by a well-kept chicken yard, and presided over by a hale and hearty Dutchman and his buxom spouse. A tidy housekeeper the smiling landlady is, presenting a noteworthy exception to many of the women in that part of the country, and an appetizing meal she speedily sets forth when called for.

A short distance farther, and we found ourselves at the head of the Cajon grade, looking down into the Cajon (box) valley—a fertile valley of twenty thousand acres, occupied by some twenty families, and devoted to the culture of wheat, barley, and fruits. Across the upper end of the valley ran the San Diego River on its way to the sea, into which it debouches not far from Old Town,

the original settlement of San Diego, three miles north of the new town, now decaying fast under the destroying touch of time. On its way, this stream passes the ruins of the old Mission, established in 1769 in the midst of a fertile valley about six miles from the town. This was the first of the twenty-three similar institutions founded by the Spanish on the Pacific coast, and it was superior to all the others in architectural beauty and in the richness of its possessions. The river, like many others in California, but unlike Eastern streams, although possessed of a wide bed, displays but little water above its shifting sands. It is, in fact, perfectly dry on the surface in nine-tenths of its course. After heavy rains, however, the river "booms," as San Diegans express it. A torrent comes rushing down from the mountains with headlong impetuosity, filling the empty bed, and rendering a passage across hazardous and sometimes impossible. Water runs at all times below the surface, and an ample supply is obtained for the city of San Diego by sinking wells a few feet in the river-bed.

No trees are seen in the Cajon valley except those planted in the vicinity of the houses scattered over its level surface. Australian gum, or eucalyptus, and pepper trees are the principal species cultivated for ornament in southern California. These do not furnish a great amount of shade, but are desirable on account of their speedy growth and graceful foliage. The eucalyptus, with its thick, narrow leaves, grows slim and straight. The graceful pepper trees branch out into a multitude of slender boughs, reminding me by their shape and by the contour of their leaves of both the willow and locust. A tree of any kind is pleasing to the eye in this land of scant vegetation and cloudless days.

We were much longer in crossing the Cajon than one would expect to be when gazing from one side to the other; it appears but a short distance, and is in reality nearly five miles. We were continually finding ourselves deceived in distances during our sojourn in the Coast Range, so fine and clear

is the atmosphere; we learned that we must add considerably to the estimates of our eyesight. Mountains sixty miles away seemed within half that distance; and woe betide the explorer so rash as to attempt to walk to the foot of hills apparently but a few miles distant!

The next feature of moment on our course to the ranch was the descent of the McFarland grade, and this seemed to me momentous indeed. The road wound around the side of the mountain; on one hand the bowlders and banks of the rugged slope, on the other a precipice down which it seemed as if we must almost inevitably tumble, in some of the abrupt turns where it appeared incredible that a team of six horses and two large wagons could pass in safety. However, accidents on this grade, though not unknown, are of rare occurrence; and after one has traveled about on rough mountain roads for a while, he loses much of his former timorousness, and passes lightly over what would once have been considered a dangerous path.

Long before the grade was reached I had found my position, with no support to the back, uncomfortable in the extreme, and it became almost unendurable. At this juncture, T—— said:

"Now we sha'n't pass a house or be likely to meet any one for quite a distance, and you had better sit right down on the foot-board, and lean back against the seat. It will rest you, and you can put your feet on George's back." George was one of the noble great wheel-horses.

I felt rather dubious as to the consequences of such an imposition on George's good nature, but finally made the venture, and found it not only perfectly safe, but an unspeakable relief. George trudged along in sublime indifference to the feet so ruthlessly planted upon him, while I leaned my aching head back on the cushion of the seat, and enjoyed the ridiculous posture.

"What would my Eastern friends say, could they meet me now?" queried I, as I reflected upon the wide difference between the conventionalities of puritanical New

England and the untrammelled freedom of the West.

Night was drawing near, and its approach was welcome, although it found us still some distance from our destination. We had left the refreshing ocean breeze behind us; and the hot sun, and dusty white roads, with the strong glare of light unbroken all day long by a cloud or the shade of a tree, proved very trying to both head and eyes.

As the shades of night fell around us, we were following up the Sweetwater, a stream about one-fourth as wide as the San Diego River, but with a foot or two of water flowing in its bed the year round. The banks of the rivulet were fringed with shrubs and cotton-wood trees, from which hung occasional bunches of the far-famed mistletoe; and only those who have been deprived of these pleasing accessories to a landscape can realize the pleasure derived from the sight of even the most common kinds of vegetation. All about us, in front, behind, on either side, rose barren hills, over which the pall of night was fast drooping. To all appearance, we were completely shut in; the eye sought in vain for an outlet to the little basin that we were traversing. Occasionally we passed an humble home, and at 8 P. M. drew up before a unique-looking habitation, and hailed its proprietor, a gray-bearded, sturdily built man, who came up to the wagons to give us a cordial greeting.

We had decided not to attempt to reach the ranch that night, as four or five miles of hard climbing were yet before us, and the horses had been pulling a heavy load all day, with nothing to eat since 4 A. M. So we asked for feed for the team, and for blankets, intending to court sleep under cover of the starry heavens, as is often done in this part of the country; but our host would not listen to this project, and bade us heartily welcome to the best that he could proffer; and I confess that I was relieved to find that I could lay my weary head upon a tolerably comfortable couch. We were ushered into the house, and commanded to make ourselves at home.

Supper was first in order, and not long in preparation, for I had with me a stock of "goodies" that were speedily set forth, and our coffee was soon made over the hot fire that the cool evening rendered enjoyable.

It was a curious room that we found ourselves in. Two small square apertures served for windows, the floor was composed of mother earth, the rafters were profusely decorated with household supplies, the pine table stood so high that I couldn't much more than get my chin above it when sitting down, and a bed in one corner was in the same exalted state. A cat, four half-grown kittens, and two small dogs gamboled about the apartment, the most amicable relations evidently existing between them. A door opened from the rear of the room into a porch of decidedly rustic design, which evidently did duty as wash-room, storehouse, etc. It was formed of layers of boughs upon a rough framework of timber, and effectually excluded the sun's rays, thus answering the owner's purpose as well as a veranda of more pretensions to architectural beauty would have done.

"Where was the mistress of the house?" asks some one. Gone a-visiting among her own people, the other side of that neighboring hill where there is a *rancheree*, as Indian settlements are styled in this region. For she is an Indian—indisputably and unmistakably a squaw; and she is not the wife of this brusque-spoken man, although he treats her as such, and she is the mother of his children, as fine a boy and girl as need be. She has lived with him for years, and she keeps herself and her home as neat as she knows how to do; but what kind of a companion can she be for a fairly intelligent American? And what a terrible wrong has been done to these innocent children! It is a matter of surprise to sober, thinking persons that these ill-assorted and unlawful unions are so common in some parts of our own country, and particularly in Mexico.

Adjoining the living-room, but having no connection therewith, being reached by an outer door, was a sleeping-room built of adobe, which was placed at our disposal.

This boasted of a board floor, and was in good order, though rude in its appointments. The walls were literally covered with pictures cut from papers and magazines, and pasted on in lieu of wall-paper, testifying to a leaning toward decorative art on the part of the dusky mistress of the mansion. I spied a pile of Harper's Magazines on a high shelf, but judge that these were digested by the lord and master, as the partner of his joys and sorrows spoke and understood but a little English. It is almost invariably the case, that in a union of this kind the Indian dialect is the language spoken. As the aborigines of southern California use, or rather abuse, the Spanish tongue, that form of speech was the one adopted in the home of our host.

A dense fog lay over the hills in the morning, which gradually uplifted, as the sun peeped over the peaks, behind which it had risen. The horses were brought out from their comfortable quarters, ready for another day's toil, and we began the ascent of a narrow cañon comparatively well wooded. Here various kinds of wild flowers yet bloomed; the most conspicuous a species of lily with immense leaves, and blossoms about six inches in diameter. We crossed and recrossed the bed of a brook that in the rainy season tears its way along to the Sweetwater. No bridges are built over the streams of this section, and they must be forded when high. Boulders of all sizes and shapes were scattered on either side of the narrow path, in some places leaving barely room for a wagon to pass. It was up hill all the way now, and a hard tug for the horses.

At length we reached a large white house after the New England pattern, (the only one that I know of amongst those mountains) owned by the proprietor of several apiaries in the county. The house was built for his own family, and occupied by them for a time; but they removed to San Diego, leaving the apiary connected therewith in charge of a young man, who must have led a lonely life in that mountain pass, with little companionship save the swarm of busy bees with whom he worked every day. There

are many places of the kind in San Diego County, occupied by solitary men who cook, wash, and mend for themselves. One of these lone "bachs" once remarked to me that it was no wonder that so many cases of insanity were reported in the county. A resident of the crowded Eastern States knows nothing of loneliness and isolation as it is found in the remote valleys of a mountain range. No companions, no post-office, no church, no way to get out of the place but over steep trails and rough roads—it is a mystery how life can be made endurable under these circumstances.

I thought I had eaten excellent honey in New England, but it sinks into insignificance beside the translucent deliciousness of San Diego honey. The white sage is the best, but it is all good. It is nearly as common on the table as butter—more so on some ranches—and sells at the low figure of five cents per pound. 1,291,800 pounds of honey were exported in the year 1880, and the home consumption is immense.

But I am a long time getting to the ranch. After crossing the brook again, (before this we had found running water in it) and climbing a very steep pitch, we found ourselves between two peaks, which had been visible for some distance back. They appeared to have been rent asunder, at some primeval period, by a great convulsion of Nature, so exactly did the projections of the one correspond with the indentures of the other. These were the sentinels that stood guard over the entrance to the charming little valley beyond. On one of these peaks twelve varieties of ferns lift their dainty heads from the sterile soil; and as "fern work" is very fashionable in San Diego, and commands a ready sale among Eastern visitors, parties from town sometimes venture up the rocky slope in search of the delicate fronds. But I never extended my botanical researches in that direction, for rattlesnakes also abound, and I have never been able to overcome my horror of the hideous reptiles, or to comprehend how people who live where they are liable at any time to come upon so deadly a foe can become so

habituated to their vicinage that they hardly think of them.

As we gained the level of the valley, a baying of dogs was heard, and two small black buildings came to view. Our destination was reached, and we disembarked amid a confused throng of big dogs and little children. The mother of the latter, a thin-faced, short-haired, blonde young woman of twenty-one, who would have been decidedly pretty under favorable circumstances, appeared in the doorway of the dwelling-house, attired in a short and plainly made calico. From the other building, which was the "general supply" store of the neighborhood, sauntered "the doctor," the lord and master of the blonde young woman, and the owner of the valley stretching before us. He was a man nearly fifty years of age, and as *blasé* as his wife was energetic. Married at sixteen, she was already the mother of three girls (a fourth has since augmented the force)—"infant Jesuses," as they were styled by their fond parents, with what will probably seem to many of my readers an approach to blasphemy. But these were a strange people: so strange, that I feel constrained to devote a little space to a discussion of their peculiar points.

"The doctor" was a "magnetic healer," also a "medium." He was so fortunate as to be "controlled" by the spirit of a wonderfully wise Indian chieftain named Owega, who lived and died before our insignificant lives were thought of. It was customary to ascertain Owega's opinion on all subjects, which "the doctor" would do by entering the trance state, and giving vent to a flow of the most villainous-sounding dialect, which he translated into a language more comprehensible to lesser minds. Owega had spoken, and his advice must be followed, or disastrous would be the results. It is a little singular that, with so sage a counselor, the doctor's life should not have been more successful; he being in truth badly involved, and not for the first time. But this was not the only inconsistency that suggested itself during our residence with these advocates of spiritualism and free-love. The doctor had

a strong ally in his mother-in-law; in fact, she went quite beyond him on some points. She was the most peculiar specimen of womankind whom it was ever my fortune to meet. Imagine a slender, sinewy, well-preserved woman of forty-nine, with sharp black eyes possessing a malignant gleam, and short curly hair; her features are good, and she would be a fine-looking woman but for the fires of "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness" that burn in her heart, and are made manifest by daily words and deeds. She generally wore an uncouth "bloomer" costume, which plainly revealed her peculiar gait, best described by the word "snooping"; her step was as noiseless as a cat's. Her "guide" was an aged Turk, of almost prehistoric existence, who favored his *protégée* with "the grandest lectures, in the dark hours of the night, on the most abstruse themes."

This woman met me on first sight with the tightest of hugs about my neck, and the warmest of kisses upon my lips. In three days she gave me startling information. I was "extremely spiritualistic," in a short time would be a fine "medium," and would set the world agog with my inspired writings. A brilliant future was also predicted for my husband. Contrary to her expectations, instead of submitting gracefully to a course of instruction in her pet theories, (which would involve this world in disgrace and ruin, if put into operation) we developed a spirit of what good old-fashioned folks denominate "contrairiness"—in the *patois* of the country, we "bucked." I had always a proclivity for asking the whys and wherefores of things, derived from my Yankee origin, no doubt, and am quite a stickler for exactness. Hence my interrogations, and exposition of too glaringly false statements were somewhat embarrassing to my would-be initiator into realms of thought too lofty for the common rabble; for truth was not one of the dame's strong points. T— invariably came off victorious after a war of words with her, and it was not long before the discovery was made that "our heads were very poorly shaped," lacking "reason," "discernment," etc. A

neighbor, then a stranger to me, was told that she could spend her time to better advantage than in my company.

The daughter of this progressive character was a better woman than one would suppose the child of such a mother could be. It seemed a pity that the influences of her life had not been more favorable to the development of her better nature. She was endowed with excellent intellectual qualities; but her conversation was marred by an overweening conceit, and a strong tendency to exaggeration that often overstepped the bounds of truth. Some traits commanded my admiration, such as her almost entire abstinence from gossip, her dislike of slander, and her cheerful adaptation to circumstances that would have sorely tried the majority of women. She was a complete slave to her husband, that strong advocate of the rights of woman, who yet allowed his young wife, already overburdened with the cares of maternity, to wait upon him as the valet waits upon his master: even expecting her to leave her babe and milk one of the two cows every day. She knew less about his business affairs than his mere acquaintances. But "the doctor" was perfect in her devoted eyes.

The children, destined to revolutionize the world with their remarkable powers, were given no common names—Cleopatra, Cassandra, and Zula were the cognomens suggested by friendly spirits as meet for such illustrious offspring. There was nothing in their appearance to indicate their superiority to other children; they were, on the contrary, very backward, awkward, and plain-looking; but "the spirits" had said that they were "the Christs of the earth."

Alpine valley is one mile long by half a mile wide, and almost completely hemmed in. Entering by the narrow pass of which I have spoken, the only means of exit are roads at the opposite end, leading up the barren mountain sides, so rough and steep that they appear dangerous for heavy teams, yet are not so considered. Noble great oaks were originally scattered over the little valley, but were converted into cord-wood

under the reign of the doctor, to leave a clear field for the cultivation of wheat and barley, which does better at this altitude than lower down, on account of greater moisture. The work on the ranch was done principally by Indians, who were hired at half the rates required by white men; but I doubt if their labor was very profitable, for they are extremely slow, and possess an unlimited capacity for food. The doctor resided at the lower end of the valley, while his mother-in-law occupied a cabin at the upper extremity, with complete indifference to her lonely position, in a country infested by Indians, with no neighbors within a mile on either hand.

I shall never forget the two nights that I spent alone in that little cabin, where the cracks were so wide and numerous that one felt hardly more secure than out of doors. *T*— had gone to town, and I was left at the upper cabin, as the other house was full. The afternoon of the first day my hostess mounted her pony, and started off to make "a call" on her daughter, and the two watch-dogs followed her. I was not averse to the deprivation of her company for an hour or so, and time passed quietly and agreeably on until the sun hid itself behind the mountains, and the darkness of night quickly spread over the lonely spot. I felt certain by that time that Mrs. H— would not return before morning, and made a cheerful fire in the big fireplace, determined to make the best of an unenviable position; for, although I am generally the reverse of timid, fearing neither darkness nor solitude in a civilized region, I was afraid of the Indians in that remote valley of the Coast Range, especially as nightly depredations had recently been made on the barley and utensils in the neighboring barn, and I had not the usual guard of dogs.

I sat reading for a time, then retired, and endeavored to compose myself to sleep. Vain effort! With every sense sharpened and every sound magnified into a horror, I spent the night with wide-open eyes, now and then springing into the middle of the floor, with every fiber thrilling with the certainty that some one

was near. Morning dawned at last, heralded by the numerous representatives of the feathered tribe overhead, who utilized the roof of the cabin as a hen-roost, and seemed to have considerable disturbance among themselves, as they aroused from their matutinal slumbers, scrambling about in a manner very annoying to one not accustomed to that sort of an introduction to a new day. The next day passed, and my hostess did not appear. I was well aware that her prolonged absence was not owing to any unlooked-for circumstance, but was a premeditated action, committed because she knew that I would be afraid to stay alone, and took a malicious delight in tormenting me for once. This time she succeeded. To be sure, I might have gone down to the doctor's; both he and his wife would have given me a kind welcome, and found a place for me somewhere; for the doctor was always kind to me, and would not allow a word against "Clarry" to pass without rebuke: but I wouldn't have so capitulated to the enemy for worlds.

I discovered a loaded pistol behind some books on one of the corner shelves, and felt quite delighted over it, although I had never fired a shot in my life. I hoped I should be able to at least scare some one with it, if occasion demanded. Quite a number of Indians passed the house during the day, most of them stopping to water their horses at the well across the road. I kept out of sight as much as possible, hoping they would not discover that I was alone; and I sat by the fireside but a short time that evening, fearing that my forsaken situation would be seen through the cracks in the walls. I went to bed, with the pistol lying where I could instantly reach it; but I was not molested, although several false alarms effectually banished sleep from my eyes, and some sacks of barley were pillaged from the barn. I would never run such a risk again; for it was a great risk. A few months later, a woman over seventy years of age, who had lived on friendly terms with the Indians in that vicinity for years, was most cruelly assaulted in broad daylight, during the absence

of her husband, and her house was ransacked, and considerable property taken away. The county contains more Indians (1620) than any other county in California.

On the third day I received a call from the doctor, who asked me how I "got along," and if I was "afraid," expressing surprise when I informed him that the dogs were not with me, as he had not noticed them among his own.

"Why didn't you come down and stay with us?" said he. "There's always room for one more."

It had been dark for half an hour, and I was beginning to anticipate a third night of wakefulness, when I heard the welcome sound of a heavy wagon, and T——'s voice speaking to the horses. My husband had returned from town, and I was no longer afraid. He was very angry when he learned how I had been served during his absence, and declared that I should leave the place at once. The next day I mounted my pony, and turned my course to San Diego, where I went to housekeeping, T——'s business calling him to town twice a week. The mistress of the cabin came home just before my departure. She found me endeavoring to remove a very heavy lariat from my pony's neck.

"What are you taking that off for?"

"Because I don't care to have it on."

"But you can't tie your horse on the way."

"I don't wish to."

"You'll have to. You can't ride so far without stopping." Neither my lady nor her daughter ever attempted any but short rides at a slow pace.

I was very busy over the refractory knot, and made no reply to this assertion.

"You won't have anything to tie him with in town."

"O, there are plenty of ropes in San Diego."

"Well, I don't know where you can get any."

"But I do, and that is sufficient."

"I don't believe you can untie it."

But I did—I was bound to; and without

another word I turned my back on the meddlesome dame, whose conversation I have quoted as a specimen of a hundred others, and rode away.

Cayeuse bore me with the gentlest of lopes to San Diego, and left me feeling almost fresh enough for another twenty-five miles. Cayeuse is quite too fine an animal to be left out of this narrative. Small, round, with a broad forehead and wide-set eyes, little ears, luxuriant mane and tail, he was as wise and pretty an Indian pony as one often sees. He was of the Pinto breed, similiar to the "calico" horse of a circus. From the "Mexican jog," with which he would ascend a long risé, to the gallop, with which he would outstrip any other horse in the neighborhood, his gaits were delightful; and I would trust myself to Cayeuse's sure-footedness down the steepest trail in the vicinity. The first time I rode him he nearly pulled my arms off. Whether he had not been used for some time, or whether he didn't fancy his rider in petticoats, I don't know; but I thought I should never be able to manage him unless I used the cruel Spanish bit. For some inexplicable reason he never gave me any trouble afterwards. No one fed, watered, groomed, or saddled him but me; and he soon followed me about, or looked after me, if tied, until I vanished from sight.

It is interesting to explore the rough mountain roads and trails leading from one little valley into another. These oases among the barren hills are occupied by "ranchers," who send their children from one to eight miles on horseback to the bare little shanty, built in a day, that serves as school-house. It is no uncommon thing to see as many as three of the youngsters mounted on a trusty steed, jogging along to school. The teacher boards a couple of miles away, and rides back and forth to the scene of her labors, which cannot be very inspiring.

A charming ride is down Chocolita cañon to the San Diego River. Crossing a plowed field, in the neighborhood of the upper cabin, and following a narrow trail down a

very steep hillside where our sturdy ponies, bracing backward, plant their feet with the utmost precision, we enter a cañon just wide enough for a shallow brook which ripples along, and the pathway overarched by spreading branches of noble great trees. Honeysuckles and clinging vines mingle their scarlet blossoms and delicate tendrils with the foliage of an undergrowth of shrubs, aspiring even to the boughs of the trees above. It is cool and refreshing in the leafy cañon, although it is mid-day, and the sun is scorching outside. The few stray beams that gain entrance here lend an added charm to the beauty of sparkling water and gayly tinted flowers, moss-covered rocks and delicate ferns. Sometimes we are on one side of the little stream, sometimes on the other, crossing its rocky bed many times in a few miles, never with any room to spare on either hand. Barren slopes rise to the right and left of us, almost from our very feet, until we near the river, and come out upon an open space, which has not escaped the notice of the farmer, but has been "taken up," and converted into a wheat field. Not observing the stands of bees a few rods from the house until close upon them, we find it prudent to proceed onward as expeditiously as possible, our too familiar approach having created considerable disturbance among the buzzing swarms.

Crossing the fine white sands of the river, which penetrates its way to the Cajon through rugged mountains that rise abruptly from its banks, we come upon a rude log hut shaded by a cluster of oaks. Hens and chickens parade about the grounds, and seem to be the only occupants of the place, until a tall, grizzly-bearded man about sixty years of age appears in the doorway. His answers to our queries are polite, but so low spoken that we can hardly catch the words; and we wonder if he has lived alone so long that he has become unaccustomed to speech, and why he has isolated himself thus from mankind; for there seems to be little round him from which he can gain a subsistence. He tells us that there is a *ranchería* two miles up the river; but as the day is

far advanced, we conclude not to visit the encampment, but retrace our steps to Alpine valley. In all our many trips among the hills, we never found a lovelier spot than this narrow little cañon.

Climbing a steep and tortuous path at one side of the valley, a *mesa* is reached, owned by the doctor, and sown each year with wheat and barley. The roughest of shanties is rudely fitted up for temporary habitation, and at "seed time" and harvesting a force of Indians is sent to the field, accompanied by an *Americano* "boss" and a cook. Beans, bacon, and bread are the staple articles of diet. Butter and milk are considered superfluous, but honey is generally plenty. The white portion of the community sleep in the cabin on the ground; and the Indians construct wigwams among the grease-wood and manzanita shrubs near the spring, building fires in front of their frail shelter. The horses are staked out, and the dogs watch over all. Dogs are a noticeable feature in southern California. No ranch is complete without a good supply of them, and the Indians have a perfect tribe of shaggy-haired, coyote-like canines at their heels.

From a knoll at one end of the *mesa* an extensive view of the surrounding country is obtained. Whichever way the eye may turn, a grand upheaval of the earth's surface is manifest. We look down upon countless elevations, appearing in many places to crowd upon each other, and the Cajon valley is visible beyond several rows of peaks. We can trace the course of the Sweetwater to the sea, which it enters near National City; and the shimmer of broad waters is discernible on the horizon. Back of us old Cuayamaca (above the sea) lifts its snow-covered head, and Capitan Grande hides the valleys beyond its rugged sides.

San Diego County can never become thickly populated, it is so thoroughly broken up by the Coast Range. It is considered peculiarly adapted to the culture of fruits, and already oranges, lemons, peaches, apricots, guavas, figs, olives, grapes, and strawberries are raised to a considerable extent.

One may fairly revel in fruits in San Diego nearly every month in the year; and who does not appreciate strawberries in January? The nights are sufficiently cool in winter to nip young fruit trees up in the mountains, but there is very little danger from frost on the coast. The days are as much warmer inland as the nights are cooler. Three or four times a year, a "desert wind" blows from the arid waste extending from the eastern base of the mountains to the Colorado River, filling the air with sand, and withering with its scorching breath everything in its pathway. This generally lasts three days, and is almost the only unpleasant feature in the San Diego climate. Many persons afflicted with pulmonary affections have made their homes in the county, prolonging their lives by a residence in a land of such equable temperature; and the hotels of the town are well patronized. The dry, bracing atmosphere of the mountains is beneficial to asthmatic people. A gentleman of my acquaintance, who has traveled from Canada to Cuba in search of relief from this complaint, is domiciled with his family in a neat little cottage at an altitude of two thousand feet, between Alpine valley and Valle de las Viejas.

Valle de las Viejas is on the road to Julian, a small town on the summit of the range, nestled in a cañon four thousand feet in height. The valley was named in earlier days, when the Indians reigned over the surrounding country. Then as now it was desirable land, plenty of water lying near the surface; and when the warriors sallied forth on their hunting excursions, it was their custom to send their old men and women to this valley to plant and raise crops during their absence. From this source is derived the title "Old Women's Valley." It has been, ever since its transmission to the hands of the white men, a notorious scene of feuds. Accommodating several families, one would suppose that its residents, debarred from society as they were, would have established friendly relations among themselves. But this has not been the case—disagreements and backbitings have been the

rule. Disputes over boundaries have created enmity, and the dishonest claim of a neighbor resulted in murder a few years ago.

The tragedy occasioned great excitement, for the parties at variance were men of high standing in the county. Two families, whom I will call Bennett and Carroll, were the principal land owners in the valley. The latter had in his employ a young man by the name of Tarbell, whom he urged to "jump" a certain piece of land claimed by the Bennetts. Tarbell finally consented to do so in the interest of Carroll, built a small house on the lot, and proceeded to cultivate the land. The Bennetts, who were a proud and hot-blooded family from the South, were greatly enraged at this appropriation of property which they considered their own, and ordered Tarbell to desist. This he would not do; but when the harvesting season came, cut the hay and began taking it in. Finding commands and threats of no avail, Ray Bennett one day took his gun, remarking to his mother that there might be trouble, and proceeded to the field with a hired man, intending to remove the hay from Tarbell's wagon to his own. The meeting of the opponents was followed by high words, and soon Tarbell gave chase to Bennett, with the purpose of chastising him, being a powerfully built man; but he stumbled over a hay-cock, and fell. Before he could arise, Bennett struck him on the head

three times with his gun, then mounted his horse, galloped at once to San Diego, and gave himself up to the officers of the law, although he was not aware that he had killed Tarbell. When the fatal result of the quarrel became known, the Bennetts did not anticipate a very severe punishment, as the murderer was quite a favorite in social circles, with his somewhat fastidious tastes and lordly bearing; and justice is not always meted out unsparingly in the Golden State. But Ray Bennett was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at San Quentin, where he is now, rumor hath it, allowed many privileges. This sad and disgraceful affair did not terminate here. It was instrumental in the death, a few months later, of the young lady to whom Tarbell was engaged, whose blighted hopes aggravated her tendency to consumption, and sent her to an untimely grave. This was as truly heart-rending a tragedy as those of which we read in tales of fictitious lives.

The title of my sketch forbids my speaking at length of San Diego's merits as a seaport, or of its many natural advantages that peculiarly adapt it for a large city. When more direct communication is established than that by steamers from San Francisco once in five days, and by stage from the Southern Pacific, at Santa Ana, daily, the excellencies and resources of the port and county will become more widely known, and cannot fail to be appreciated.

CLARA SPALDING BROWN.

ONE AFTERNOON.

"I PRESUME," said the minister's wife, "you love Ida as though she were your own child."

A foreboding of age struck to Marcia's heart, as she gathered in the chill with which the innocent remark seemed shivering. It seemed to her she turned old in an instant, as though her face fell into wrinkles, and an impress as of the faded leaf set its stamp

upon her. The sunlight, fluttering like a wing upon the wall, took a shade less of gold; and all the world darkened just so much, as in the slight moment of pause Marcia accepted her position, and decided with a pang to be no longer young.

"I can imagine," she answered, just as the minister's wife looked up in surprise at the little piece of silence that had dropped

down between them—"I can imagine," said Marcia, "how one must, perforce, love an own child, though that joyous fountain of pure water has bubbled unseen and untasted throughout my life. No: I do not love Ida, dear though she is to me, as I suppose I would a child of my own."

The minister's wife went home, and in discreet confidence asked of the minister what provision there might possibly be in the next world for an old maid whose heart was filled with children.

After her visitor had gone, Marcia went through the house, looking for the young girl Ida. The rooms were very dainty and very pleasant, but to the mistress in her new mood they seemed a trifle stiff and prim.

"Well," she sighed softly, "it all partakes of me, I suppose. Strange that my eyes should be made to open so suddenly! I should have wished the knowledge to steal upon me gradually and gently, so that I might have accustomed myself to the truth, without this shock."

Wherever she found a reminder of Ida, there she thought something bright and youthful livened and beautified the rooms; while her own hat hanging in the hall, the chair she sat in, her work basket on the stand, seemed suggestive of her own older self. It was not pleasant thus to realize the truth, but to this point must we all come at last.

Stepping out upon the wide and low veranda, Marcia could see Ida coming up the shadowed walk, looking very young now that Marcia felt the lack of youth; she noticed how young and how sweet. Coming so out of the distance, her step, though slow, seemed elastic and full of life, and she made a pretty picture. Her skirts were light and flowing, a fleecy drapery half fell, half clung about her shoulders, and the drooping brim of her hat just allowed a glimpse of her sunny hair. By her side walked their neighbor, Herman France, and Ida's eyes were cast down toward the roses in her hand, never once lifting to meet his frank yet somewhat dreamy gaze.

A pang was thrust again through Marcia,

and she wondered that she should just be regretting her loneliness, when she had the knowledge pressed home upon her that she was quite beyond such gallant attention. The two were doubtless born for each other, and the solitary woman on the vine-climbed veranda was quick to confess how well they walked together, how harmonious they seemed, and what a pleasing contrast they offered.

"By and by they will marry," soliloquized Marcia; "and what more natural or more to be desired? Then I shall be truly alone again, and perhaps I had better indulge myself in a little of that travel which has been like the thread of a dream running through my life. Now that I am growing old I must take my travel, or I shall never have it. I had better have taken it younger, perhaps, as it is, for old bones are weary bones, and they like resting better than wandering."

Marcia was doing a dreadful thing when she cut herself loose from youth in this way; but the trouble was that, in contrast with the fresh, girlish bloom of Ida, she felt her outside body must seem old and worn, and that she was bound in duty to age her spirit also.

All unconscious that Marcia stood concealed by the vines, the couple strolled up the rose-bordered path, and Marcia exaggerated to herself the appearance of interest they seemed to have in each other.

"Let us stay out here," said Mr. France. "Every breath is a luxury among these vines on such a perfect afternoon."

He took off his straw hat as he spoke, and Marcia saw for the hundredth time how white and how broad his forehead was, but she had a peculiar notice for his manly strength of feature and outline to-day. She admired him more than she had ever done till now.

"All lovers make such excuses," she murmured. "He cares nothing whatever about the luxurious air. He simply wants to be alone with Ida, and he is afraid they will meet me if they come into the house."

Ida's laugh was like a little rill of music, as she twirled her long-stemmed roses and replied:

"One may have duties, you know, which forbid yielding to temptation. I ought to be practicing this moment, Mr. France, instead of idly putting appendixes to our walk in this way."

Nevertheless, she swung her skirts lightly round, and sat down on the lowest step, crossing her pink wrists, and flashing up at her companion through her eyelashes one of those swift and daring glances in which innocent girlhood often betrays its innocence.

"I can only imagine you as playing at duty," he answered lightly. "Surely you were made to do just what pleases you. No *must* ever ought to come into your life, little one."

"I don't fancy being called 'little one,'" answered Ida, half pouting. "It's too patronizing and too tender—a great deal too tender."

"She is right," thought Marcia, determinedly. "It is eminently proper she should keep him at a distance. When she is my age, she will see how right she is."

"It is so easy to shock a very young person's sense of propriety by hurting her dignity," he laughed. "Now when you are old, say as old as Marcia and I, you will have no pride of dignity, and you will wonder how at seventeen you could have put much stress on the term 'little one.' See now, I am twice your age. I am thirty-four, and yet I abate the natural superiority of my years, and will ask you to be so friendly as to call me by my first name when you speak to me. Will you call me Herman?"

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Marcia, under her breath. The request seemed to her almost equivalent to a proposal; but not so to Ida. That young lady responded very composedly:

"Why, yes; Marcia and I always do call you Herman when we speak of you to each other."

Marcia shuddered in her lair at this betrayal; but in spite of the frankness of her speech, Ida seemed filled with quick motions akin to coquettishness. She played with her roses, her color coming and going with her

breath, her head drooped in a half-bashful pose; and now her shoulders seemed prominent to her, now her elbows, now her feet, and she recognized each in its turn. Marcia was not well acquainted with young girls, and she accused this one of "bridling"—yes "bridling." Then she wondered how she could have developed such a feeling against Ida, and berated herself as a "horrible old maid."

"I never knew just your relationship to Marcia," mused Herman, after a little pause.

"Not any real relationship at all," returned Ida, warmly. "My father was only her step-brother, and that makes it seem the kinder of her to make me so welcome here, doesn't it? I should have no home were it not for Marcia—you see I never could say Aunt Marcia, because she seems no older, or not much older, than I. But she is a great deal older—she is thirty-six. You wouldn't believe Marcia was thirty-six, would you? She is older than you are even."

Poor Marcia! she cowered among the leaves, and hot tears came to her eyes. "It isn't that I'm not willing to acknowledge myself old," she thought in sobs; "but it seems so dreadful to tell him I'm thirty-six, in cold blood."

"Marcia will never marry, I suppose," Ida gossiped on, in an airy manner.

"There you may be mistaken, my little friend," said Herman, languidly; "at any rate, let us hope so."

"O yes, I hope so," assented Ida, biting her roses.

"Because," he continued, looking at her strangely, as if to see how she would construe his words, "as people grow older they feel the need of husband or wife. It is the craving for intimate companionship, which one may put off without being rid of. Do you fancy that because I am past thirty years I shall never offer my ripe love, fearing it may have gone to decay? O no, Ida. I shall marry sometime, though this is premature confidence, into which I should not have taken you. I may be denied, after all."

Ida still toyed with the blossoms in her

hand, as Marcia stole away on tiptoe, blushing at herself to have been an eavesdropper thus far into the conversation, and certain that she ought at any rate to leave Herman to approach the momentous question without other listener than Ida, believing that having gone so far he was sure to do so.

"He should have asked my permission," she thought, indignantly. "Since I seem so old to Ida, my years should be respected. Yet I remember now," and she warmed toward him unconsciously, "that he seemed to make nothing of my being thirty-six; and to be sure, I *may* marry, as he said." Then she tossed her head, and laughed in a little trickle of amusement. "O, what nonsense!" she exclaimed within herself; but she felt scarce so old as an hour before, and she could not deny to herself that she was a trifle pleased with Herman.

When she reached cover, a pang seized her again, as she thought of the romantic two left for a certainty alone with a sweet breath of imaginative happiness blowing about them, and she wondered just how tender the words might be that passed from one to the other. She would like to hear Herman pleading and making sweet vows. Herman had been always pleasing to her, and she would like to view him once as a pleading lover, because it would be so new, and put him in a tender light.

Was it possible to think of Herman in a tender light? Yes, she could in imagination hear his voice low and vibrant; she could see his eyes filled with hope, and his outstretched hand; she could feel the grasp of his love as it drew its object to itself. And then she started, and put her hands on her burning cheeks. Why, what was this? Could it be that she could fancy it a delight to know Herman thus? Oh, what a shame—what a shame to thrust the confession through her heart that she loved him! She scourged herself with reproaches. She was in her dotage, she told herself; she was mad; she was worse than a fool.

It was not strange that she should have loved him. She had known him and gone on knowing him these several years, and she

was not a woman to be violent in any passion. Her affection had ripened like a slow fruit in its late season, that needs but one warm day to bring it to its climax. Lo! her climax was come, and she stood apart, as a third person might, viewing it with a sort of awe. It was an hour and more before she was calm enough to set about the matter collectedly. During that hour she owned she would have taken Ida's place in that interview with Herman, if she could, even to the complete banishment of the young girl. She forced herself to face bare facts. With a deep sense of humiliation she realized that she was jealous, maliciously jealous of Ida for the moment. She felt savage; she felt like overturning and destroying, like torturing and putting to the trial; and wondered, as from out a sort of dream within whose strange tangle she was inextricably involved. She laughed and cried, then soothed herself like a child, bathed her face, smoothed her hair, put away all trace of emotion, and told herself she had done with the whole thing, and buried it as in a grave.

Feeling like a very aged person, Marcia went down soberly to see after the young people. She called Herman "young people," in her mind. She found Ida alone, with her roses torn and scattered at her feet. The young girl sat deep in thought, with her eyes on vacancy, and she drew a deep, unconscious sigh, which repeated itself, even while Marcia observed her.

"I had a proposal myself once, when I was young," thought Marcia. "Did I look so lost and so sentimental after it, I wonder? But then I didn't accept him, and perhaps that's the difference. Ida *must* have accepted Herman."

"I thought Herman was here, Ida." Before she spoke even, Marcia's jealousy was quite vanished, and she felt her old kindness toward her young companion return.

"Herman? O yes, Herman *was* here; but he is gone now," answered Ida, starting; and Marcia told herself he had proposed, and Ida was evasive.

"Come and sit down, Marcia," continued Ida by and by; then she laughed happily,

and blushed a bit at the sweetness of the secret she held. "Herman has just told me something; but it is a confidence, mind, and he will tell you himself whenever there is a best chance. But you mustn't hint to him, Marcia, until he tells you, that I have said anything at all." She looked prettier than ever now, in a twitter of liveliness.

"Are you happy, Ida, in knowing this confidence? Does it make you happy, dear?" asked Marcia soberly.

"O Marcia, Marcia, I do believe you guess it already. Yes, yes; it does make me glad." Springing up, Ida crossed the step, and kissed Marcia extravagantly with little soft girlish kisses, dabbing her lips, her cheeks, her eyes, her hair, and wherever else her mouth happened to hit.

Suddenly the bitterness descended upon Marcia again. "They put me aside like an old woman," she thought, "till 'tis necessary to speak to me for form's sake. I'd scarce have thought that of Herman, after his speaking so kindly of my being thirty-six. Well, of course he couldn't be expected to think of *my* feelings."

"O Marcia, tell me, were you ever in love, and what is it like?" said Ida, audaciously, sitting down at Marcia's feet, and crossing hands upon the older woman's knee.

"It is the dreadfulest condition," began poor Marcia, and then she bit her sentence off at its beginning.

"I see you have had acquaintance with it," said Ida, quickly. "And why is it you never married? It seems so right for you to be unmarried, I never thought to ask you before."

"I suppose there are many men in this world, some one of whom I might have loved and married," Marcia returned, finding a comfort in generalizing thus; "but providence never threw us into circumstances which compelled love and marriage. It is all a happening, anyhow, you know. The man chance had in view for me married some other woman, I suppose, without waiting to see me; and the man I might have loved did the same."

"O Marcia! how cold-blooded!" cried Ida. "I believe it is all a destiny—all meant to be, and just as sure to come round right as the sun is. I wouldn't think otherwise for the world."

"That's very natural," said Marcia.

"Well," exclaimed Ida, after a pause, "if here isn't Herman coming back again!" Then she fluttered like a bird just about to take wing, and oscillated from one side to the other of her perch on the step. "Yes; I think I'd better go in," she said hastily, after watching him a moment. "Don't you come, Marcia; maybe he's come back, feeling that he couldn't wait to tell you." Then she ran away.

"Very well," Marcia thought calmly, "he couldn't wait, as Ida says, and he's come back to ask my consent. I shall give it in as few words as possible, and I hope he will make few words of it, too." But she began to tremble when he sat down beside her.

The afternoon was falling to its close now, but Herman was either very warm or else somewhat agitated.

"I will wait for him to begin in the way he pleases. Of course he can't expect *me* to begin," Marcia said silently.

"I have been here before, this afternoon, Marcia," he did begin presently, but he stopped there somewhat uncertainly.

"Yes, I saw you sitting here with Ida," she said, with a sudden resolve to help him out, and have it over.

"Ida is a pleasant little girl—pretty, too, don't you think so?" he asked.

The interview was painful to Marcia, under the circumstances naturally very painful, and it could not fail to be distressing when he praised Ida so openly. So she answered nothing at all to this. By some imperceptible motion he was coming closer to her, and in less than a minute he sat almost next to her. She raised her eyes to his face and observed him with a clear gaze. Then he put out his hand and clasped her fingers. His touch was very grateful to her, and a feeling of pleasant warmth passed up her arm to the shoulder, but she rigidly repressed it.

"He thinks of me as a sort of mother-in-law, and he is seeking to propitiate me by taking my hand. I have heard that men try every means to win over their mothers-in-law," thought Marcia, bitterly. "His mother-in-law!"

She was still looking at him with a hardened gaze, and she saw that he had put off his usual manner, and had assumed an intense earnestness with which she failed to be *en rapport*. Nevertheless, she determined that he was very much in earnest, and somewhat embarrassed. She thought she ought to help him again, so she said gravely:

"You need not go on, Herman. I give you my consent without your asking for it. God bless you!"

"My dearest Marcia! You do? How good of you to anticipate me!" he exclaimed, and immediately threw his disengaged arm about her.

She drew back somewhat alarmed at this strange outburst. "I think," she faltered, "Ida wouldn't like to have you hug me that way." She felt it *was* hard that he should, after all, think she was so old it was no harm to hug her.

He laughed delightedly. "Why should Ida know?" he asked. "You wouldn't tell her, would you, dear?" and then he laughed again.

"Of course I shall tell her!" she cried indignantly; "and you are beside yourself, Herman, when you say *dear* and *dearest*, sir, to me!"

"I will speak to my wife as tenderly as I like," he said firmly.

A light broke like a broad bar of sunshine within her heart. A fragrance exhaled from all the roses at once, and something very beautiful touched her mouth. Herman had kissed her. Suddenly she felt the years dropping away from her like leaves, and she knew that a dewy, girlish glow had leaped to her face. In spite of her, her gaze dropped, loaded with bashfulness, and her fingers

toyed with the tassel that hung by its cord from her slender waist, as youthfully as Ida had toyed with her rose. She was in a whirl, she could not think, and yet she remembered that once she had fretted and called herself old. Old? Oh! she had never been so young.

"But I *am* thirty-six, you know, Herman," she said doubtfully, and dreading to remind him.

"No," he answered, holding her at arm's length. "You are but twenty. If neither spirit nor body ages, what account should we take of time? I do not wish you a day younger; you are perfect as you are."

"Nevertheless," she replied, half sorrowful, "I shall *never* forgive myself for having been two years old when you were born."

"It is a sin too small to be forgiven," he said gently.

"I am afraid Ida *would* have been better," she suggested. "I thought in the first place it *was* Ida, you know, and that you had asked my consent to marry her."

He was highly amused. "In spirit and experience I am at least sixty years old," he answered, still in his dreaming, gentle way. "If I had my rights I should be bald-headed and afflicted with rheumatism. Fancy then my marrying Ida! She is the very newest of new milk; while with you, Marcia, at thirty-six, the cream just begins to rise."

"I do not feel old—not now." She smiled contentedly.

A girlish voice wound merrily in between their own.

"Do you think it is destiny, Marcia, or circumstance?" it said; and when they turned in some confusion, Ida was standing in the doorway. "I should judge that Herman *had* confided in you!" she continued mischievously.

"I am not engaged to Marcia," answered Herman, over his shoulder. "She has only consented to my marriage with—"

"Sh," said Marcia, warningly.

KATE HEATH.

A DEATHLESS GAIN.

THE wind blows landward from the sea,
And murmurs through the town,
And sings where looms the old pine tree
Out on the upland down.

A lone crow on the topmost limb
Swings slowly to and fro ;
Around the gauzy mote-flies swim,
And heath-blooms bud and blow.

Far off, where, like a silver line,
The far horizon dips,
The noisy sea-gulls flash and shine
Among the rising ships.

The tinkling sound of drowsy bells
Comes down the breezy steep,
As cattle, clustered at the wells,
Move in their dreamless sleep.

The valleys, sweeping to the west,
Are rich with harvest gold ;
And tasseled corn crowns each low crest
Against the blue sky rolled.

The plowman guides his patient team,
Where, in the weeks gone by,
The bearded wheat was all a gleam
Beneath the mellow sky.

Down sloping hills the swallows dart,
And skim the shining pool,
Where fragrant, creamy lilies part
The waters deep and cool.

O faultless days of sea and sun,
Of rest and bloom and song,
Of purple peaks, whose heights are won
By wood-paths, never long,

How like a dream of heaven you are,
When in life's toil and fret
You light the memory, like a star
In distant darkness set !

Where clash the waves of toil and gain,
And mammon's idols stand,
We hear the ocean's weird refrain
Wind-blown across the sand.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

THE PAH-UTES.

OUR home is at the sink of Humboldt River, by the Carson Mountains. My father and I were both born there, about four miles from the railroad. My Indian name is *Somit-tone*, meaning *Shell-flower*. I was educated at the St. Mary's Convent in San Jose.

On our mountains there are many pine trees. We gather the nuts for the winter. This was our principal food, which our women commenced to gather about the middle of August. Our men used to hunt, and after that, our women go into the valleys to gather different kinds of seeds. The men go to fish along the Humboldt and Truckee rivers. They dry game of all kinds, and lay it up for the winter. Later in the fall the men hunt rabbits. The furs are afterwards woven into blankets, called rabbits'-fur blankets. In the winter they all get together to locate their lodges, and all their supplies are collected and put into one place. They remain there about six months, having merry-making, eating and drinking, and getting married; and they give themselves up to great enjoyment until the spring opens. Then they go to the fishing-grounds; and when the roots begin to grow, the women dig them up. The name of this root in Indian is called *yah-bah*, and tastes like carrots. They boil them, like potatoes, and use them in soups, and also dry them. Another root is called *camas* root—a little root that looks like chestnuts; and *kouse* root, which tastes a little like hard bread. In early days, when white people came among us, they used to eat our food, and compare it with theirs. The same toil was gone through with every year, to lay up the winter supplies; and in these days they always seemed to have plenty of food, and plenty of furs to keep them warm in the winter time.

Now you must not suppose that my people are weak or uncourageous. They are not what you call "slouches." There are

the Utes and the Pah-Utes. We helped the Bannacks and the Umatillas in the war, because we were kindred of theirs. They are our cousins; therefore we helped them. Now you say, Why did they make war? I will tell you: Your white men are too greedy. They had a little prairie, called the *Camas Prairie*, about fifty miles long by twenty wide. They wanted it because it supplied them with roots, and prevented them from starving. The white man wanted it, because the roots were good for his cattle, and could make milk and beef and hides and tallow; so he tried to rob them of these lands. They did not like this, and because he despised them, and would give them no redress, they killed him. But the cattle alone were not the cause of this war. The agents were worse than the cattle: what the cattle left the agents took. The agents buy their places for so much, and mean to make their money out of the poor Indians.

During my great-grandfather's time there was a tribe of Indians lived in our country, called *Side-okahs*, which means *man-eaters*, or *cannibals*. They were not very large in numbers. They used to seek to kill us; and when they caught us they would have a grand feast. In this way they lived for a number of years, until my people made war with them. Then we had war, and they fought too, but they did not kill many of us. They fought with bows and arrows, just the same as we did. They seemed to fear nothing; would even sport with and catch the arrows directed to them, which flew past. They could jump up and catch the arrows as they would pass over their heads, showing great agility. We fought them for a long time, until their number was quite small. They used to trap us, by digging pit-falls in the ground and wells in the paths. We were so afraid of them that we used to crawl at night; and sometimes

our people would fall into these places after dark. When we had fought them some time, they saw that we were getting the best of them. Then they made canoes out of the tule grasses, and floated out on the Humboldt Lake; and they lived on the lake for a short time, but had to leave it again for the land. We kept pushing them out; then they went into a great cave. They did not remain there long, on account of lack of water. They then went into the *tule* marshes, but my people surrounded the *tules*, and set them on fire, and when they saw they were getting killed, they ran back into the cave. There they remained, and my people watched them when they would come out to get water, and then kill them. Then, to make quick work of it, they went to work packing wood, and piled it up in front of the mouth of the cave; and as fast as my people filled the mouth of the cave, they pulled it inside, and of course the cave was very soon filled; and then they set fire to the outside. In that way my people killed all these cannibals, smothered in the cave. Then we owned all their land, which was called the Side-okahs' land by other Indians, and it lay along the Humboldt River in Nevada.

After the Side-okahs were exterminated we lived peaceably, now and then only having a little fight with other tribes—no tribes being allowed to settle among us. If they came on very important business they could stay a while; or if they came for a visit, they would be entertained by feasts and plays and dancing; amusing them all the time they were with us. They always brought presents to our chiefs, and they gave them presents to take back; but they were never allowed to settle with us or marry with us, each tribe maintaining its own individuality very pronounced; every nation speaking a different language.

Our language is not a written one, but oral; neither have we any signs to convey information to distant parties—only verbal messages sent by our warriors traveling on foot; as they could go over rough ground, rocks, and places that ponies could not, and

they could endure more. If our relations were sick at a distance we would signal to the others by a fire on the highest top of the mountain. Three times during the night in the same place is a signal for sickness. For moving, our signal would be several fires all in a row, in the same direction we were to move. Fires of that description were peaceable ones; but we had, also, war-signals of fire. In olden times, the way we used to make fire was with two sticks, both made of sage brush. One had a hole in the middle, and was about six inches long by two or three in diameter. This was laid down on dried grass, rotten wood, and such materials. Another stick was sharpened at the end like a top. This was put into the hole, and rubbed between the hands, causing a friction which ignited the materials, and we had a fire. We never had flint, nor knew its uses until the white man came to us. Signal fires for war are made in the day-time. A man takes a torch longer than his arm, made of sage brush bark, lighted at the end. He runs towards our encampment, and warns us that the enemy is coming, by making quick fires as he comes towards us, lighting the sage brush as he comes. Then when he gets in sight of the camp he halloos, gives a war-whoop, and runs three times round the encampment, and halts in front of the chief's lodge. The warriors by this time are all ready to fight the enemy with their quivers and arrows. He then relates what he saw at a distance. In those early times we always had scouts and spies out, so that we would not be surprised by our enemies.

The traditions of our people are handed down from father to son. The chief is considered to be the most learned, and the leader of the tribe. The doctor, however, is thought to have more inspiration. He is supposed to be in communion with spirits; and we call him "doctor," as you white people call your medicine-man; and the word is not taken from the English language, as may be supposed, but purely Indian. We do not call him a medicine-man, because he does not dose us, as your doctors do, and

therefore we call him "doctor." He cures the sick by the laying on of hands, and prayers and incantations and heavenly songs. He infuses new life into the patient, and performs most wonderful feats of skill in his practice. It is one of the most solemn ceremonies of our tribe. He clothes himself in the skins of young, innocent animals, such as the fawn; and decorates himself with the plumage of harmless birds, such as the dove and humming-bird and little birds of the forest—no such things as hawks' feathers, eagles', or birds of prey. His clothing is emblematic of innocence. If he cannot cure the sick person, he tells him that the spirits of his relations hover around and await his departure. Then they pray and sing around his death-bed, and wait for the spirit to take its flight; and then, after the spirit leaves the body, they make merry, because he is beyond care, and they suppose in heaven. They believe there is only joy in that place; that sorrow is before and not after death; that when the soul departs, it goes to peace and happiness, and leaves all its misery behind.

The warrior is the reverse of the doctor. The warrior wears eagles' feathers during the battle. He wears the claws of an eagle around his neck and head. The eagle is our national bird; the Americans taking that emblematic notion from the Indians in the early days of their nation. Some braves that have ridden in the battle front, and have only been engaged once or twice, wear the claws of a grizzly bear, to show they have been in battle; the same as the medal that was given to my brother Natchez for saving three men's lives, showing his bravery.

I will now speak about the chief. His rank is inherited from father to son, the oldest son being the chief by law. If he is dead, the one next to him becomes chief; or, if there are no sons, the next male relative; but never a woman. The custom of having more wives than one arose from the capture of other tribes during war. If the women were pretty, the chief claimed them—but only one wife. The first married is claimed as legal and head of the rest, and is

acknowledged in public as the chief's wife. The others are not called wives, but merely assistants—*pe-nut-to-no-dequa*, in Indian. The heirs of the first wife, and she herself, take precedence over the others. The chief, as also the head of every family, is supposed to teach his children the traditions of the tribe. At times of leisure in the evening, and at twilight, these traditions are related around the camp-fires to eager listeners. No note of time is taken, and no record of ages is known. Once in a while, when the spirit moves the chief, he arises and speaks in a loud voice to his people. At these times, all work must cease. If a woman is cooking a meal, it must be left undone. All fold their hands, incline their heads, and listen to what he has to say; and then, when he is through, they go on again with their work, as left before he commenced to speak. Before every event, the chief gets up first in the morning, and the people are warned to get ready. If it is for a fishing excursion, or to hunt deer, or for any other excursion, he tells them to get ready—all that are to go. The old women and children stay behind in the lodges, while the young married women and daughters accompany their relations, to carry the game which is caught by the braves.

These excursions sometimes last ten days, the people remaining wherever night overtakes them. When through, they return to their lodges, having great rejoicing; and divide their game with the poor and aged and sick—no payment ever being required for such attention. Their belief is to have what they can enjoy on earth, and share it with each other, as they cannot carry anything out of this world. When they die possessed of horses and other goods, their wearing apparel is given to the poor, and some portion of it is buried with them. Horses are generally killed, for they think the dead man will not have any further use for them; and this is considered the last token of honor and respect that can be shown on this earth to the memory of the dead. The way that my people mourn for their dead is by cutting their hair close to

their heads, and laying it on the body of the dead to decorate it. The hair of his wife and that of his children, braided and ornamented with beads, is laid upon the dead man's breast; and if the wife refuses to part with her hair to thus honor her husband, she becomes the object of pity and scorn, laughed at, spit upon, and abused by the whole tribe. Thus they seldom refuse to part with their hair. The doctor also contributes ornaments from his person, and is not allowed to doctor any other sick person for some time, until he again gets into favor by some prophecy or inspiration supposed to come from the spirits. These are old traditions. Nowadays he knows his value. He will not attend a patient unless he is paid, as white folks pay their doctors. Thus we follow your customs as our association grows with you. Our doctor now charges a fee of five dollars, or as the case may be, as white folks do.

Indian girls are not allowed to mingle freely with the braves; never go out walking or riding with them; nor have they anything to say to each other. Even in courting, the same strictness is observed. A young brave takes a notion to marry a young girl, but cannot do so until he has been declined. The woman removes from the rest of the family to a small wickiup, or lodge, where she remains one month by herself, abstaining from flesh, and living only on seeds or berries. She must be very industrious during that time, going out every morning at daybreak to gather wood and logs, which she arrays in five different piles. This labor is repeated at noon and at sundown. Every five days she is acknowledged by the other women and men to be a young lady ready to marry, and at these times the wood is set on fire, she jumping over the piles while they are burning. Eating, drinking, and dancing are indulged in every fifth day. Then at the end of the month she returns to her father, casting away all her old clothing, and appearing before her parents in new robes made of buckskin.

The ceremony of courtship is as follows: The brave seeks the place where the Indian

maiden is at rest. If she discovers him, she gets up and goes away. He never follows her, but comes again the following night, and so on indefinitely. Then when her parents give consent to their marriage, she is given a feast, at which he is invited to partake. At no other time is he allowed to eat with the family. The ceremony of marriage is very simple. The lady passes the brave some food in a dish. He takes it and sets it down; then they are considered man and wife. They remove to a lodge by themselves if able; if not, they remain in their father's lodge. When the first child is born, they go by themselves and work for others, remaining that way one month. They do not eat meat of any kind during this period, and bathe every five days. After that they return to their old home again. Deformed children among this people are almost unknown.

Cooking is performed in willow baskets woven so tight as to hold water. Seeds are ground between two stones. A fire is built, and small stones are thrown into it. When hot, these are dropped into the basket that contains the water, causing it to boil, when the meal is stirred in, and hot rocks continually thrown in until the mush is cooked. Meat for stews and soup is cooked in the same manner. In early times meat was generally eaten this way, and the use of salt was not known until after the advent of the white man.

Virtue was a quality whose absence was punished by death—either by burning alive or stoning to death. My people are not so severe in these later days. The ceremony of marriage is not so strictly carried out as in olden times. They take a woman now without much ado, as white people do, and leave them oftener than of old. One of the latest evidences of civilization is divorce—an indulgence taken advantage of to abandon an old wife and secure a young one. They argue that it is better for them to do so than to leave their young women for the temptation of the white man.

In 1867 I was interpreter for my people; but even then they had nothing. The game

has been all killed, except a few rabbits. The pine trees have all been destroyed, so that we can get no more nuts. The cattle have trampled out the grass in our little valleys, and we can dig no more roots. If the white people leave us, to go over the mountains to California, as some people tell us, we must go over the mountains with them too, or else starve. If we cannot get wild game, we must take tame game, like cows or steers; the same as the white people would do if they had nothing to eat, and nothing to feed their wives and little ones with.

When we were shivering and starving, the soldiers were our best friends. They gave us their cast-off clothing, and they gave us rations. When I left the convent and went back among my people, it was funny to see the men and women dressed in soldiers' overcoats and pants. They thought it was the grandest kind of dress. Then the agent promised us provisions and clothes for the winter; but he lied. He knew he lied when he said it. That winter our children were shivering, while he was amassing money by selling the things which the government voted for us. This is how your civilization treats us. Are we to be blamed for thinking that you care for us like the snake in the grass? When I carried the dispatches for the soldiers, they promised Sarah money. Did she ever get it? or did she get any

thanks for doing this? None: nobody said "thank you" to poor Sarah. I was greatly deceived when I came to San Francisco to get money and help for my starving people. I thought my own people would help. I call the Methodists my own people. They preached and they prayed, but they did nothing else for my poor, hungry, shivering people. I know something about sermons myself, and can preach a better sermon than any of their ministers. The soldiers are much better than the ministers. The Indian is like my white brother, Emperor Norton: he likes epaulets.

Once the Indians possessed all this beautiful country; now they have none. Then they lived happily, and prayed to the Great Spirit. But the white man came, with his cursed whisky and selfishness and greed, and drove out the poor Indian, because he was more numerous and better armed and knew more knowledge. I see very well that all my race will die out. In a few short years there will be none left—no, not one Indian in the whole of America. I dare say the white man is better in some respects; but he is a bigger rascal, too. He steals and lies more than an Indian does. I hope some other race will come and drive him out, and kill him, like he has done to us. Then I will say the Great Spirit is just, and that it is all right. SARAH WINNEMUCCA.

UP THE COLUMBIA—ROSE AND I.

"THE bar, did you say? Is it the dreadful bar of the Columbia that we are passing now?" asks my room-mate, hastily slipping out of her berth to peep out of the window in the early dawn. "Why, I do not see anything dreadful or unusual. It is not at all as black as it has been painted," asserts my friend, whom I shall call Rose—because that is her name.

"But bars are deceitful above all things, and desperately dangerous," I answer; and

while we are hurrying on something suitable to appear in on deck, I relate my most exciting reminiscences of this particular one, adding, "If you wish to know anything more about it, read the speech of Congressman George on the Harbor and River Improvement Bill," at which Rose laughs lightly, thinking my recommendation a jest.

The morning is somewhat misty, as it is likely to be along the coast before sunrise, but the capes are plainly visible on either

side of the entrance. I am at once solicited to become a traveler's guide, and point out the things worth knowing something about.

"The point, or promontory, on the north has two names," I explain; "its American name is Cape Hancock, and its English name, the one in popular use, Cape Disappointment."

"I suppose there is some sad, romantic story attaching to it," observes Rose, pensively.

"Yes," I reply; "an English lieutenant came along here in search of something he desired, and failed to find it."

"O," says Rose, "then it is not a love story? But is there nothing interesting about it? There is a light-house; and it seems to me I see guns: is it fortified?"

"Truly it is; and handsome earthworks they are, too. It would be a difficult thing for an enemy's ship to get into this river; for between those guns, the breakers out yonder, and Fort Stevens on the south side, she would have to take too many risks."

"And is that a cape, too, on the other side?" asks Rose, elevating her lorgnette, "and another fort?"

"That is Point Adams. Its first discoverers, the Spaniards, gave it a prettier name, *Cabo Frondosa*—Leafy Cape.

"But it isn't leafy now; it is nothing but a sand spit," protests Rose, with a mild petulance.

"Well, you'll have to read the speech of Congressman George to understand that, too," I answer with an air of superior toleration.

"Who is Congressman George?" inquires Rose, regarding me with a half-puzzled, half-offended manner.

"He is a young man from Oregon," I answer, with provoking brevity.

"Is he married?"

"Further this deponent saith not."

"I do not see what makes you quote him so much," she remarks, still puzzled. "But O, look at that fleet of boats! What are they doing in this rough water?"

"Those are fishing boats: see the men hauling in the nets. And there comes a tug-boat to tow them up the river to the canneries.

Those fishermen—great strong fellows—are mostly Scandinavians, real descendants of the old Northmen. They come down here at sunset, and throwing out their nets, stay by them until morning. It is a pretty sight to see the fleet sailing down to the capes in a summer evening. But it is dangerous work, and a good many boats are carried out to sea and lost every season."

"For men must work, and women must weep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning."

quotes Rose, thoughtfully. "But I do not see why the fishermen take these risks. I suppose there are plenty of fish farther up the river?"

"So there are; but salmon—for it is salmon they take—have ways of their own, one of which is that they refuse to feed, and grow thin, as they ascend the river; and in order to have them at their best, the fishermen strive to take them as they come from the sea. I am told they will rise to the fly at the capes, but not farther up except at one place—the falls of the Willamette River, more than a hundred miles from the sea."

"They are hungry by that time, I should think," says Rose, indifferently. "You did not tell me the name of the fort we are passing."

"That is Fort Stevens; named after Brigadier-General I. I. Stevens, who was killed at the battle of Chantilly, in the early days of the Rebellion. A few miles from the fort, around in Young's Bay, is the site of the Fort Clatsop of Lewis and Clark, the explorers of the Columbia River, who wintered there in some log huts seventy-seven years ago. The little river on whose banks it stood, the Indian name of which was Netul, is called Lewis and Clark's River."

"How nice it is to know everything," says Rose patronizingly, giving my arm a little squeeze.

"But not without its disadvantages, before breakfast, on a damp deck."

Rose laughs a little, for she is not by any means dull of comprehension; but does not suggest that we should retreat to our state-room, for she wishes to exhaust her guide-book, like the professional sight-seer. "This

river is not a river in appearance," she says, gazing from side to side over the vast expanse of water; "it is as wide as San Francisco Bay."

"Not more than four miles and a half from south to north; but if you take in Baker's and Young's Bays, and measure it diagonally, it is probably twelve miles across."

"Now, then, you have not told me about the bays; how they came to be called that, and so on. Let us go and shelter ourselves behind the smoke-stack, while I take a lesson in history."

I do not object to the smoke-stack, and we curl up in our plaids, protected from the wind. "Baker's Bay," pointing back to Cape Hancock, "was named after the captain of an English trading vessel, which entered the river and came to anchor in a snug little harbor behind the cape, about ninety years ago—a little later than an American trading vessel, with a captain named Gray, in command of a vessel called the Columbia—whence the name of the river: this captain, like most others of his gallant profession, thinking more of his vessel than himself. But there is a little cove called Gray's Bay, farther up the river. Baker's Bay is a great haven, separated from the sea by a narrow neck of land, terminating in the promontory where the lighthouse stands, and the fortifications. The garrison buildings, now called Fort Canby, are on the margin of the bay, under the shelter of the cape. There is also the summer resort of Ilwaco on this neck of land, with a sea front and a stillwater front; and there is good beach driving for twenty miles up the coast."

"Ah, that is interesting," says Rose; "couldn't we spend the summer up here?"

"Young's Bay," I continue, without noticing the interruption, "was first called Merriweather's Bay, after Captain Merriweather Lewis of the first United States expedition to Oregon, and ought to be called so still. Its explorer had a sorry time wintering on its border, among the filthy Clatsop Indians, living on elk and bear meat, for which his

men hunted by wading marshes and creeks in the stormy months of December and January. Like the Arctic explorers, his party became more than reconciled to whale blubber, cast by the heavy seas upon the ocean beach.

"Young's River falls, near Young's Bay, over a sheer descent of forty feet, and makes a pretty cascade. I spent a day at this place, lang syne, with as merry a party as you would care to meet. The little river runs between moderately high banks, from which the thick foliage droops over it with tropical richness. It was once a popular resort; but its attractions were not of a kind to compete with those of sea-bathing on Clatsop beach, which afterwards became the fashion."

"O, I should say not, indeed," interjects Rose, decidedly. "But where is Clatsop beach?"

"It is the seaside of the land lying between Young's Bay and the ocean.

"The Clatsop peninsula is a curious, sea-built piece of land, composed of sand and marsh alternately. The tide covers a good deal of it along the lagoon-like creeks on the Young's Bay side, though a portion is cultivable, and more is heavily timbered with spruce, yew, and hemlock, with black pine on the sandy ridges towards the ocean. The Seaside House is approached by a wagon road from the landing near the mouth of Lewis and Clark's River, ten miles in length across the peninsula, in a direction a little south of west. The Coast Mountains terminate not far below Clatsop beach in Tillamook head; but they run out their wooded foot-ridges midway between the bay and the ocean; and in them rises one of the prettiest trout streams imaginable; a jolly, dashing, gay little river, called by the Indians Neah-coxie, with water enough in it to afford good boating with oars, and roofed over with spreading branches of ash, alder, and maple trees, in the fashion loved by artists, poets, and idlers of that ilk."

"O, how delicious! I'm not an artist, nor yet a poet, but I'm one of 'that ilk,'" exclaims Rose, with enthusiasm.

"This delightful Neahcovie flows north towards the Columbia about six miles, when it turns short upon itself, and runs back south twelve miles past its source, and joining the Neahcanacum, falls into the Pacific just north of Tillamook head; the whole twelve miles being parallel to the coast, and not more than half a mile back from the beach. We used to get our breakfast of trout out of this romantic and peculiar stream, which the French half-breeds (who lived just here, and who entertained seabathers with inferior lodgings but excellent cooking) served up in the very best manner. Now, at the Seaside House you may procure the best of lodgings, and Neahcovie trout besides; but I doubt if the pleasure is as great as when army tents and camp-fires, and a feast of potatoes roasted in the ashes at night and moistened with butter sequestered from the larder of our half-caste host, diversified our experiences."

"Go on," says Rose. "You had a half-caste host; did you have also unadulterated natives?"

"Rarely and few. There were plenty of Indian skulls and bones at Clatsop; but live Indians, very few. It would seem that many generations of a primitive tribe must have lived on this beach at some unknown period, who subsisted on shell-fish, and practiced cannibalism; for there are immense deposits of shells, with which are mixed human bones that have been broken, undoubtedly, for food. In the beginning of things, when the food supply was low, this was an economic use to which to put one's enemies. More recently the Clatsop Indians seem to have improved somewhat in their habits; and buried at least their own dead decently, in canoes elevated above the ground, and surrounded with the articles most valued by them while living. These simple sepulchers have not been treated with much respect by the white race, and have mostly disappeared."

"Did you never have any adventures in this wild place?" asks my friend, with a great longing in her voice for a fresh sensation. "Tell me a story."

"O, as to that, there were plenty of stories of adventures: for the gentlemen, elk and bear hunting stories; for the ladies, the excitement and occasionally the accidents of sea-bathing, told with all the decorative arts of language. Then there was horseback riding on the beach, and *tete-a-tete* boating on the shaded Neahcovie, to talk about. Flirting and romancing are indigenous to summer resorts, as I need not tell you. But guide-books are not expected to furnish stories. And here we are almost at the oldest town in Oregon, and one immortalized by Irving, as well as by graver historians. Just around this point is Astoria."

We leave the shelter of the smoke-stack, and take up a position on the starboard side of the ship, to watch her shoot past the strip of beach with streets rising back, and glide up to her moorings beside a wharf elevated to the requirements of high tide. It is still early morning, and the steamer's gun fails to bring the usual curious crowd who come to gaze upon a sea-going passenger vessel. Half an hour elapses before the ponderous hull is brought snug alongside, and the operation of discharging the Astoria freight is begun. Word is passed that the ship will lie at this place for a couple of hours, and we determine to go ashore—going ashore meaning the transferring of ourselves from the deck of the steamer to an endless and indescribable confusion of wharves and warehouses.

Carefully noting our bearings, in order to be able to get back to the point of departure, we venture to walk up a long street, built of planking over the water. I wish to find the homes of some former acquaintances, if only to look at the outside of them, while their mistresses take their beauty sleep: but the effort is fruitless. The old landmarks are concealed by the universal planking, and nothing is in the place where I confidently look for it. The spirit of change has come over the Astoria of former times; and while it is a great deal more ostentatious than formerly, it is no longer attractive. I fully agree with Rose when she says it is the "rawest-looking" town she ever saw. It is,

in fact, a "wooden town," under foot and all around, which, while it is new, will look raw, and when it is old, will look dilapidated. These remarks are intended to apply to that portion just described, which is built over the water.

The site of ancient Astoria was but a small clearing on the river bank, facing a bay or cove, now buried beneath the before-ob-jurgated planking. Back of it the land rose gradually at first, and then rather steeply, into hills constituting a high point, which formed the eastern shore of Young's Bay. The town is spreading over this broken ground, and will in time present a handsome front to the river, though, from the very fact of its elevation, its crudeness is all the more conspicuous at present. Commercially, it is a place of importance. For the year 1881 there were exported from Astoria wheat and flour valued at about \$988,000, and salmon valued at \$1,736,993. Something of the extent of the fishing business in and about Astoria may be gathered from the fact that in the same year the salt and tin used by the canning establishments were valued at \$220,149. There were ten thousand men employed in the different departments of fishing and canning; hundreds of boats and nets, worth together over five hundred dollars each. Putting that and that together explains why our good ship is obliged to lie at the Astoria wharf for such a length of time.

But Rose does not care as much as some other persons about fisheries, and vessels laden with wheat and flour for the ports of Europe and China, though she pretends that her yawns are occasioned by early rising; and after I have pointed out to her as nearly as I am able the identical spot where stood the Astoria of the Pacific Fur Company and the "Fort George" of the Hudson Bay Company, I hasten to relieve her mind of the weight of millions in figures, by relating what I have read in books of travel and adventure, of a humorous character, concerning the early history of this portion of the Columbia. She is very much surprised to learn that the first civilized woman to set foot on these shores was an English adventuress,

named Miss Jane Barnes, who came out under the protection of the clerk of the British Fur Company, and who spent some time at Astoria, the only white woman there. Her hand was sought by a son of the Chinook chief Comcomly, who offered a hundred sea-otter skins for her, which munificent dowry was refused by Miss Barnes with scorn. She finally sailed away to Canton, where she found a liberal English gentleman who set her up in a fine establishment. The wedding of McDougal of the Pacific Fur Company with the daughter of the Indian chief Comcomly amuses Rose exceedingly, though she at the same time expresses wonder that a man of any culture could endure as a part of his private life, the society of a totally uncivilized woman—a question which has never been settled in my own mind. The fate of poor Donald McTavish, a proprietor of the Northwest Fur Company, who was drowned in the Columbia in 1814, excites her interest, especially as I am able to describe to her his burial place, which I have seen, and the rude headstone which commemorates his fate, and which a few years ago I found almost hidden in ferns and bushes on the hillside above the old fort.

"After all has been said," exclaims Rose, "I cannot connect in my mind any idea of even comparative antiquity with the appearance of newness, which everything I here see presents; nevertheless, I mean to try to establish in my mind a point of departure for the new, which shall leave the old in honorable exclusiveness. About when and where shall I fix that point?"

"If you mean, when did actual settlement by American emigrants begin, it was about 1843 or 1844; but not much progress was made for twenty years thereafter, and the present growth of Astoria began about 1865."

It seems a long time to breakfast, which is not served until the steamer is under way again. When we once more emerge on deck, the sun is shining pleasantly, though there is still a perceptible moisture in the air, which, so near the sea, is laden with vapor, drawn

in by the funnel made by the highlands which border the river. The noble steamer, however, runs away from the wind behind, and makes a gentle breeze of her own from the opposite direction. The promontory of Tongue Point, Saddle Mountain, and several fisheries have been passed, and we are now approaching Pillar Rock, an isolated column of basalt rising out of the river on the Washington side, a little distance below Cathlamet.

"Now," I say to Rose, who is enthusiastic over the majesty and magnificence of the moss-embroidered, vine-draped, and tree-shadowed cliffs of the Columbia, rising on either side of the broad river, "the guide-book will indulge you in a short Indian romance." Then we settle ourselves comfortably, with shawls, parasols, and camp-chairs, and begin:

"Away back in the dim past, when Indians were highly poetic, profoundly sentimental, and passionately loving in their natures, that is to say, before Columbus discovered America, all up and down this river lived, in the enjoyment of these elevated characteristics, many tribes, numbering together thirty or forty thousand. They dressed in the extreme classical style, were rich in canoes, experts in fishing, and a great deal happier than we who require something besides pounded smoked salmon and blackberries for breakfast.

"In this ancient era, a young maiden, a chief's daughter of the Cathlamets, was beloved by a brave son of the chief of the Skilloots, who lived on the opposite side of the river. As often happens, the course of their true love was made to run most turbulently by the existence of a feud of long standing between the Cathlamets and the Skilloots. Often had they fought in their war canoes on the broad bosom of the Columbia, and were ready now to fight on a slight provocation. No provocation could be thought greater than for a Skilloot to come courting a Cathlamet; knowing which, the Cathlamet maiden was induced by her romantic attachment to the son of her father's enemy to receive stolen visits from her lover.

"When these clandestine meetings had been carried on for several moons, the secret was discovered, and the wrathful parent determined upon making an example of the daring Lothario from the other side of the river. Accordingly, he set his slaves to spy upon the intruder, and destroy the canoe in which he crossed to his love-tryst, so that the young man might not be able to escape. Then he surprised the lovers, and while bitterly reproaching his daughter, savagely attacked her companion. The daughter swooned, and the chivalrous youth, not wishing to injure the father of his *fiancée*, ran with all speed to the landing where he had concealed his canoe, only to find it demolished. Little time he had for deliberation, for the angry chief was just behind him with a war-club. Then he raised his arms in supplication to the goddess whose business it was to protect lovers in such straits as this, and plunged into the cold, dark waters of the Columbia. The enraged parent, without duly considering the risks, followed, and when a short distance from shore, was changed by the before-mentioned goddess into Pillar Rock."

"And they were married and lived happily ever after," adds Rose, as we wave our handkerchiefs in a friendly fashion to a passing river steamer which is about entering a channel of the river that will take her to Westport—not Westport in opposition to Eastport, but because it is owned and was founded by a man of that name, who has made himself wealthy in the salmon and other business; and who was, in fact, one of the first men to put up fish for exportation from the Columbia since the American settlement. Back of Westport is the valley of the Clatskanine River, a region famous for its excellent butter, and blessed with a highly productive soil.

Opposite Westport, on the Washington side, is the valley of the Skamokawa, a rich grazing country, which, like the Clatskanine, furnishes abundance of good butter and other table delicacies. A short distance above Skamokawa is the town of Cathlamet, which is the shire town for the little county of

Wakiakum. It is partly on a high bluff, and partly on a narrow shelf of land below the bluff. It was first settled by Mr. James Birnie of the Hudson Bay Company, who took a claim there about 1843, and whose family still reside there. Then comes Oak Point, on the same side of the river.

"But why Oak Point? I see nothing but firs," says Rose.

"Thereby hangs a tale. In the year 1809, two brothers, named Jonathan and Nathan Winship, sailed out of Boston harbor on board their respective ships, the O'Cain and the Albatross, having in view the scheme of forming a settlement on the Columbia River. The O'Cain arrived safely on the California coast, with a cargo of goods to trade to the padres of the missions in exchange for hides, tallow, and Mexican dollars. The Albatross proceeded to the Hawaiian Islands, where she provisioned and picked up men enough to make a company of fifty, with which she sailed for the Columbia, arriving in April. Captain Nathan Winship spent ten days looking for a suitable situation for his settlement, and finally selected the spot where he found the first oak trees—an indication that he was beyond the influence of the coast climate. Here he brought his vessel to anchor, and set his men to clearing and planting a piece of rich bottom-land."

"I don't see where he found it," interrupts Rose; "certainly not at the foot of these crags."

"No, but over there on the south side of the river, where you see a wide stretch of low land. That is the real Oak Point which Winship named; this only a recent pretender. Well, just when they were about building a substantial house and fort, an unexpected thing happened. The Columbia rose in its might, and swept off everything—crops in the ground, house, and all—and the company were driven on board ship. Then the disappointed captain sailed away to California to consult with his brother, who determined to abandon the enterprise."

"That was a pity," says Rose; "but I'm sure they found as good a country in California; I know I should."

Presently we come to Coffin Rock, which, I explain, is an ancient burial place of the Cowlitz tribe, who deposited their dead in canoes on this rocky islet; and to the Cowlitz River, whose sources are in the snows of Mount St. Helen, of which the mists of morning prevented our catching a glimpse at St. Helen's reach below. This river has a fertile valley of considerable extent, and there away to the north lies the Puget Sound country, with the "finest body of water in the world," and more saw-mills to the acre than any climate but that of Washington Territory produces. That, at least, is the form in which Rose chooses to put my account of the scenery and resources of that region.

Opposite the mouth of the Cowlitz is Rainier, a faded-looking settlement, which in mining times in eastern Oregon had a good deal of trade, on account of the stream of of travel that, coming down from Puget Sound, took the Columbia River steamers at this place; and it is said that here one or more of the magnates of Oregon "made his first stake"; but now Rainier boasts nothing but a second-class saw-mill.

From this point on the river upward more settlements are discoverable, but only a moiety of the actual improvements can be seen from the steamer. Kalama is but the wreck of a badly located railroad town, which high water, and that tide in the affairs of men which, ebbing, carries their fortunes out to founder in the sea of desolation, have left stranded on a very broken bench of ground at the foot of a high mountain. I am told the Northern Pacific Railroad Company contemplate a similar piece of folly, by making their crossing from the Washington Territory to the Oregon side at a point where the ground is subject to annual overflows; when by going a few miles farther up the river solid ground, high and dry, offers excellent advantages for railroad building, with a saving of at least a million of dollars.

In this connection, I remarked to Rose that I had observed that railroad superintendents often caused the waste of a great deal of money, in their efforts to go where

nobody wanted them to, and avoiding all the places where they were invited to come.

"But what is their motive?" asks Rose, doubtfully.

"Capital likes to be independent," I reply. "To avoid gratifying a poor man by paying him what his land is really worth for their purposes, a railroad company would take an inferior situation, and expend ten times as much to make it possible to use it."

By the time we have discussed the railroad question to our satisfaction, the steamer has brought us to that beautiful section of the Columbia where a view of Mount St. Helen, Mount Adams, and the very tiptop of Mount Rainier, or, as it is of late denominated, Mount Tacoma, may be had all in one, and in conjunction with a wide river, grassy bottom-lands, gradually rising foothills, and distant ranges of mountains purpling against the blue dome of heaven. A little farther, and Mount Hood, the pride of Oregon, stands sharply outlined before us, a perfect peak with corrugated sides and an immense base.

On the south bank are two small rival towns, one named after the river—Columbia City; and the other after the snow-peak rising a trifle to the north-east of it, in full view, as if it were its patron saint—St. Helen. This latter is a point possessing some historical interest, since it was selected as early as 1834, by a New England fur trader, as the site for the future great city of the Columbian region. Immediately south of it the lower portion of the Willamette River debouches into the Columbia, forming with the latter the fertile island known as Sauvie's Island; on which the aforesaid trader, Nathaniel Wyeth, in the year aforementioned, had a trading post called Fort William. An inlet sets in here to the south-west, called by its Indian name of Scappoose Bay, extending several miles back towards the Willamette highlands. All this region is well settled up, the mountains being covered with fine timber, and containing, besides, coal and iron in abundance, as well as possessing a good soil where the land is cleared, and the bottom-lands being extensive and rich. The Neha-

lem River, which empties into the sea not far from Tillamook Bay, heads a few miles from here, and has a fine valley recently opened to settlement on the upper portion, which communicates with the Columbia by a road to St. Helen.

Opposite this favored region is the valley of the Cathlapootle, or, according to modern nomenclature, Lewis River; a clear, cold stream coming down from the icy fountains of Mount St. Helen on the east side, as the Cowlitz does on the west. This valley is narrow but fertile, and produces excellent beef, butter, fruit, hay, and honey. About the same might be said of Lake River, a slough of the Columbia discharging within a quarter of a mile of Lewis River from an opposite direction.

All through the day we have been meeting and passing numerous river steamers, chiefly of a small class, but showing by the way they poke their noses into out-of-the-way places, that settlement and business exist where it is hidden from our observation. We are now drawing near the channel by which, at the head of Sauvie's Island, the ship enters the Willamette for Portland. It is sunset, and the scene is glorious. The confluence of the two rivers whose waters spread over a great space, embracing many beautifully wooded islands, the graceful foliage of which leans towards the lapping flood disturbed by the immense hull of the steamer; the magnificent white pyramid of Mount Hood, and the opal-tinted dome of St. Helen; Mount Adams, like a sleeping lion done in snow; and the sharp summit of Mount Jefferson pricking the eastern horizon, as if jealous of the monopoly of grandeur on the west of the grand purple range over which it peeps so sharply—all burnished with the mingled rosy and golden effulgence of a cloudless sunset.

The deck is swarming with eager gazers, drinking in the elixir of beauty with many exclamations of delight. Rose is absorbed in its contemplation. "If Reginald could only see this!" she sighs—Reginald being a young artist who paints impossible chrome-yellow sunsets against pale-green skies.

But the business of a traveler's guide is not to be concerned about absent Reginalds, and I throw in another bit of history for the benefit of the present voyager.

"At this identical point," I say, "where the upper mouth of the Willamette opens into the Columbia, making a V-shaped neck of land, another New Englander, in 1834, projected a great commercial city.

"Why, it would be a second Venice," Rose replies, peering among the sandy islands and bayous; to which I smilingly assent, and add, "The man was a wee bit daft, but he was a remarkable personage for all that."

"And his name?"

"Hall J. Kelley."

Such progress do we make that while we chat about our last subject we reach and pass several incipient towns and blighted cities: among others, one founded (but not at present to be found) in 1843, by Hon. Peter H. Burnett of San Francisco. It is really wonderful the number of men, more or less distinguished, who have projected cities on the Columbia and Willamette rivers; and after all, there is but one town of any commercial importance in all this middle region of the lower Columbia, and that is Portland, twelve miles up the Willamette.

"I don't see *why*," says Rose; "perhaps Kelley was not so much at fault after all."

"I'll tell you the secret of it," I answer. "In that same eventful year, 1834, an Indian mission and other American settlements were founded sixty miles south of the Columbia, on the broad prairies of this beautiful valley. The settlements extended in time north towards the Columbia; that is, as far as the prairies extended, and even farther; and they had to have supplies that came by sea in ships. But as the ships that brought those supplies could get no nearer to the settlements than the site of the present city of Portland, there they anchored and lightered their cargoes up the river to the settlers. A Yankee captain, John H. Couch, brought his vessels to this point. Another Yankee, F. W. Pettygrove, taking the hint from this suggestive circumstance,

laid out a town *at the head of navigation*, and time has verified his judgment."

"O," says Rose, whose father, by the way, is a railroad contractor, "that was before the days of railroads. If the head of navigation makes a town, railroads, which can go anywhere, can make them also."

"As they are making Portland," I answer.

In the pleasant twilight the good ship which has brought us safe from the perils of the sea glides alongside her dock, and after the usual delays, two thankful passengers are met, embraced, and escorted to a charming home in this pleasant Oregon metropolis.

A week later a merry party take passage on an elegant steamer for an excursion to The Dalles. Back we go down the river to the junction, and then go up the Columbia straight towards the Cascade Mountains. Six miles above the Willamette we pass the garrison town of Fort Vancouver, lying spread over a smooth sloping prairie facing the river, with a background of dark fir forest. It has a fine location for a town, out of reach of summer floods, and yet not too elevated. A neat levee, a soldier or two in sight, a group of officers coming on board for Walla Walla, the tall flag-staff in the middle of the parade-ground, all indicate the meaning of the denominative "fort"; though properly speaking it is not a fort, nor did it derive that name from the fact of its present occupation by United States troops. Formerly, as early as 1825, it was a stockade of the Hudson Bay Company, who had a small armament there for protection against the Indians. From 1832 to 1846 it was the metropolis of Oregon, and many are the distinguished personages who have been entertained in its hospitable bounds. But nothing remains of all that era except its name—Fort Vancouver. Most of the actors in those scenes, and the great fur company itself, have passed into history.

The country about Vancouver is, in point of topography, a continuation of the Willamette valley, as any one can see if he examines a map after having observed the "lay of the land"; for the Willamette valley,

though heavily wooded at its northern end, extends quite to the Columbia River, and here actually crosses it; that is to say, there is a flat country on the north side of the Columbia corresponding to that on the south side, extending some distance back of Vancouver; and there is no flat country along the lower Columbia of any depth on the Washington side, except opposite to the Willamette valley.

By and by we leave the low country, and begin to find the hills closing in nearer to the river, which, in consequence, grows narrower. Detached masses of basalt are seen standing isolated, or crop out of the more abrupt banks. The first notable object is a pillar rising from the river's brink, known as Rooster Rock, which causes Rose to interrupt her frequent "Why?" It would be difficult to assign a competent reason for the appellation, since it is far removed from barnyard associations, and looks like nothing on earth so little as like chanticleer. Monument Rock would be a more descriptive name, and have the merit of loftier associations.

Presently we come to Cape Horn, a wall of rock rising several hundred feet on the north side of the river, and worn by the elemental forces of untold ages into fluted columns with pointed spires, or "needles." Out of the interstices grow large trees, and streams of water pour vertically down from great heights. This Cape Horn used to be as troublesome to pass in a small boat—when small boats were the only means of transportation on the river—as the cape of that name at the end of the South American continent, parties having to wait sometimes two weeks to get past it, coming down, on account of the adverse wind. In truth, in 1843 a boat's crew nearly starved to death from this cause; and it still gives a steamer some trouble to round it in a high wind.

On the Oregon side are a number of waterfalls of great height and beauty, hanging like folds of some sparkling lace over the dark faces of the rocky precipices. It is only a distant and passing glimpse we get from the deck of the steamer, which makes

us long to devote a month to boating and camp life. Among these cataracts the Multnomah Fall is reckoned the finest, perhaps because it is the best known; but it has claims to notoriety, since it falls altogether nearly a thousand feet. As we near the great gorge of the Columbia, where the massive range of the Cascade Mountains has parted in twain to give passage to the river, the heights all about on either side are moist with tiny rivulets, supplied by melting snows hid in some unseen crevices or summit drifts.

The river for many miles through the gorge is narrow, compared with its breadth below, which gives the towering heights of mountain walls greater impressiveness. The moisture furnished by the evaporation natural to such a water-course, confined between high banks and supplied by the numerous small streams before noticed, imparts a freshness and luxuriance to the shrubbery, ferns, and mosses that lends to the scenery a tropical appearance.

In the very heart of the mountains, and not far above Castle Rock, occurs an obstruction to navigation of about five miles in length, where the river is very much compressed, and also falls a considerable distance, forming a series of rapids which give their name to the locality, the five-mile stretch being divided into Upper, Middle, and Lower Cascades, situated on the north bank of the river. It is here that the most interesting section of the river scenery occurs, compelling the beholder to wonder and speculate upon the forces of nature which have produced effects so remarkable as well as so grand.

According to geologists, the mountains here are superimposed upon formations more recent than their own substance; that is to say, that after a period represented by present forms of vegetation and recent deposits, these massive mountains were upheaved, and overlaid the later formations; the proof of which is revealed by the action of the river in cutting below the upheaval and exhibiting the underlying strata. The rivers of Oregon have opened up the geologic

records in other instances to a wonderful degree, especially on the eastern slope of the Cascades and the western slope of the Blue Mountains.

"Is there not something about General Sheridan in connection with this locality?" Rose inquires, as our party gather on the guards to observe the little town of Lower Cascades, hemmed in between the river in front, and the towering heights of the mountains behind it.

Then follows a spirited account, by a "Pioneer" of our party, of the Yakima War in 1856; of the attack on the Upper Cascade settlement in the early morning; the massacre of fourteen men, women, and children, and wounding of ten others; the brave defense of a building into which those who escaped were crowded—a store, in which fortunately were a few United States arms, *in transitu* to Fort Dalles, and which the Indians frequently fired by throwing burning brands on the roof from the bluffs behind the town, but which were extinguished with brine out of pork barrels, that the gallant besieged carried up to the roof through holes cut in the floor and roof above them, pouring the precious stuff carefully on the fire with tin cups. Watching Indians through port-holes, putting out the flames, standing guard day and night, with a very little food and at last no water, made a time that tried the souls of men and women. The door being opened for a moment cost a valuable life; yet when the light of the flames of the burning dwellings was partially extinguished towards morning of the second day, an Indian lad who chanced to be in the store offered to venture out for water, and succeeded in procuring enough to relieve the thirst of the tired and excited white men.

But the boldest achievement of that memorable first day was when the crew of a little steamer lying at the point where the attack commenced, being set upon, succeeded in getting on board, making steam, and escaping to The Dalles, where Colonel Wright had some dragoon companies *en route* to Walla Walla. The fireman was shot through the

shoulder, and the cook, being shot, fell overboard and was drowned. The pilot steered his boat lying flat on his face, to avoid the bullets of the Indians; and as he cleared the shore the engineer, who had killed one Indian with his pistol, gave three energetic "toots" of the whistle to encourage those who might be alive with the hope that aid would reach them from the troops above. "That was the most inspiring sound I ever heard," says our Pioneer, who is one of the veterans of the siege; "for we knew, if we could hold out, the troops would on learning our distress come to our assistance. But Colonel Wright had already left The Dalles when he received the news, and had to turn back, so that it was not until the morning of the third day that the steamer returned with the troops on board. When we heard her whistle we threw open the door and breathed free once more; while the 'Shanghais,' as we called the United States troops in those days, rushed up the bank with a yell like that of the Indians, whose whoops were still ringing in our ears. But the Indians took to bushes and rocks, and soon were out of reach on the trail to the mountains. Then the troops marched on down to the Middle Cascades, where there was a block-house garrisoned by half a dozen soldiers, who, with the citizens of the lower settlement, were busy defending themselves."

"And where was General Sheridan all this time?"

"He was trying to get at the Indians, rather unsuccessfully. On the first alarm, the men at the lower town placed the women and children on board a flat-boat and sent them down the river to Vancouver; but it was some time before steamers from Portland could be procured to take troops to the scene of the difficulty; and when Sheridan, then a young lieutenant, arrived and endeavored to land, it was not so easy. He had a skirmish with the red rascals on the second day, who, however, did not retreat until they heard the bugle blast of Colonel Wright's troops, when they disappeared like ants in an ant-hill. If the troopers had not

blown that bugle-call, they might have fallen on the Indians, who were engaged just then watching Sheridan's movements, who was trying to get into communication with the upper town. But the regulars didn't understand Indians, and usually did something to prevent their own success in a fight."

"And the Indians all ran away?"

"Yes, the Yakimas escaped; but Sheridan hung nine of the Cascades Indians, who, while pretending to be friendly, were assisting the murderers."

"And I hope that was the end," says Rose; but before our Pioneer could make reply came the order to disembark at the Lower Cascades, when we enter a train of cars which take us to the upper end of the portage, where another fine steamer awaits us. This we need not have done had we not chosen, as there is a railway completed and in operation from a point below the Cascades on the Oregon side to The Dalles. And if we had time we might make an examination of the Government locks commenced on the south side of the river, which are to make continuous and free the navigation of this noble river. Four hundred thousand dollars have been expended already in the commencement of the work, which will require millions to complete, and will be one of the finest of this character, if not *the* finest, in the world.

Preferring to take the steamer for the sake of the river scenery, we choose the portage, and go darting by brief sections of a wonderful panorama of rapids, hidden every other moment by clumps of trees or masses of rock, until we arrive at the upper landing, which is in a crescent-shaped bay with several small islands, giving it a picturesqueness equal to the St. Lawrence's "Thousand Isles."

Two remarkable features of the river occur just above the Cascades. The first is the face of a mountain of reddish rock, presenting the appearance of having been cut cleanly off, leaving a sheer elevation, shaped like the gable end of a house. The cleft appearance of this mountain, together with many other indications of a partial blocking up of the river at this place subsequent to

the time when it had opened a passage to the sea through the Cascade range, have led to many conjectures as to the exact nature of the event which placed the present obstruction where it is—a sort of dam, which raises the level of the water above, and deadens its current, while it has submerged a considerable extent of forest along its borders for twenty miles. A theory, different from the one which suggests choking up, is that there has been a subsidence of the land a mile wide and twenty miles long under the bed of the river: but whatever has caused a portion of the river of such an extent either to be backed up so as to raise the water twenty feet or more over a tract of forest, killing it, and leaving the stumps standing as high as the summer flood, or has sunken the river-bed, the disturbance is comparatively recent. Lewis and Clark, in 1805, remarked upon the submergence, that the river seemed to be dammed up below. Thirty years later, Parker, another traveler, called it a subsidence; and said that on the north side of the river the trees stood so thick that he had to pick the way for his canoe, as through a forest; also that the trees were not then wholly decayed down to the greatest submergence in high water.

"All that is prodigiously scientific," remarks Rose, laughing, after she has received the benefit of this dissertation; "but I feel sure there is some poetry as well as science and history attaching to this spot"; with which well-timed suggestion she glances bewitchingly at the Pioneer, who nods back good naturedly.

"There is an Indian legend—most people in this country are familiar with it—that once upon a time the spirits that reside in our two great mountains, Hood and St. Helen, on the opposite sides of the Columbia, became angry with each other, and engaged in large-sized artillery practice, by firing huge rocks at each other. They shot Castle Rock and other small hills down into the bottom-lands, where they stand to astonish us moderns. In the fray, they demolished a bridge of stone that used to span the Columbia at the Cascades, and the fragments

falling in the river caused our common relative, Uncle Samuel, the expense of his present undertaking of building a canal around the *débris*."

"O," says Rose, "that is a very pretty story indeed, and very *antique*; but somebody in Portland gave me a date older than that the other day—'when Mount Hood was a hole in the ground!' I can comprehend one as well as the other."

"Why, I know a mountain that *is* a hole in the ground now," I interrupt; "I have seen it with my own eyes, far down the Cascade range, near Fort Klamath; and the hole is called Crater Lake, miles in diameter, and thousands of feet deep." But I decline to enter on a description because we have enough before and about us for one day's sensations.

And having boarded our second steamer, whose elegant accommodations for enjoying views make us wish the world were all a

steamboat on the Columbia River, we glide out again upon its azure flood, and spend the remainder of the day, until five o'clock, gazing upon a grand succession of fine scenes worthy of, as Rose would say, Reginald's pencil: sometimes so hemmed in by mountains as easily to fancy ourselves on a Swiss lake; again with a straight stretch of river before us; now wooded cliffs, now naked walls of rock in crystallized columns defining the course of the stream; and as gradually the mountains lessen in height, long, pine-covered slopes stretching eastward with shorter spurs toward the river. We are fairly surfeited when, at the close of a bright afternoon, we stand on the balcony of our hotel in The Dalles, and see the sunset's rosy light suffusing the shining heights of magnificent old Hood, looking nearer and grander than as seen from the west side of the great range. "It is enough," we say, and rest from our sight-seeing.

FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

WAITING FOR DAY.

I SLEPT and woke,
And instant knew, by some more subtle sense,
That day was near: although the soft and velvet dark
Hung heavy in the room, and from the eaves
The steady drip of night-fog seemed to make more still
The else unbroken hush.

A little space
I waited in the quiet gloom; and then afar
A shrill-voiced cock awoke the silent air,
And then another, and another, near at hand;
I felt the darkness thinning in the room,
And saw, or thought I saw, my window bars show dim
Against a lesser dark.

With that I rose,
And throwing wide my window, turned me toward the east;
And there, between a low black line of cloud
And blacker line of hills, there glimmered to my view
The whitening ribbon of the dawn.

MRS. HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

GEORGE ELDEN'S LOVE STORY.

GEORGE ELDEN and I were boys together; received our stipend of lore, as one might say, in unison; and finally, after we had learned that there really were other objects of interest in the world besides ourselves, we traveled in company for two years on the other side of the globe, he for pleasure and I for profit; but I left him behind me seven years ago in India, because he declared that three-fourths of the passengers on the steamer by which I was to make my way to England would be children, and the other fourth nearly all nursery maids; and the trip in such company would be a dreadful bore.

At that time he was an indolent, fractious, good fellow, with plenty of money, which he spent lavishly, and plenty of genius, which he hoarded. And this is George's story, just as he told it to me one day as we were riding down to his place from San Francisco:

"I came back to Boston, Graham, the next autumn after you left me in India, and found an appendix added to my father's household, in the shape of a mother-in-law and her two grown-up daughters. I decided at once to put a broad stretch of land or sea between myself and that family; and as I did not care to return to the continent, I came to this coast. For some reason, which I do not pretend to understand, I was homesick, and so unutterably miserable that it made me half mad; and one day I strolled off down to what is my place now, stretched myself out on the green grass close by the sea, cocked my pistol, put it to my head, and had my finger on the trigger with the intention of blowing out my brains, when I heard some one singing in a clump of red-woods close by:

"And if the beggar, Care, should come,
My cup of bliss to borrow,
I'll drink my fill of joy to-day,
And bid him call to-morrow."

"The fellow trilled out in such a droll, rollicking way that it made me laugh in a manner somewhat inconsistent in a person so near death. He came on heedlessly, gazing at three great lazy ships which lay out in the bay and had not moved a hundred yards in the hour, and did not notice me until he struck his foot against me in passing.

"'Pardon me,' he said, 'but if it were wintry weather, or you were old, I should think you wished to destroy yourself, you handle your pistol so carelessly; but *mon Dieu!* it cannot be; for the rains are over, and you are young.'

"'In spite of youth and sunshine, I was about to abandon my part in the farce called life, when you interrupted me,' I replied, trying to speak carelessly.

"Throwing himself down beside me as nonchalantly as if such a weapon as mine had never been invented, and suicide were a pleasant pastime, he said:

"'What a peerless sky this is into which we look!'

"Then plucking a great stalk of creamy white blossoms which grew within reach, and which gave forth a heavy sweetness, like incense, he added:

"'What fragrance this is which we breathe! Truly, my friend, you have done well to choose this spot from which to leave earth and seek paradise, since the transition, methinks, cannot be very abrupt.'

"After a few moments of silence, he suddenly raised himself on one elbow, and looking straight into my face, said:

"'There is in my home a poor sick child. If she could come into this sunshine for an hour, it might give her many days of life; but I am too ill to bring her hither in my arms, and alas! too poor to call a carriage. Before you throw away all this strength'—as he said this he laid one thin, bloodless hand

upon my arm—'will you bring Nita to this place? The distance is not great, and she will be but a light burden. Come, if you will do this I will shrive you, and when you are quite dead I will say prayers for the repose of your soul. I am a poor padre, under the ban of the church; but since you choose an unholy death, you cannot expect better than unholy prayers.'

"The man's face was saintly, but his voice was full of waggery; and in spite of myself I was amused and interested; so I dropped my pistol into a side pocket, and said:

"A fair bargain, Padre; lead on."

"A walk of a few hundred yards brought us to an opening in the redwoods, in the center of which stood a rude cabin, overrun with honeysuckle and climbing roses, and surrounded by such a labyrinth of flowers as only California can produce. As we entered the inclosure about the house, the man pointed to a clump of heliotropes of such enormous growth that they seemed like shrubs, under whose shade was a rustic chair, and said:

"Will you sit here while I ask my wife to make Nita ready?"

"A priest indeed!" I muttered. "He should have remembered that priests do not marry, if he had wished to pass for one of that craft."

"O my Marie," I heard him saying, as he disappeared under the vine-covered porch, "thou shalt have a ramble beneath a sky as bright as that of thy native land; and Nita shall again behold the sea."

"But thou hast forgotten, Gabriel, that Nita is too ill to walk," the woman answered.

"I have not forgotten, Marie. To-day a stranger was at the cliffs by the shore, where I walk daily, and when I looked in his face and saw that it was noble—think of saying that about me, Graham—I knew God had sent him to help us. He will carry Nita to the sea in his arms."

"Hast thou done well to trust this stranger?" the woman asked. "May he not be some spy sent to watch thee and do thee harm?"

"We can trust him, Marie," the man replied.

"The child was wrapped in a mantle, such as you have seen Spanish women wear, her face entirely concealed, and I took her in my arms mechanically, never giving her a thought, except, perhaps, a vague impression that she was larger than most children. After we had come to the spot where the man had first found me, I placed her on a rug which Marie had brought, and walking away to the beach, paced back and forth, only stopping now and then to glance at these people from behind some huge boulder.

"They seemed to me the silliest persons I had ever met; for they looked hungry—in fact, starved—and the wretched cabin in which they lived was destitute of every comfort. Yet they laughed, shouted, sang, and pelted one another with flowers, and seemed as happy and light-hearted as children. Gabriel called to me that they were ready to return before an hour was over; for a breeze had sprung up from the sea. As I came up to them, I could hear the child pleading with the woman that her face might be left uncovered.

"O Marie," she was saying, "if thou didst but know how I long to see the great branches of the trees like a roof above my head, thou wouldst not cover my face."

"But the stranger will see thee," said Marie.

"Let it be as Nita wishes; it can do no harm," said the man.

"You may imagine my astonishment, as I stooped to lift my light burden, at finding it was not a child I was to carry, but a young girl, and that she was wonderfully beautiful. After my first look in her face, my joy and thankfulness for life was as sincere and intense as any man's living, and I trembled with emotion at the thought of how near I had been to destroying this precious gift. Nita noticed my agitation, and said:

"You are ill, Señor. You tremble, and are pale. I fear to carry me has been too much for your strength."

"Hush, child," I said; for I was afraid

Marie and Gabriel would hear her. 'I am not ill; I am only vexed with my affairs.'

"'Affairs? affairs?' she said, musingly. 'I do not know affairs. Is it something very dreadful?'

"'Very dreadful, child,' I whispered.

"'We are often in trouble at the padre's,' she said, sorrowfully; 'but I am sure we have never known any distress like this affairs of which you speak to me. When I was first sick, Gabriel would call a physician from the city, and that took nearly all the gold we had; so that when he was taken ill himself, and there was only Marie to watch and to work, we were often without much food. One day we had nothing to eat but a salad from the garden; and we were all very merry, for Gabriel told us the good Father above had sent us this dinner of herbs, because on the morrow he would give us good gifts; and to suffer want first would but increase our pleasure in His bounty. And, O Señor, it was just as Gabriel said; for the next morning we found a great basket on the doorstep, with bread and meat and fruit and beautiful golden wine, which gave me such strength that for three days I could help Marie with the embroidery. We think God sent these blessings by the good doctor; for there was just as much gold in the basket as we had paid him, and it has kept us from hunger ever since; until to-day there were only herbs again. That was why we were all so happy, because we have learned the Father's ways, and know that to-morrow we shall have some beautiful gift from his hand. Perhaps, Señor, you have this sorrow to-day, because soon you are to know great happiness.'

"She was looking up at me, Graham, with that glorious face full of sympathy and pity, and—well—I stopped behind that clump of heliotropes and kissed her. When I had placed her in the chair that Marie had brought out to the porch, a lovely blush had spread itself all over her face and neck, and even seemed to make rosy her delicate finger tips. If it faded, I had but to look down at her, and it would come back again. A little way off among the

roses Gabriel and Marie were talking in that soft tongue which you and I understand as well as the language our mothers taught us.

"'I am so sorry that I could weep,' the man was saying, 'but then, how was I to know that she would love him.'

"'Thou shalt not blame thyself, Gabriel,' said the woman. 'It is God sends her love early because she is to die young.'

"To die young! She did not look in the least like dying then, for that beautiful blush was on her cheek, and her lips had grown ripe and red as cherries; but these words roused me to the consciousness that they must have help, and that speedily; so I went to Gabriel and Marie and said:

"'Will you permit me to come again to-morrow to carry Nita to the sea?'

"Graham, that man's face was absolutely perfect. He seemed like an ideal man, that had sprung to life from the canvas of the old masters. His was a pure face—a holy face; but in spite of this beautiful saintliness, he gave me a most ridiculous wink, and drawing me a little aside, said:

"'How about the shrieving, and the prayers, sir?'

"'Let me come again,' I said, 'and I may ask you for a different service.'

"'It shall be as Nita says,' he replied. 'Let us ask her.'

"'Nita, this gentleman would take you to the sea again to-morrow. Do you bid him come?'

"'If the Señor gentleman wishes, and has not too much trouble from affairs,' she said, looking up shyly.

"In about five minutes I was steaming off for San Francisco, like a dummy engine, revolving in my mind continually how I could send them down a ship-load of provisions without making myself execrable in their sight; and finally decided to go to old Dr. Bradeen (he is dead now) and state my case.

"Some of these Californians are queer, Graham, especially the old pioneers; and after I had told him as much of my story as seemed advisable, he leaned back in his chair and laughed till I thought he would

go off in a fit. After he had recovered somewhat from his merriment, he reached out his hand to me, and said:

"'Youngster, you will never get over this; and about the only thing I can do is to make you comfortable,' and then he went off again in another burst of merriment, and laughed till I lost all patience.

"'I have been to see those people before,' he said at last, 'and I thought then the girl would die. To be honest with you, I thought it quite as well to let her slip right into her grave quietly, before Gabriel Mazzoie's lease of life runs out, as it surely will do in less than a year; but if you are in earnest to save her, I will see what can be done; for, bless me! I know just what kind of ore there is in an Elden. Why, boy, your father and I were chums at old Harvard, and you are an exact copy of Dick as he was at that time.'

"As I was leaving him, he said: 'There is only about one chance in a thousand for the child; and that hangs upon the fact that some plants will not flourish in the shade, but will blossom right out if you give them plenty of sun. Yes, I'll take your gold,' he added, as I handed him some twenty-pieces, 'for it is the best kind of ballast to insure swift and easy sailing.'

"The next afternoon Gabriel Mazzoie met me long before I was in sight of his place, and his gratitude was unbounded.

"'O, sir,' he said, 'such wonderful things have happened since yesterday! At that time our need was extreme, but God has sent us such abundance as will keep us from want for many months. You should see my Marie!—there is rose on her cheek, and this morning she was singing in the garden, just as she used to in the old home beyond the sea, when I listened to her voice and learned a new interpretation of nature, and preferred rather to sin against the church than against myself. We shall not try to discover the messenger by whom God's bounty was delivered, since it seems this person's wish to remain unknown; but Sainte Marie! how we will pray for him!'

"I made some inquiries about Nita, and

learned that she was the daughter of an English captain; and her mother a Spanish lady, whom he had married in Madrid. Some years before, on a voyage from Liverpool to Mexico, his ship had been lost, and all on board perished save the mother and child, who were picked up by an American coasting vessel and brought into San Francisco. Soon after, the mother died, but not before she had found friends in Gabriel and Marie Mazzoie.

"That evening when we were returning from the sea, and I stopped behind the heliotropes to give little Nita a kiss, she would have none. Marie had told her it was wrong, she said, and that only husbands and brothers should kiss ladies. I could never bear any disappointment, you know, so I said:

"'You must let me kiss you all I like, then, little sweetheart; for as soon as you are well you are going to be my wife.'

"What do you suppose that little chit said, Graham? She looked up into my face, and blushed and blushed and blushed, and said:

"'The Señor gentleman is so kind I will try to be well very soon.'

Here George knit his brows, bit his mustache, tightened the reins on his horses, and finally said:

"I've got to skip some now, Graham. It will not interest you."

And notwithstanding I assured him it was the best part of the story, he only added:

"We were married in six months, though Nita was very young—only seventeen; but Gabriel was dying, and I wanted the right to protect her."

"And who was Gabriel Mazzoie?" I asked.

"I cannot tell you," he said. "It is a secret that belongs to the dead. Whoa, Prince. Whoa, Fairy. Here we are, Graham. Welcome to Elden Park."

In a few moments I was ushered into the presence of this same little Nita; but I shall not try to describe her. No sane man would attempt to paint the changing lights of an opal, or the flash and sheen of a diamond.

Besides, George might see this and be angry, and I am very fond of him.

The happy fellow showed me his house, his wine-cellar, his stables, conservatories, and young orchards, and finally took me into the nursery to see his children. There was George junior, an exact copy of George senior; Gabriel, named for the padre, but fashioned after the Elden pattern; Marie, also with an Elden face; and there was a diminutive roll of flannel, that did not look to me like anything in particular, which they called Richard. It was a sight to make a person's heart glad; but when I asked George if he remembered why he staid behind in India, he darted away to a window as if he had seen a white elephant careering in the midst of his shrubbery, and called out:

"Come here, Graham, and look at these orange trees. Did you ever see such prodigious growth for one season?" and presently, when the fairy-like little mother had coaxed the old nurse into allowing her to take that tiny bundle of flannel into her arms, and had forgotten that the world held anything besides this wee pink and white Richard, George whispered:

"Don't tell Nita of that, Graham; I cannot bear to have her know I used to be such a wretch. I've made her think I'm perfect."

The next day, as we were going down a

garden walk towards where the horses were standing, waiting to take me back to "Frisco," there was a little shimmer of light at a bay window, that finally resolved itself into the likeness of a beautiful woman. George excused himself, upon the plea that he had forgotten something, and in a twinkling I saw him catch up this little sunbeam, or whatever it was, and half smother it with kisses. George is a truthful man; but I am morally certain this was not what he forgot. Before we had reached the gate, there was another little gleam at another window, and we could hear a suppressed laugh; and I'll be hanged if the man didn't go back again, and this time he—but it was mean to look. After he had gotten himself into the buggy, and had taken up the lines, he said:

"I believe I am the happiest man outside of Paradise. It seems incredible to me that I could ever have meditated suicide." After some moments of earnest thought, he said, half musingly: "I would to God that every man, woman, and child on this earth could be taught that beautiful faith in 'the to-morrow' that Gabriel Mazzoie taught me."

Then he turned to me, as unconcernedly as you please, and said:

"Graham, you ought to marry."

Just as if I did not know it, and as if a man might be content with a plaster-of-paris image after he had seen a sculptured Venus!

GRAHAM EAMES.

AMONG THE BASQUES.—II.

ALAVA is the smallest of the Basque provinces. It is crossed by straight valleys and high mountains from north to south, and its southern plains, called the Rioja, extend to the Ebro. In its fertility, the Rioja corresponds to the Navarrese Ribera, and both are noted for their extensive vineyards. Castille also has its Rioja, which is equally fertile, and, says an old proverb difficult of translation, "*Si Castilla fuera vaca, la Rioja seria su riñonada.*"

The vines of the north of Spain are, in general, stronger, more leafy, and longer-lived than those of most other countries. For nearly a hundred years they retain their full-bearing qualities, more especially on the clay foundations. Vines were pointed out to me that had already, according to tradition, attained to near three centuries, and from all appearances were not yet impaired by age. They planted the grape cuttings in ditches a Spanish *metro*, or about thirty-nine

inches, deep. The bunches of grapes on each of the old stalks were very numerous, and the grapes themselves so thick that they crowded each other out of place.

The most primitive process was employed in the manufacturing of wine. The grapes were thrown into a vast square reservoir of masonry. A crowd of persons then went in and tramped the juice out with their feet. After some time the wine was drawn off and placed in vats. From vats it was put, not in casks and barrels as in other places, but in tuns or hogsheads of colossal dimensions, some of them containing two or three thousand gallons. Before the approach of hot weather in the spring the wine was bottled for market. The people generally seemed to have but little regard for the situation of their cellars, the dimensions of their vats or tuns, or the degree of fermentation; though at a little village called El Ciego, not far from Logroño, I saw some hogsheads that contained four thousand gallons, and some very deep and cool cellars by which they were able to avoid as much as possible the constant danger of the return of the wine to fermentation.

This wine does not divest itself of its strong taste, and is at first little cared for by foreigners. As said Monsieur Saint Victor to me, the Basque wine is "*épais, plat et violent*." It was said to be necessary to consume it within the first three or four years after the vintage; and I was told of some districts in Aragon where it would only keep for a single year. I felt a sort of repugnance at first in drinking this rough beverage, for to the strength of the wine was added the odor of the goat-skin in which it was commonly kept when offered for sale at retail.

I found the Basques an exceedingly superstitious people. One Monday morning at Tolosa, in the province of Guipuzcoa, soon after I arose from my couch, I beheld a young woman beneath my window. In reply to my early greetings, she informed me that any man who on rising from his bed on a Monday morning saw a woman under his window would be unlucky for seven days;

and if he ventured into the woods or fields would be painfully scratched and stung with briars and nettles. The same young person informed me that some misfortune would certainly happen to me if on the road I encountered, when alone, a monk, a priest, or a young lady.

Other popular superstitions were related to me. Whoever, they said, had a well-filled purse in his pocket when for the first time in the spring he hears the song of the cuckoo, may in the course of the year depend upon all the favors of good fortune. I was once told, in the Highlands of Scotland, that it was considered a happy presage to be walking along the road when one hears for the first time the song of the cuckoo.

The Guipuzcoans believe that in every family of seven brothers the youngest should have in the interior of the palate or under the tongue the imprint of the cross. This invests him with the virtue of healing, by suction, the bite of a mad dog. The seventh son is thus regarded as a sort of saint, and the faith of the people in his healing qualities is so great that it becomes to him a lucrative business.

A prudent *fiancé* of that country, on the day of his marriage, during the ceremony will have upon his knee a piece of the apron or dress of his bride. This precaution, say the old matrons, will shelter the young husband from a formidable kind of witchcraft, called *esteca*, which exists in the inevitable and invisible antipathy which disunites wedded people. If after the wedding ceremony, or after the prayers following the communion, the officiating priest should forget to close the missal, all the witches who assisted in the holy office would remain in the church as long as the book remained open.

The Basques believe that there are sorcerers and sorceresses who exercise their powers either by a voluntary compact with the Devil, or in consequence of the negligence of the god-father or god-mother during the administration of baptism. Almost every Basque village had three or four poor old women who lived only on charity; they were believed to possess the power to give one kind

of maladies to men and another to beasts, and to bring misfortune to a family by a curse upon the house. When they knocked at a door they never failed to receive alms. I have heard mothers tell their children not to speak to them in the street, but whenever they see them to run quickly away with the right hand closed, the thumb passed between the first and second fingers, and, as long as the sorceress is in view, to repeat, "*Sorguina, pues, pues, pues*"—"Sorceress, get thee far away from me." Children do not forget these recommendations, for in the long winter evenings they continually hear stories of witches and sorcerers by the dim light of the chimney fireside. In all the mountain towns, the rich and poor, educated and uneducated, all believed in sorcery: not to believe in it was considered irreverent. I felt no inclination to run into the other extreme of incredulity, and attempt to account for all that was told me by natural causes and humors, for in my youth I was instructed to believe that spirits and devils had great power over us.

I was informed by a learned padre at Tolosa that it was a question of serious doubt whether by the artful means which were usually practiced by the Devil and his ministers, sorcerers, and witches, by cabalistical words, spells, charms, and incantations, the Devil could cure diseases he had not made. The good padre declared that the Devil had power to penetrate all parts of the human body without impediment, and to cure maladies by means unknown to us.

"But," said he, "the main question is whether it be lawful or right in a desperate case to crave the Devil's aid or ask a witch's advice."

I heard of some persons going first to a sorceress and then to a physician to be healed, believing that if one could not, the other would effect a cure. This, they said, was upon the principle that when a man falls into a ditch, it makes but little difference whether a friend or an enemy helps him out.

In these superstitions I beheld to some extent the wonderful result and power of a

fantasy created by early instruction, as well as from mistaking and amplifying unseen objects; aided, too, by continual and strong meditation, until real effects were with some undoubtedly produced. It is true that fantasy is subordinate to reason, but the reason in time becomes hurt and hindered by the distemper that grows by what it feeds upon. Sleepers, lying upon their backs, for instance, sometimes, by reason of vapors troubling their fantasy, imagine absurd and prodigious things; as being witch-ridden, the old woman sitting so heavily upon them that they are almost stifled for want of breath. I have heard of people who walk in their sleep doing strange feats; and others who, after lying in a trance, tell strange things of the visions they have seen, which sometimes result in tales of witches dancing, riding, or transforming themselves into other objects, like devils, goblins, and wild beasts.

The Basque witches and sorceresses were supposed to meet every Saturday night in some secluded spot, and there to surrender themselves to all the infamies of the king of evil-doers, to whom each exposed all she had done during the week, when they all took part in the infernal dances of the demons. When the assembly, called *akhe larria*, was about to separate, the king was supposed to give advice, praise, or reprimands, according to circumstances. It was believed that these sorceresses and witches, by some diabolical means, could take whatever form they pleased, and traverse space like the wind. Their king was supposed to inhabit certain dark ravines in the mountains, and to be always accompanied by the Devil.

The most popular of the Basque demons was *Bassa-Jaon*, supposed to live in the deepest ravines or in the darkest part of the forest. He was said to be of prodigious form and size, his body covered with long glossy hair, and he traveled, stick in hand, upright like a man; in agility and fleetness he surpassed the deer. All mysterious noises in the deep recesses of the mountains were charged to *Bassa-Jaon*.

An old woman to whom I gave a few *cuartos* at the church door told me that the

spirits of the dead always returned to revenge themselves upon their families, and that they sometimes came back to compel people to restore goods wrongfully acquired. She related to me the story of the soul of a deceased person that went to purgatory, and returned to its family to claim certain prayers, masses, and pilgrimages.

"But," said I, "was this soul or spirit seen?"

"Not seen," said she, "but heard. It made noises in the different apartments of the house and in the kitchen, and broke some glass. If any one approached too near, the noise ceased. It was necessary to know what was wanted, so the people placed upon the table paper, pen, and ink, with two blessed tapers, and the spirit made known by writing the reason of its being there."

In this case, it appeared that the spirit demanded, for the soul in purgatory, one mass a month for a year, and three pilgrimages to Jaca or San Antonio. In the mountains and valleys the belief in the return of the spirits of the dead was very general, and I talked with several who claimed to have witnessed these apparitions.

In the Basses-Pyrenees there was a superstition that attributed to the hangman the faculty of curing a wen by pressing his hands upon it. I was informed at Pau that a person of distinction had applied for the services of the hangman to practice this operation upon his daughter.

The end of July had now arrived, the time when the *fête* of Saint Ignatius de Loyola was annually celebrated by the Basques at Azpeitia, a village of Guipuzcoa, and the birthplace of the founder of the order of the Jesuits. I reached Zumarraga, about three leagues distant from Azpeitia, on the eve of the *fête*, and found the town crowded with pilgrims, officials, and spectators from all parts of the Basque provinces. Between Zumarraga and Azpeitia lay the valley of Urola, celebrated for its freshness and fertility. The beauty of the women of this valley has passed into a proverb, and the regularity of their features, the perfection of their forms, and the grace of their movements

may well serve for a model, even for their dark sisters of Andalusia.

I passed through the little village of Azcoitia, which was also filled with people preparing for the *fête*, and, turning obliquely with the river and valley to the right, beheld the sanctuary of Loyola, its high walls and imposing cupola. I arrived in time to see the clergy of Azpeitia go to the church to make their preparatory devotions. In front marched an infantry regiment, just arrived from Tolosa, the capital of the province. Then came the local musicians, playing the flute and tambourine, and then, in two ranks, followed the clergy. Led on by habit, as if marching to battle, the soldiers increased their step, following the increased time of the music; their feet struck the ground in cadence, but they no longer walked—they ran. The good clergy, almost all large and strong men, were not in the least discomposed; for with one hand they seized their cassocks, their breviaries firmly grasped in the other, and strode bravely through the fields and over the stones, as if they were mounting for an assault. I was told that there was more than one among them who had fought for the good cause, and fired many a shot at the soldiers of the Madrid government.

The orchestra of the Basques comprised but two instruments, the flute and the tambourine. Each village had its *tamborilero*, paid by the municipality. This office was transmitted from father to son; but if there was no son, the holder of the position was bound to select some young boy of the village, and teach him the art, traditional airs, and melodies. The talent of a *tamborilero* consisted less in improvising new melodies than in knowing thoroughly the repertory of past times. I listened to a great number of old airs, most of them originally intended to celebrate some glorious event. Among the most popular were the Cantabrian March, of fabulous antiquity; the *Espata-dantza*, or sword-dance, composed in honor of the Emperor Charles V.; and the Loyola March.

The next morning I was awakened by the music of a flute and tambourine passing

under my windows. This was the *tamborilero*, who, according to usage, came out to regale the people with a serenade, and to announce to the population and visitors the approach of the great solemnity that was about to take place. I descended from my apartments to take a look at the town. There was nothing particularly grand about it, and nothing but what I had already seen fifty times at least: vast houses of stone covered with immense roofs, gigantic escutcheons, and long parallel streets but little paved: yet the town was *en fête*, and this gave it both a rich and a lively appearance. The streets were filled with people calling, singing, and talking in the Basque language. The young men wore red *boinas*; and the girls, in short petticoats, wore their hair hanging down over their shoulders, in plaits. Suddenly a movement was made in the crowd; the municipal authorities were descending from the town hall to go in a body to attend high mass at the parish church. The *cortege* was preceded by the military band and followed by the local music. After mass there was ball-playing at the side of the church. Ball-playing, *juego de pelota*, dancing, and the *corrida de novillos*, or bull-fighting with young bulls, were to constitute the day's entertainment. These are the national amusements of the Basque people. Every Sunday and *fête* day, under the high superintendence of the officials and old men of the place, the young men displayed their strength and address at ball-playing. In every town, either the side of a church, public building, or a great stone wall was set apart for this sport; while the ground for a considerable distance around was made flat and hard.

The Basque airs are equally appropriate for song and dance. Of all the Basque dances, the principal one is the *zortzico*. Of religious origin, it is almost always executed in pilgrimages and at religious celebrations.

Towards three o'clock in the afternoon came the *zortzico*. At one end of the plaza was established a bench for the *alcalde* and principal personages of the village. The dancers formed a circle in front. The leader

of the dance detached himself from the circle, threw his hat upon the ground in front of the *alcalde*, and saluted the authorities with a series of amusing capers. The *alcalde*, with hat in hand, then returned the salute, and the young man retook his place at the head of the chain. A long promenade around the plaza followed. After this, the leader, and he alone, danced, occasionally stopping to rest. When he encountered in the circle of participants a young man he wished to honor, he indicated it by dancing in front of him a particular step; and at the roll of the tambourine the person indicated and the young man next behind him went to look for the assistance of a girl who had been designated by the leader. Any woman or girl in the plaza during the dance, if chosen, according to inviolable usage, was obliged to follow the two envoys, the leader continuing his diversions, twice around the plaza, attracting the admiration of the crowd. The girl was then presented to the leader, who threw his hat at her feet, and danced before her. She was not allowed to change her attitude, or to laugh, while he remained grave, and without changing the position of the arms or body; the feet only were at work, bounding and skipping with a rapidity unequalled, as in an Irish jig or ancient French minuet. The young lady then took her place in the chain by the side of the leader, and after turning about face, the rest went to seek the girls intended for their partners. The couples being formed, the *tamborilero* struck up a more lively air, and the dancers, *vis-à-vis*, their arms extended, snapped their fingers after the fashion of the castanet, and balanced to the time of the music. The time increased little by little, and the dancing became more precipitate. The dancers, more and more ardent, by an impassioned spring, joined their partners, their bodies close together, and their lips almost touching; when suddenly the lady, by an adroit pirouette, disengages herself and runs away, followed by her partner. Then follows the last figure, in which the rapid measure carries all the couples in confusion into an immense gallopade.

The *mutchico*, which is considered the next most important dance, then followed. It is danced without partners. I had often seen women and young girls take part in this *carrica danza*, or street dance, and thought it very pretty. It is always danced on the days of the patron saint of the town, or on some other solemn occasion, when the most distinguished personages appear in the dance with the women of their choice. The *alcalde* of Azpeitia had the sole right to order this dance, and to play the proper air; and when any one heard that air played, he was expected to show great respect to the director of the dance, to whom (as well as to his companions in the dance) refreshments prepared at the public expense were offered.

The *corrida de novillos*, presided over by the *alcalde*, followed the dancing. Only young bulls were used. They were stuck with streamers, had their heads covered, but were never seriously wounded; thus enabling the *fête* of Saint Ignatius to pass without the spilling of blood. I am not sure that it was the religious sentiment of the Guipuzcoans that prevented them from offering up a real bull-fight on the altar of their favorite saint, with the *coup de grace* that the *espada* carries to the enraged bull between his two shoulders; for I often observed that the Basques were as much interested in this national entertainment as the inhabitants of the rest of Spain. But good bulls were very expensive, and their death a luxury of the great cities; therefore, the little villages of the north were obliged to content themselves with more simple and economical pleasures.

The first bull was let loose upon a place prepared by the *alguacil* in advance, where the band of *torreros* awaited him. This band was composed of two *chulos* and two *banderillos*, besides the chief. The latter directed their movements, and held in his hand a large piece of red cloth, like a true *matador*, but without his sword. The combatants showed very little adroitness, and their Andalusian costumes were badly faded; and to me, who had witnessed the entertainments in the bull-rings of Seville and Madrid, the spectacle appeared shabby enough.

This part of the day's entertainment ended with the introduction of a cow, her horns trimmed with balls to render them less dangerous. Everybody was allowed to descend into the arena. Several imprudent amateurs approached too near, and were rudely thrown into the air, or trampled under her feet, amidst the shouts of their companions. When the *alcalde* declared the entertainment at an end, all thought it had been too short.

In the evening, after vespers, there was more dancing in the plaza, where the Aragonese *jota* alternated with the *fandango*. At the same time a ball, given by the officials of the municipality to the best society of the town, was progressing in the town hall. To this ball the dancers of the *sortsico* and *mutchico* of the afternoon were, according to custom, invited. The orchestra was composed of the military band, and played principally valse and quadrille music. The native music was played in the plaza. In the center of the place was a great bonfire. It took the place of street lamps, and lit up the steps of the dancers. The *tamborileros* were as indefatigable as the dancers themselves; for as soon as the last notes of an air were sounded, another was commenced. Towards eleven o'clock the *alguacil* discontinued keeping up the fire, the light disappeared little by little, and the dance ended. The couples withdrew slowly to the neighboring streets, where for a time their steps were heard amid the murmur of whispering voices.

The following morning a solemn mass was celebrated in the sanctuary of Saint Ignatius, in presence of all the clergy and authorities of the town. I hastened to be present. From early morning crowds of the faithful encumbered the approaches to the edifice, and gave the surrounding country an unaccustomed animation. The Basque provinces were represented in great numbers, and there were also numerous representatives from the provinces of Catalonia and Central Spain, with their varied and picturesque costumes. A company of soldiers fired a salute, the bells rang out a grand peal, and the *cortege* entered the church.

This sanctuary, surnamed the "Wonder of Guipuzcoa," was erected in 1683, by order of the Queen Maria-Anne, widow of Philip IV., upon the domain of the family of Loyola, and by the manor house where Saint Ignatius was born. It consisted of a rectangular parallelogram, to which, by a caprice which pleased the Spanish taste of which the monastery of the Escorial is the best-known example, two lateral appendixes were added, forming the figure of an eagle about to take its flight; a delicate allusion to the imperial title which it had received from its founder. The body was represented by the church; the wings by the *Santa-Casa* and the college; the tail, by the secondary buildings. The allusion, however, is not clearly transparent at first sight, and I only recognized the likeness after I had made a sketch of the building on paper. In 1767, at the time of the general expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain, under Charles III., the left wing alone remained to be finished. The stones were even cut and ready to be placed in position. Later, they were used for the portal of the parish church of Azpeitia. So the sacred edifice of Loyola remained unfinished until the reinstallation of the Jesuits, under Ferdinand VII., when the building was finished and a college for young men was established. The civil war drove the Jesuits again out of Spain, and the buildings became the property of the province of Guipuzcoa.

The parish priest said to me, that it was the intention of the provincial deputation to establish there a museum, library, and house of records. But much money would have been required, for the buildings showed the disastrous effects of having been too long abandoned. A certain sum each year was added to the provincial budget for necessary repairs. In spite of the pompous sermon which was indispensable to gratify the taste of the Guipuzcoans, in spite of the time and the labor and money which the church cost, and notwithstanding its magnificent situation in the middle of one of the most beautiful valleys in the world, this great monument of Saint Ignatius did not meet my expectations. Its aspect was imposing,

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but cold; columns, arches, and cupola all wanted originality; a sample of many others, and a good pattern of the heavy Greco-Roman style which characterized the end of the seventeenth century, and which never glittered with inspiration.

The ground floor of the church was forty-five paces in diameter. In the center were elevated eight pillars to sustain the cupola, and near the high altar were eight doors of communication with the *Santa-Casa*, so called because Saint Ignatius was born there—the ancient *Casa-Solar de Loyola*.

The history of this old manor house was said to have been lost in the lapse of time. It was dismantled in the time of Henry IV., for the part the family of Loyola took in the war of the *bandos*; but was reconstructed above the first story with red brick-work, in lozenge form, denoting by its elegance a more tranquil epoch. The lower part is of rough stone, and over the door was rudely sculptured the family arms—two lions, face to face, and between them a vase, in form of a copper boiler, suspended at the end of a chain falling over the side of a shield.

The room of Saint Ignatius, on the second floor, was large enough, but so low that a person of medium height could touch the ceiling with his hand. A gilded railing divided it into two parts; on one side was the statue and some relics of the saint; the other was reserved for the faithful. The statue represented Saint Ignatius in a deacon's embroidered robe, with head slightly inclined, and the eyes lost in ecstasy. It was only after repeated efforts that I gained an entrance to this chamber, by reason of the great number of women and men upon their knees on the bare flag-stones. These pious people had come to bring, with their prayers, their offerings to their patron saint; their gifts were thrown inside the railing, and fell like a hailstorm, in silver *reals* and copper *cuartos*, at the feet of the statue, mixing a continued metallic clash with the buzzing of prayers recited in a loud voice.

The history of Saint Ignatius is well known: his youth at the courts of the Catholic kings, and his adventurous life up to the

time when at Pamplona he fell wounded in battle. His early education had been neglected, but during his long illness, he demanded books to read. Only religious works could be had, and these consisted of the "Life of Jesus Christ," and the "Flower of the Saints." He resolved to devote himself to the church. He studied at the monastery of Monserrat, at Salamanca, and Paris. At the latter place he encountered the first auxiliaries in the work he had in contemplation. Under the authority of the Pope, Saint Ignatius and his followers declared war upon heresy and libertinism, under the banner of Jesus Christ, taking for their device the cross, and for motto the words, "*Ad maiorem Dei Gloriam*"; and when any one asked them who they were, they replied, "Of the Company of Jesus." After the death of Ignatius his followers renewed and

continued his work; and what enthusiasm had commenced, great ability and perseverance finished.

However much one may differ in belief from the Society of Jesus, it will not be denied that the patience, energy, and force of mind, and above all, the ability which for three centuries it has brought to the church, have done much to make it a power both feared and formidable. A story was told in Azpeitia to show the idea entertained by some of the Guipuzcoans respecting the Jesuits. A man passing near a river heard a cry of distress and beheld a priest struggling with the current. "A Jesuit drowning," said he; "I will not disturb him, for he knows what he is about," and continued tranquilly on his way—so great was his faith in the sagacity and wisdom of the priests of that order.

EDWARD KIRKPATRICK.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THREE AMERICAN STATESMEN.

THREE volumes of the "American Statesmen" * series have recently been issued: Alexander Hamilton by Henry Cabot Lodge, John C. Calhoun by Dr. Von Holst, and John Quincy Adams by John T. Morse, Jr.

Judging from these numbers, the intention appears to be to present in this series portraits, sketched by capable hands, of the principal political leaders of the period between the close of the Revolution and the commencement of the Civil War. Already this period has become to our people distinctively a part of the past: as much so as the half-century before the French Revolution is to Frenchmen, or the era before the Reform Act of 1832 is to Englishmen of this generation. This is so, not because of the number of years that have gone by—though, it is true, it is nearly two-thirds of a

generation since the affair at Appomattox Court-house—but chiefly because the currents of political and social thought have been turned into new channels. Great national convulsions suddenly shift the point of view of a people. They are earthquake rents in the surface of history and human consciousness; and those who are not swallowed up in them, but safely reach the hither side, are, as it were, endowed with a new vision. We who are on this side of the gulf which separates us from the *ante-bellum* days can now see, what in a great degree was impossible in that period of passion, the true relations of men to events, and of events to the general course of development. For half a century there was a fierce debate, tediously going backward and forward over the same ground, concerning the doctrine of State rights; and during the latter half of that period, it was supplemented by the more passionate controversy about slavery.

* American Statesmen. Edited by John T. Morse, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co. \$1.25 per vol.

But are we not beginning to see now, that below all this there was really a conflict between two distinct forms of civilization; and what is of more significance, that still beneath it all was the irresistible organic growth of a nation which had reached the stage when there must be either homogeneity or dissolution. Every public man, therefore, of the era between 1789 and 1860 is judged by his relation to these great cardinal facts. We are gaining sufficient perspective to place each where he properly belongs in the general estimation; and the result is, as is always the case when the historical vision supervenes, many an idol of the day is tumbled into the dust, and a few, who were, perhaps, sorely misunderstood before, emerge in their true proportions. It cannot be said that Alexander Hamilton was altogether misunderstood in his lifetime. We know that at one period he had a strong and enthusiastic following among the cultivated and also among the moneyed classes; but then it is unquestionably true, that for half a century after his death he was misjudged, and one might almost say systematically ignored, by the mass of the American people; and yet, strange to say, during all this time his fame was steadily extending among European political thinkers.

We need not go far to find the cause. Jeffersonian ideas, which are the antitheses of those of Hamilton, dominated in the politics of the United States, with intervals so slight as to introduce no material element of change from 1801 to 1860.

The whole tendency of the Jeffersonian ideas was to a weak central and strong State governments; but since the supremacy of the national idea, Hamilton, its greatest exponent, has rapidly assumed his deserved position in the general estimation.

We are now disposed to accord with the verdict of European publicists, that he is to be classed among the few great geniuses in the field of speculative politics. Even his reluctant adversaries could not deny to him consummate administrative capacity, so that he presents a combination of qualities very seldom found together.

Mr. Lodge has given an admirably written summary of the career of this remarkable man, and has accomplished what he evidently had in view—to leave with his reader a clear impression of Hamilton's characteristics and his relations to the foundation period of the Union, rather than to furnish a detailed biography.

What strikes one at the outset in reading Hamilton's life is his extraordinary precocity. At thirteen, we are told, he was managing the affairs and conducting the correspondence of a merchant on the island of Nevis, his native place. At seventeen he attracts attention by a forcible address at a public meeting in New York; at nineteen he is appointed captain of the artillery company raised by the province of New York, in 1776, at the outbreak of hostilities with the mother country. When barely twenty he is appointed one of Washington's aids, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. For four years, as a member of the commander in chief's staff, he conducted the greater part of Washington's immense correspondence.

At twenty-three, in the midst of his active duties at headquarters, away from books and authorities, he wrote to Robert Morris, the Revolutionary Secretary of the Treasury, a letter on the financial affairs of the Confederacy, which, as Mr. Lodge properly asserts, showed "its author indeed to be entitled to stand with Turgot and Pitt as a pioneer in what has since become the most important department of practical government."

At thirty he is one of three delegates from New York in the convention which framed the Federal Constitution, proposes a plan of government, and supports it with a speech occupying five or six hours, which Gouverneur Morris affirmed to have been "the ablest and most impressive he had ever heard."

His work in the convention was immediately followed by the publication of the papers composing the "Federalist," which, it is needless to say, is a work abounding in profound conceptions upon the nature and scope of all government, and of our form in particular. The greater part of these papers were written

by Hamilton in the midst of his very busy life.

Close upon this came his surprising labors in the convention called in New York to ratify the convention. The majority of those controlling the votes in that State were opposed to the new Federal Constitution; and when the convention met, its opponents numbered forty-six out of sixty-five votes, or over two-thirds. Those who witnessed Hamilton's labors in this body describe his eloquence and power as a debater as marvelous. Unfortunately, no record of these speeches was kept. At the end, the new Constitution was accepted by only three majority, and the common verdict was that Hamilton's was the master mind that brought over this unwilling majority, against its first prejudices, to the side of the new order of things.

At the age of thirty, Hamilton's career as a member of deliberative assemblies ceased with these extraordinary labors in the New York convention, and yet he had attained the very first rank as an orator and political writer. Two years later he was called by Washington to the head of the Treasury Department, where he remained six years. At thirty-eight he returned to private life. All the work upon which his fame rests was then finished. He devoted himself to the practice of his profession, though taking an active interest in public questions thenceforth until his untimely death, at the age of forty-seven.

Thus at an age when most men, even of great talents, who adventure upon the sea of politics are barely emerging from local prominence, Hamilton had extended his fame beyond the comparatively narrow limits of his own country, and had stamped the impress of a rare political genius indelibly upon the new institutions of the country.

One point wherein Hamilton was pre-eminent was in his absolute indifference to that petty State pride and jealousy which minimized so much of the public force during and after the Revolution. One must read a good deal of the events, and especially of what was written and said

between 1776 and 1800, to understand within what narrow lines these things—State pride and jealousy—kept all our public men. Hamilton from the first saw clearly that the American community was an embryo nation, or it was nothing. His intellectual vision pierced directly to the center of the apparently confused political conditions caused by the separation from the mother country. He saw that the convention really had to deal with a new nation, rather than a new congeries of sovereign States. He asserted in his opening speech in the Federal convention, that two sovereignties cannot exist within the same limits. He very rightfully looked upon the scheme to balance State sovereignty against national unity as a futility, and at best as only temporary: knowing that one must give way to the other.

In truth, as soon as Hamilton discovered that the convention was bent upon some sort of a compromise by which the States should be kept sovereign, and the central government sovereign also, if possible, he felt that it could at the best be but a truce, and he took very little further interest in the debates. Nevertheless, he was so firmly convinced that the system finally adopted was the best that could be obtained under the circumstances, that though his two colleagues, Yates and Lansing, had abandoned the convention, because their extreme State-rights views were violated by the new compact, he alone signed the instrument on behalf of New York. As we know, he loyally accepted the situation, and devoted the whole of his wonderful mental resources to the service of the Constitution.

As Secretary of the Treasury, he lifted the finances of the country out of apparently hopeless confusion; and the administrative machinery which he established for this department furnished the model which has been followed to this day. He was the first to give direction and consistency to the liberal construction view of the Federal Constitution. He is really the founder of all parties—Federalists, Whigs, and Republicans—which have adopted this view as part of their general policy. When he made his

famous report, recommending a national bank, Jefferson opposed the scheme as unconstitutional. Washington requested the written opinion of each upon the project before he would sign the bill. The answers should be consulted by all who wish to go to the root of the great party differences in our history under the Constitution. As Mr. Lodge well points out, Hamilton has presented the argument in support of the necessity of resorting to the implied powers with a fullness and lucidity which have left very little to be said since.

Hamilton is also the founder of the "American system." Clay subsequently did no more than appropriate his predecessor's views, to be found in his report upon manufactures. We cannot judge this report entirely by the present attitude of free trade and protection.

It was made in view of the then existing circumstances; manufactures had to make their first beginnings, and this in the face of a narrow and exclusive protective policy pursued by other countries, especially England, which discriminated against the products we had to sell abroad.

Hamilton was a head and shoulders above every public man of his day, save Washington. His weakness, however, as a party leader was, that he did not pay enough attention to those local and State prejudices which were so rife. Then again, he had little faith in a government by the democracy. He never flattered the people. He said that "men are reasoning, but not reasonable, animals." But notwithstanding the ascendancy of Jeffersonian ideas in our politics for so long a period, it must be confessed that, as their potency dies away, the fame of Hamilton rapidly emerges from the partial obscurity in which it has been veiled.

The next volume of the series gives us the life, or rather a critical *résumé* of the career, of John C. Calhoun.

This book of Dr. Von Holst may be likened to a glimpse permitted to the present generation of the estimate our more indifferent posterity will be apt to make of this remarkable man. It gives us the judgment

of an intelligent foreigner, writing in his own country. This of itself assures the needed perspective; but if to this advantage of position is added an accurate, and one may say a cyclopedic, knowledge of the whole course of our history, it can be readily understood how valuable the summing up must be. It may not, perhaps, be speaking wide of the mark, to say that it is even yet impossible for an American to write the needed biography of the great Southern statesman. It is true, a generation has passed since he died; and twenty years, nearly, since the end of the Civil War. Yet we know that the passions stimulated by the long anti-slavery struggle, the culminating war, and the reconstruction period are still sufficiently active to blur the mental vision of the old and the new generations.

Those who have read the volumes of Dr. Von Holst's "Constitutional History of the United States," thus far issued, will recognize in this book many of the thoughts and even expressions of the larger work, in its frequent reference to Calhoun and his influence upon the current of affairs after 1830. The same vigor of thought, incisiveness, and sometimes picturesqueness of style are preserved, with the general effect of leaving a vivid impression of the intense individuality, and one may add tragedy, of the great Carolinian's life.

By most Northerners, Calhoun is even yet considered an arch-conspirator, who for twenty years or more nursed the malevolent design of breaking up the Union, and to this end, with Mephistophelian craft, inoculated the mind of his section with the poison of the State-rights doctrines. To the average Southerner he is, on the contrary, the pure patriot, whose righteous doctrines only failed because borne down by brute force. Both look, no doubt, from too acute an angle; and, as suggested, it is a good service when so capable and disinterested a friend as our author can lead us nearer to the true point of vision.

At the outset he very truly remarks: "As the years roll on, the fame of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay is gradually growing

dimmer; while Calhoun's has yet lost hardly anything of the lurid intensity with which it glowed on the political firmament towards the end of the first half of this century."

Why this is so, is not difficult to answer. We are now getting sufficiently far away from the Civil War to understand that the final victory of the national arms closed what Calhoun himself called the "second volume of the history of the United States." We are now making the history which shall go into the record of the third volume. The particular drama which was played between the adoption of the Constitution and 1865 had a double aspect, though at bottom involving but one motive, if it may be so termed. The actors were carrying on animated dialogues before the audience about strict construction and liberal construction of the Federal Constitution; about tariff and internal improvements; and towards the last, about slavery in the Territories. But the passion of the speech came from growing hatred between the equalizing spirit of the North and the aristocratic spirit of the South; and also from the almost unconscious struggle between the instinct of nationality and the disintegrating force of an abnormal, slave-nourished civilization.

Calhoun's special quality, and one may say his singular misfortune, was to see earlier and also deeper than any of his contemporaries into the springs of action of this great drama. It was his misfortune that he saw them so clearly, and was able to project his vision so far out into the future as to be borne down in sadness by the indistinct yet appalling picture of this future which he could not banish from his prophetic vision.

We are now in a position to say that Calhoun committed an egregious mistake when he made himself the champion of slavery. Nevertheless, we must confess that it is just because he became the impersonation of an idea, which has proved the losing one, that he is the most interesting figure of his era; and this is because this idea was the central one of the age, and is the one which will be its characteristic mark in after times. It is because Calhoun saw that this idea

was the pivotal one of the times, and could not be dealt with by half-hearted, compromising methods, and because neither Clay nor Webster fully comprehended it, that the fame of Calhoun will become more and more positive, while that of Clay and Webster will grow dimmer.

The fate and misfortune of Calhoun was to have been born and reared in South Carolina. Goethe has profoundly remarked that "the greatest men are always connected with their century through a weakness." Calhoun's social surroundings made him a believer in the form of civilization of his section; but they did not obscure his vision or his judgment as to its attitude before the world, or as to the death grapple which it would inevitably have with the ideas maturing in the North.

The opening words of this little volume might very well be put as the reflection of the disinterested reader, in closing the record of Calhoun's life. A man endowed with an intellect far above the average, impelled by a high-soaring ambition, untainted by any petty or ignoble passions, and guided by a character of sterling firmness and more than common purity; yet, with fatal illusion, devoting all his mental powers, all his moral energy, and the whole force of his iron will to the service of a doomed and unholy cause; and at last sinking into the grave in the very moment when, under the weight of the topstone, the towering pillars of the temple of his impure idol are rent to their very base—can anything more tragical be conceived?

The third volume of the series is devoted to the life of John Quincy Adams, written by John T. Morse, Jr. It is made up mainly from the voluminous published diary of Mr. Adams, presented, however, in a connected narrative form. The author has an independent judgment, besides considerable skill in painting his portrait, so that a very accurate impression of his hero is furnished.

Adams was in some respects precocious. He took part in diplomatic duties as a boy; and when quite a young man was intrusted by Washington with a European mission, because of the latter's appreciation of his

talents. He was almost continuously in public position until his death, in 1848, reaching the highest political position in the nation, and then courageously returning to the relatively humble position of a member of the House of Representatives. Yet it may be truly said that, notwithstanding all his varied and valuable services to his country, he would not have been entitled to any very high position in its history if he had retired to private life at the close of his presidential term.

Long after the age when Hamilton had finished his great life-work, John Quincy Adams did the work which really entitles

him to a place among our great men. His courageous, persistent, and manly fight for the right of petition in the earlier days of the anti-slavery struggle is the one thing which will never be forgotten. This attaches his name forever to the great movement of the age, and marks him as one of its heroes.

These three men, Hamilton, Calhoun, and Quincy Adams, in their public lives, may be said to be good types of the two extremes and the middle ground in the conflict of ideas characteristic of the period between the adoption of the Constitution and the close of the Rebellion. W. W. CRANE.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

OUR MERCHANT MARINE. By David A. Wells. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

That the American flag has for twenty-five years been gradually disappearing from the foreign trade, is a fact apparent to the world—a fact deplored by all patriots, interesting to all foreigners, exulted over by England, our now overwhelmingly successful rival, and unnoticed and uncared for only by our own Congress, whose stupid negligence has caused the decline; and which persistently refuses, session after session, to pay the slightest attention to the subject. Notwithstanding the energetic memorials that of late years have poured in upon Congress, from ship-owners, Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, and ship-builders, no bill has even been reported favorably, though many have been introduced, having for their object the restoration of American supremacy upon the ocean. This supineness of Congress, considering that there is no opposition anywhere except in Great Britain to the rehabilitation of our merchant marine, can only be accounted for on the theory that a corrupt lobby, working in British interests, is steadily operating against the necessary changes in our navigation laws. If Congressmen resent this imputation, let them defend themselves against it, and give some reason why, during the entire term of the ascendancy of the Republican party, nothing whatever has been done—nothing even earnestly attempted—to remove the causes of the decline of American tonnage upon the high seas.

David A. Wells is probably the highest living American exponent of correct ideas of political econ-

omy, and the work under notice is equal to his best efforts in other directions. A frontispiece tells the whole story at a glance, by exhibiting our flag in constantly diminishing sizes, from 1855, when we carried 75½ per cent. of all our exports and imports in American bottoms, to 1881, when we carried only 16.2 per cent.; the last flag, representing 1891, at 0 per cent., being scarcely perceptible on the page. Mr. Wells gives the history of this interest both in England and the United States, so that the reader can readily trace the causes which have wrought so great damage to American shipping. He shows (p. 9) that in 1861 the tonnage of the United States was nearly equal to that of Great Britain, and nearly a third of the entire tonnage of the world; but in 1881 (pp. 26, *et seq.*) our aggregate was only 4,068,034 tons, against 16,000,000 tons owned by Great Britain and her colonies. He concludes his statement of the causes of this divergence as follows (p. 193):

"Here, then, is the whole case in respect to the situation, and the decline of American shipping, as it were, in a nutshell, embodied in this simple, pathetic story of a representative of a class of American citizens, who feel that their government denies to them the protection which it gives unsparingly to others, treats them with discriminating injustice, and is actually year by year crowding them out of a branch of national and legitimate industry. As the man, whose load of ashes in going up the hill had all dribbled out at the end of his cart, said to the boys who had followed him up and expected to be edified with certain pungent and profane remarks, 'I sha'n't swear; I couldn't begin to do justice to the subject.'"

One of the universally acknowledged obstacles to the maintenance of our flag in competition with England is our system of state and municipal taxation on the *value* of shipping, whether the vessels are profitable or not, compared with the English income tax on *net profits* only. The cities of New York and Philadelphia have lately abolished all assessments upon foreign shipping, in correction of this inequality. Why cannot San Francisco do likewise?

The answer is, that our State Constitution requires all property to be rated alike in proportion to its value.

But there are several points to be made in reply to this answer, which we wish to offer for the consideration of parties interested, of their lawyers, and of the incoming legislature, to wit:

1st. The language of the State Constitution is (Art. XII., Sec. 1): "*All property in the State*, not exempt under the laws of the United States, shall be taxed in proportion to its value, to be ascertained as provided by law."

Section 8 fixes the first Monday of March as the day on which the *status* of property for the purposes of taxation is to be ascertained.

Section 11: "Income taxes may be assessed to and collected from persons, corporations, joint-stock associations or companies, resident or doing business in this State, or any one or more of them, in such cases and amounts and in such manner as shall be prescribed by law."

2nd. The Supreme Court has held valid the statutes passed at the first session of the legislature after the adoption of the Constitution, exempting pass books in savings banks, and certificates of stock, from taxation, on the ground that the *property* must be taxed, not the *evidences of ownership* in the property, notwithstanding the positive definition of property in the Constitution to the contrary.

Now on the first Monday in March none of the ships registered in San Francisco are actually "within the State," except such as may happen to be in port on that day—probably not one-tenth of the whole number. The remaining nine-tenths are at sea, clearly *not* within the State. Only the paper evidences of their ownership are within the State, which are no more "property" than pass books in the banks, or certificates of stock.

Query 1. As to all vessels actually out of the State on the first Monday in March, is not their assessment unconstitutional, as the law now stands, because they are clearly not "property within the State"?

Query 2. Would not the Supreme Court hold to be constitutional a law expressly defining all vessel property, at least all engaged in the foreign trade, *not* to be property "within the State" for the purposes of assessment?

Query 3. What objection could be reasonably urged against the passage of such a law, especially if a one per cent. income tax, (the English rate) levied on the *net*

profits of shipping in the foreign trade, under section 11 above quoted, were substituted therefor?

Were this course adopted, a perceptible step would be taken towards making San Francisco a center for large ship-building and ship-owning interests, thereby transferring a constantly growing proportion of our enormous foreign freights (\$16,000,000 on the last year's crop) from British to Californian pockets. The loss to our local revenues would be insignificant and temporary, for the taxes on the few vessels now registered here would not be missed, and they would soon be recouped and increased by the income tax on a far greater number. And it will then be possible to form steamship companies for the extension of our commerce, owning vessels built and registered here, instead of depending, as heretofore, on vessels owned elsewhere, whose earnings are always subtractions from the wealth of our State.

Meantime, we commend Mr. Wells's little book, with all its proposed remedies for our sick shipping, to the careful study of all interested in the subject.

REMINISCENCES: CHIEFLY OF ORIEL COLLEGE AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT. By the Rev. T. Mozley, M. A., formerly Fellow of Oriel. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

During the years 1833-41 there were published at Oxford ninety "Oxford Tracts," in a series called "Tracts for the Times." They were written by fellows and professors of Oriel and other colleges; among them R. H. Froude, J. H. Newman, (now cardinal) John Keble, (author of "Christian Year") Isaac Williams, and E. B. Pusey. The cause of the Tracts was the alarm of the high-church clergy at the progress of latitudinarian ideas, and especially the action of the government in alienating certain property of the Irish church. The object of the Tracts was to restore the English church of the seventeenth century; in fact, to bring the nineteenth century church back nearer to Roman Catholicism. The agitation which followed the Tracts (the Oxford movement) resulted in the restoration of high-church ideas as to jurisdiction, theology, and property; developed the ritual of surplices, intoning prayer, use of the altar, etc.; revived Gothic architecture; and sent many of the English clergy into the Romish communion.

Mr. Mozley, the author of these two volumes of Reminiscences, was college-mate and intimate friend of most of the men engaged in the Oxford movement, and was himself a contributor of certain of the Tracts, and for some time editor of the "British Critic," which aided the agitation. He says, in the preface, the story of the Oxford movement has yet to be told, and regrets that a period, which in his memory is a golden age, should vanish without a record from mortal ken. This is the author's apology

for this work, which he himself calls "superficial, sketchy, and often trivial," "planks from the wreck of time." Yet these volumes are full of interest to the clergy, and especially to clergymen of the Church of England. They could not fail to keep the attention of the reader, when (in short chapters, a thing most books fail in) the author gives, with perfect ingenuousness, and almost always with good spirit, the incidents and characteristics of such famous men as Copleston, Whately, Hawkins, Keble, Arnold (of Rugby), Jelf, Russell, Thackeray, Edgeworth, Carlyle, Hook, Buckle, the Wilberforces, Newman, Hope, the Froudes, White, Ogilvie, Bunson, Wellington, Gladstone, and many others, with most of whom Mozley was on intimate terms. The view of the college life of these men, the glimpses of Mozley's own parish life and work, the observations on architecture, the descriptions of the Bampton lectures, the tracing of the Oxford movement as a whole, will hold the reader till he reaches the middle of the second volume, where, in some dry discussions, the interest flags.

If the descendants of General Greene (1776) could take Bancroft to task for his strictures on their ancestor thus long dead, we fear the author of these Reminiscences will have a lively time from those still living, whom he has touched up in so truthful a way. The sketches of Cardinal Newman are especially full and interesting.

ANNE. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. New York: Harper Brothers. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

We observe from the reviews that Miss Woolson's novel has brought to the front again the undying hope and expectation of the Great American Novel. Perhaps it is she who is to write it, say the reviewers. It is hardly probable that she will: the great novelist does not scale up toward greatness by so slow degrees. Certainly "Anne" is not a great novel; but it is an important enough one to make it worth while to mention that it is not great. It has placed Miss Woolson immediately after Howells and James among the novelists of America. Moreover, it conveys throughout such an impression of ability not yet fully under control, so much suggestion of better work to come, that one would not venture to say that she will always rank after these two. If it is possible for her to attain symmetry of design, perfect tact in treatment, a use of the English language that shall be grateful to the most fastidious ear, and a more perfect realism, there is no reason why she should not rank with them. Do we not see how symmetry, tact, and delightful use of language, backed by almost absolutely nothing else, have made the success of several recent American stories? If Miss Woolson could add to her own possession of the deeper traits of a novelist, passion, character conception, truth to the important experiences of

life—such mastery of the finer facilities of the art as Mr. Aldrich has—she would stand among our very best novelists.

Her touch is not light enough; her humor exists only in the form of satire: of genuine, light, happy humor we hardly recall an instance in the book. Accordingly, in all the lighter episodes, there is effort, amounting nearly—not quite—to affectation; while in the episodes of deepest passion and pain her touch is sure, strong, and natural. In such episodes passages can be picked out that might very well have been written by George Eliot. Not that this justifies any comparison between the two, for these occasional passages are only such as George Eliot was overflowing with, and probably could have equaled by the hundred at any moment that she had a pencil in her hand. The dignity of love in an essentially high-minded person, under circumstances that usually make love humiliating—not the dignity, notice, of the person in spite of the love, but the dignity of the love itself—this thing Miss Woolson has embodied in her story hardly less clearly and truly, though less simply and strongly, than George Eliot herself.

It is probably a mistake to group so long a story so closely about a single central figure; but that aside, there is everything to be said in praise of Miss Woolson's success with her central figure. "Anne" is to the reader's mind what her author meant her to be; she is true to life, (exceptional life, but still actual); she is developed with a strong, sure hand, not idealized nor obscured by detail, nor left scantily sketched out. All the characters are clear and well differentiated; but it is questionable whether truth to life is not sometimes sacrificed for the sake of differentiating more easily. However, no one but the great masters can differentiate perfectly, and yet be perfectly realistic. Nature distinguishes people by subtle shades of character and complex variations of manner; but the novelist rises almost into the realm of inspiration who does not have to put the owl or the peacock or the quiver into his picture somewhere to identify his Pallas or Juno or Artemis absolutely beyond question.

In Heathcote Miss Woolson has grappled with a problem before which many another novelist of her sex has gone down—the type of man whom women adore. We do not know that any man has attempted this problem. If men have, they have so far failed that even the attempt is not clearly visible. Miss Woolson has succeeded beyond the average even of her sex, in that she has at least made it perfectly evident what she attempted in Heathcote. He is, however, no more than a skillfully constructed dummy—a peg to hang women's adoration on. His presence in the story makes possible the circling round him of Anne and Helen, Rachel and Isabel, as a well-equipped rag baby on the stage may make possible a realistic drama by flesh-and-blood actors; and this is about all that can be said for him. We venture the assertion that not one woman has

read "Anne" with the least stirring of pulse toward Heathcote, and sense that if she had been there she might have loved him too; and that is a crucial test.

A murder trial is always a sensational device, and mars the reputation of a book for sober and intelligent methods of producing its impression. In this particular murder trial, Miss Woolson has still further dared suspicion of sensationalism by the whole array of incidents connected with it; yet so temperate is she in her handling of the episode throughout, that it is not only not offensive, but contains several points that we could ill spare.

Perhaps it is more to the credit of a novel that one should leave it saying, as one says of "Anne," "It is so good, it ought to have been better," than that he should be able to say, as of some of Mr. Al-drich's stories, "Such as it is, it is quite perfect."

ASPASIA. A Romance of Art and Love in Ancient Hellas. By Hamerling. Translated from the German by Clara Bell. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Surely there never was a more hopeless struggle of the ponderous German intellect to reproduce the Hellenic spirit than this historical novel. As far as vivifying the historical facts of the Age of Pericles goes, it may be called a failure; for a well-written history would be more vivid and exciting than this leisurely, ponderous narrative. As for the characters, they are painstakingly clad, not merely with Hellenic garments, beliefs, and ideas, but even with Hellenic traits: and yet remain under it all hopelessly, ludicrously German. And yet, as words may be spoken with Germanic accent and yet be Greek, not merely grammatically correct, but correctly pronounced: so these characters, as studies of what Aspasia and Pericles and their contemporaries really were, are worthy of consideration, and not improbably true. As a study of the woman question and its bearing on Hellenic fates, the book has considerable value; and, to a less extent, as a contribution to the old discussion about the conflict of the good and the beautiful in Hellas. The study of either of these points would have moved more freely and more lightly on its own feet than in the cumbersome vehicle of this narrative. However, there are many readers who prefer to take their history in a novel, even the slowest; perhaps the theory that they are being entertained acts on their imagination like Colonel Sellers's candle behind the isinglass door of his stove. And there is no one who will not get this at least from a historical novel: a clearer realization of the relative ages of contemporaries of the period in question. Whoever wishes to remember easily that Socrates was a young stone-cutter when Pericles's glory was at its height, and Alcibiades a little boy; that he was married about the time Alcibiades was old enough to plunge into dissipation, and became a soldier in Pericles's last campaign; that the

Parthenon was built, the Antigone written, Pericles's connection with Aspasia formed, at just such and such points in the life-time of the Athenians of that date; whoever wishes to impress these things on his mind will find it worth his while to read "Aspasia." And whoever really prefers to get his Athenian history from a narrative, instead of from undisguised historical treatises, will be repaid for the reading.

COUNT SILVIUS. Translated from the German of Georg Horn by M. J. Safford. New York: George W. Harlan. For sale by Billings, Har-bourne & Co.

In the excellent translation of "Count Silvius," by M. J. Safford, a work is offered to the English-reading public which will be most welcome to all lovers of real romance. It is a story of life in an old German city; of that life which is possible only where an aristocracy has grown up, looking with suspicion on modern social innovations and the distinction of wealth without birth; a story of intrigue on the part of an unscrupulous man to thrust himself on this aristocracy, and win public success at whatever cost; of marriage brought about by fraud, and resulting in misery; and of the growth and ennobling of character by long suffering and injustice. It is, moreover, a work of modern times, touching upon many present questions of social interest, though in a subordinate way—a glimpse of the conflict between labor and capital, a stroke at the Jesuits, criticisms on art, society, religion, and all kindred topics. The characters are clear-cut and logically carried out; the main interest centers in the career of Ada Turneyssen. Brilliant and haughty, thoroughly honest-hearted and regardless of public opinion, her whole creed of life is contained in her own words: "God will never ask, 'Whom have you loved? what have you believed?' How? is the question his voice will put; and what poor wretches we should be if we could not give the answer from our inmost hearts."

Throughout the whole there is a remarkable uniformity of merit. The author does not attempt by any means to rise to the highest flights of imagination or feeling; but has accurately measured his strength, and nowhere overstepped himself. The result is a work highly finished, and of universal ability.

THREE IN NORWAY. By Two of Them. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This little book is simply a journal kept by two of a party of three, who start out from England on a camping tour through Norway. The journal consists mainly of the personal experiences of the small party; of their successes in fishing and hunting; of their life in camp, and of their trials and tribulations in getting about from place to place. It is quite a readable book, the style being pleasant and

bright; and would make an entertaining traveling companion. It is just a bit disappointing, since one gets very little idea of the country itself. There are some good descriptions of scenery, and glimpses of the inner life of the patient, honest, hospitable Norwegians. The book has a map of Norway, and is interspersed with numerous illustrations engraved on wood, from original sketches, many of them being sketches of camp life, ridiculous experiences greatly exaggerated, and some good ones of the mountains and lakes of Norway.

EUNICE LATHROP, SPINSTER. By Annette Lucile Noble. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Among the lesser novels of recent date very few are as good as "Eunice Lathrop." The name is a misnomer, by the way, as Eunice Lathrop is a minor character, and the book treats mainly of Agnes Hathaway. There is good character sketching almost throughout the whole list of persons; in especial, Agnes and the child Guy, who is both a charming child and a realistic one, for the sensitive and dreamy type. Besides these two persons, and possibly Mrs. Melton, the good drawing is confined to the minor characters; for the two young men and Annie Leigh have no real vitality, and are in the book mainly for their influence on Agnes's life. The plot is neither very original nor well-managed; in spite of the well-worn sensation of a murder trial, there is very little motion to it. Notwithstanding a decidedly intelligent air throughout, this novel has a vague air of youth and inexperience, perhaps due to this very lack of motion.

THE HOME-STRETCH. By Miss M. A. Collins. New York: George W. Harlan. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

If the author of this book means to imply by the title that she has brought her two heroes to the home-stretch in the race for the heroine's hand, no more apt name could have been chosen. They are brought there and left there. The reader closes the book with no more definite idea of the heroine's decision than he had when he opened it. The capacity of the author lies in mere story-telling, rather than novel-writing. Plot scarcely exists; commonplace follows commonplace; the attempts at character drawing are singularly unhappy. Barnaby Rudge appears in the character of the poor half-wit, Oak, wretchedly and miserably depicted, but unmistakably Barnaby; and Lord Rochester masquerades as Fritz Raimund.

Some bright sketches of negro life and fun are introduced, and the story is enlivened by plentiful conversations. Where the author is content to be mediocre, she is pleasing; where she attempts more, a signal failure. The style, save for some French phrases, is simple and entertaining.

GYPSIE. By Minnie E. Kenney. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

One rarely meets anything more obvious than the imitation of Rhoda Broughton in "Gypsie." Fancy Rhoda Broughton's liveliness, bad taste, bad English, even all her conspicuous mannerisms, reproduced more weakly than in the original, and the real passion that fills the latter half of each of her novels left out, or rather attempted so remotely as to be practically left out, and one will have a fair idea of this worthless little book. Nevertheless, it is rather easy reading.

THE FORTUNATE ISLAND, AND OTHER STORIES. By Max Adler. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Chas. T. Dillingham. 1882. For sale by Doxey & Co.

These stories are: "The Fortunate Island"; "The City of Burlesque"; "An Old Foggy"; "Major Dunwoody's Leg"; and "Jinnie." The first tale is pleasantly written, and entertaining; the rest fall short of this in varying degrees, and suggest the professional humorist making an effort to keep up his reputation—except "Jinnie," which is certainly calculated to make the book leave an unpleasant taste in one's mouth.

THOMAS GRAY. By Edmund W. Gosse. (English Men of Letters Series.) New York: Harper & Bros. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Out of the colorless details of an uneventful life Mr. Gosse has contrived to make a readable volume. The work, as he explains, was one of expansion rather than compression. Nothing in the way of a satisfactory biography of Gray existed. That nothing had been written was due undoubtedly to the fact that there was almost nothing to write. Gray's personality was not marked. He had a few friends, whom he loved, and by whom he was rewarded by keen appreciation. But beyond this circle, the influence of the man Gray did not extend. Outside of these narrow limits, he affected his fellow-men only in his capacity as a poet, as an English man of letters.

There dwelt within Gray a better poet than Gray himself. As one reads his work, there is, every now and then, a couplet, a phrase, a single word, which seem to give a hint of what he might have been if he had known more of human and physical nature. But he was stifled by the close atmosphere of a university town. His mind was restrained by the compress of scholasticism. One might live at Pembroke Hall forever without one breath of the mountain air of real poetry. The touch of nature which makes the whole world kin is not learned by polishing Pindaric odes, nor by writing metaphysics in faultless hexameters.

That Gray ever achieved the *Elegy* is a triumph of genius over environment. Structurally perfect as this poem is, it does not excel in that respect much of his other work. But almost alone of his writings it appeals to humanity, it has warmth, it awakens recollections, and touches universal experiences.

Gray was a shy man. He lived among his books, and became possessed of a mass of erudition which he never used. He was always planning some extensive work which he did not finish. Personally, he was thought to be foppish and finical; but he had notions of sturdy independence. He would not accept the laureateship, because of the implied obligation to write adulatory poems. His letter declining it is worth preserving.

"Though I well know the bland, emollient, saponaceous qualities both of sack and silver, yet if any great man should say to me, 'I make you rat-catcher to his Majesty, with a salary of 300*l.* a year and two butts of the best Malaga; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse or two, for form's sake, in public once a year, yet to you, sir, we shall not stand upon these things,' I cannot say I should jump at it; nay, if they would drop the very name of the office, and call me sinecure to the King's Majesty, I should still feel a little awkward, and think everybody I saw smelt a rat about me: but I do not pretend to blame any one else that has not the same sensations; for my part, I would rather be serjeant-trumpeter or pin-maker to the palace. Nevertheless, I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it. As to Settle, whom you mention, he belonged to my Lord Mayor, not to the King. Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson. Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses. The office itself has always humbled the professor hitherto, (even in an age when kings were somebody) if he were a poor writer, by making him more conspicuous; and if he were a good one, by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession: for there are poets little enough to envy even a poet-laureate."

Mr. Gosse has shown skill in the arrangement of his meager details, and discretion in his comments. From occasional sentences, one learns with surprise, however, that Mr. Gosse is not the purist in the use of English that one might infer from his admirable poems.

OPIMUM-SMOKING IN AMERICA AND CHINA. A Study of its Prevalence and Effects, Immediate and Remote, on the Individual and the Nation. By H. H. Kane, M. D. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons. San Francisco: Bancroft & Co.

Dr. Kane, the author of this modest and careful book, has charge of the De Quincy Home at Fort Washington, New York City, and devotes his life to the scientific treatment of the victims of opium, morphine, chloral, and hashesh habits. In the present volume, a neat *brochure* of one hundred

and sixty pages, he has collected from many sources facts bearing upon the use of opium. He states that there are over six thousand Americans known to be addicted to this drug, and the number is daily increasing. He draws extensively from the observations of many Californians; such as Dr. Shurtleff, of the Stockton Insane Asylum. He describes the opium plant, the manner of smoking, its immediate and ultimate effects on the different organs, and the mode of treatment. The physiological, moral, and financial sides of the problem are stated without exaggeration, and with the calm earnestness which the subject deserves. On the Pacific coast this opium evil is a matter of pressing importance. Opium dens abound in San Francisco, and in all our larger towns, and white boys and girls of the hoodlum type are often found in them. The police reports show that a frightful state of affairs exists in some of these vile places. When a raid is made, public attention is roused, but only for a time, and soon this distinctively Chinese habit is resumed in the old haunts. In some towns, however, public sentiment has driven out the opium dens, and the fallen women and worse than fallen men who congregated there. If the friends of public morals desire figures and facts to aid them, they will find such in volumes like Dr. Kane's.

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE. Its origin and development. By S. B. Boulton. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., London, Paris, and New York. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This is a timely and well-written manual upon a subject concerning which every educated person should know something. The empire of the Tsar is so vast, and its growth and history so remarkable, that the main facts, as here presented, will probably induce any thoughtful person to carry his researches farther, and study, in novel, poem, and history the slow development of the Slavonic nationalities, destined to play so important a part in the world's progress, and perhaps to divide, some of these days, its supremacy with the Saxon peoples. The present volume contains an account of the author's visit to Russia in 1874. It then gives a continuous sketch of Russian national history from the earliest authentic records to the present time. It then briefly summarizes the present condition of the empire. A map and chronological table are appended, and the indexes and references are reasonably complete. Studies of Russian history invariably lead one to respect the vastness of the empire which Kurik Sviatoslaw and Vladimir the Good founded, and Peter the Great renewed and extended. Through struggles of rival Muscovite princes, and nearly two centuries of Tartar conquest, the nationality of what W. Hepworth Dixon calls "Great Russia" grew, in pain and trial, and became strong and aggressive; until the region it rules dwarfs in size all other empires of history,

being one-seventh of the land surface of the globe, or over 8,250,000 square miles. Through more than a thousand years the fascinating history goes on, beginning with the obscure founding of the commercial republic of Novgorod in what is Russian classic ground, between Lake Ilmen, Lake Ladoga, and the Gulf of Finland, commanding the low water-sheds from which the Volga, Duna, and Dnieper spring, and flow respectively into the Caspian, the Baltic, and the Euxine. At last the proud city, as wonderful a republic in its way as Venice, feared by princes, and an important member of the Hanseatic League, falls into decay; but that of which it was the germ expands into the most extensive of military empires.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. By R. H. Stoddard. New York: George W. Harlan & Co. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harboure & Co.

Mr. Stoddard will not add to his reputation by the production of such hack-work as this. Enterprise on the part of publishers in getting first biographies of great men on the market is, perhaps, justifiable. But it is inconceivable that a man who has done as good work as Mr. Stoddard has done should, for commercial reasons, engage in the manufacture of literary pot-boilers. The commonest facts in this volume are not verified. The author confesses that he has not taken the trouble to ascertain whether one of the most prominent of American jurists, to whom he refers, is dead or alive. Statements throughout are made upon the authority of "I believe," and "It is understood." A considerable portion of the book is devoted to a rambling

attack on Poe. The remainder is made up of scrap-book padding.

BANCROFT'S PACIFIC COAST GUIDE-BOOK. By John S. Hittell. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. 1882.

This guide-book will be found of interest and service to travelers. It contains, in a condensed form, just the information which is most likely to be required. The chapters on "camping" and on "mineral springs" are valuable. A handy table is given of distances to various points, with rates of fare. Long residence upon the coast has specially qualified the compiler of this hand-book for the work undertaken. A second edition might be improved by a detailed index.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We have also received *The Unseen Hand*, by Elijah Kellogg, a pleasant boys' book, of the well-known Elijah Kellogg type; perhaps a little more goodyism in it than in earlier books of the same author; but still, what with the pioneer life, and the frank, pleasant lads in it, boys will enjoy it, and will find it healthy. Recent issues of the Franklin Square Library: 259, *Lady Jane*, by Mrs. Oliphant; 260, *The Lady Maud*, by W. Clark Russell, illustrated; 261, *So They Were Married*, by Besant and Rice, illustrated; 262, *A Model Father*, by D. C. Murray; 263, *Unknown to History*, by Charlotte M. Yonge; 264, *My Watch Below*, by W. Clark Russell. Two late volumes of the Transatlantic Series are *The Dingy House at Kensington*, a fair sample of the "intense" modern novel; and *Esau Runswick*, by Katherine S. Macquoid.

NOTE BOOK.

WE are this month prepared to make our announcements with regard to the changes in THE CALIFORNIAN. Most important is the following:

We have the pleasure of making known the revival of the old OVERLAND MAGAZINE and the union of the two magazines, THE CALIFORNIAN and the OVERLAND, in one new one, under the management of the present California Publishing Company. The new-old magazine will bear the name of the "OVERLAND" and the grizzly design. Beginning with the next (October) number of THE CALIFORNIAN, the OVERLAND name will be carried as a sub-title until the close of the volume, that no change may occur in the middle of a set, to interfere with the binding; and also that there may be time for the union of the two magazines to be thoroughly

known before the CALIFORNIAN name is entirely dropped for the OVERLAND. With the issue of January, 1883, the magazine will become the OVERLAND MONTHLY—Vol. VII. of THE CALIFORNIAN thus becoming Vol. I. of the "OVERLAND, Second Series."

THERE have been some rumors going about since THE CALIFORNIAN changed hands, that the change meant suspension. These rumors have doubtless arisen from the delay that occurred in the issue of the August number. This delay was simply due to the fact that the previous management practically ceased three weeks before the present took hold, and this chiefly because the transfer took place in the heart

of the vacation season, when people were out of town. However trifling the circumstance that gave rise to such a rumor, we will here take the space to contradict it entirely, and to assure the public that, so far from ceasing with the close of the sixth volume, *THE CALIFORNIAN* will start into its seventh with renewed hopes and enthusiasm, under the protection of the experienced and renowned old grizzly.

THE sense of gratification and ardor with which we ourselves hail the revival of the *OVERLAND*, and its union with our present magazine, will doubtless find a sympathetic response all up and down the coast, and even across the continent and across the ocean. An article printed in our August number contained an affectionate reminiscence of the *OVERLAND*, coming from Zurich, Switzerland. "It may be a superstition," said one of our literary men on the day the papers were signed that united the magazines; "but we can't feel that any name is so good for our Pacific magazine as the '*OVERLAND*.' It is like marching under the old flag." And this same feeling has astonishingly deep roots in all Californian hearts. The older members of our literary corps did march under that flag, in the days when all blood in Californian veins ran fast, and the State was jubilant in her first youth; and the optimism, the happy promise, the joyous insolence of hope and self-confidence, the personal comradeship of the best men of that date—all these linger in a vague cloud of associations around the old name, and the old cover with its bear growling across the railway: and the younger members of our present corps, those who are now preparing themselves to be our strength in future—remember the *OVERLAND* as the magazine of their childhood. There are splendid names associated with it; there is the splendid memory that no other magazine could ever have, that it was the first assertion (the greatest assertion, save only the University at Berkeley) of high intellectual ideals in a community not twenty years old. Surely, the group of valiant men that bore the gods to Latium in those days, the intellectual nucleus of our community, "hitched their wagon to a star." A community twenty years old aiming at an ideal in its University such as but one single State west of two-hundred-year-old New England had ventured to aim at; an ideal in its magazine such as no community in this Union except New York and Boston have ventured! An audacity almost colossal, certainly; yet none the less splendid. Time deals hardly with these splendid audacities of youth; there is an awful Scylla for the magazine and the University in the danger that, desiring to be equal to the best, and having yet toilsome leagues to traverse toward that goal, we shall coolly dub our small beginnings success, our aspirations achievement, and rest satisfied—debasement our optimism

into brag, our ideals into illusions: nevertheless, to settle satisfied into the idea of mediocrity, to abjure our ideals, and be willing to be not much of a magazine, not much of a University, not much of a community, would be steering straight into a Charybdis—better, certainly, than the Scylla of brag and illusion, but not the best that we can do. Let us make no false claims: we know we are only striving toward what we hope to be; but let us keep our wagon hitched to the star. Time that deals hardly with splendid audacities sometimes rewards them splendidly. He did so when the pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and when the group of Connecticut ministers at Saybrook, from their scanty libraries, "gave these books to found a college." And if any New Englander smiles that we should hang all these associations upon the name of "the old *OVERLAND*," let him remember how an Oxford man's lips curl when he hears an American talk of "Old Harvard."

As to our intentions with regard to the course of the old-new magazine, they can be easily stated. We shall strive first and foremost for literary excellence. We shall cling to the *OVERLAND* motto: "Devoted to the development of the country." We shall avoid following in the path of older magazines, and imitating them; we shall not scorn to follow their example where their way is best. The special Pacific coast character shall not be wanting in our pages; we shall not forget old California, when the grizzly held the field: nor shall we tie ourselves to that old California, and ignore the present and the future, with their iron bond between us and the East, invading the grizzly's haunts. We shall not hold to the worse because it may be Californian, nor fear the better because it may come from abroad; but we shall steadily consider that we exist primarily for California. Our strength and hope lie in the young writers, from among whom are to come the great lights of the future. We believe that there is the making of a splendid magazine corps in young writers who cannot make their way into the overcrowded eastern press. We hope to create a corps of writers, to save the stores of material on this coast that would else be wasted, to be an element of civilization in our community.

OUR first object, as we say, being literary, it follows that our slow pecuniary growth must first be devoted to paying contributors; afterward, to such desirable but difficult enterprises as developing the art of wood-engraving, now in its infancy on this coast. With a capital of some hundred thousand we could do both, and would do both; with a capital of energy, industry, good will, and of future prospects of success that nears surely but very slowly, we cannot do both. We can continue the same

contributors' rates that have been paid during the current year; viz., small fees for fiction and poetry; for other contributions nothing except by previous agreement. When we remind our readers that we depended *entirely* on voluntary contributions for two years, then, at the beginning of 1882, advanced to the payment of the small fees above mentioned; and that, at the beginning of 1883, we shall not only continue such payment the current year, but shall add the "Overland" property; and when we add that, with the January number, we shall add sixteen pages of reading matter—it will be seen that our growth, if slow, has been steady. Our present rate of payment is *merely temporary*; at the very first increase in income sufficient to warrant it, we shall pay for *all* contributions; and all future increase in income will be devoted to raising the rates of payment until a fair point is reached. We can, therefore, honestly say that all who write for us now for remuneration far below the value of their work

are helping to build their own future, in making possible the future magazine that shall pay them amply.

IN the past months we have faithfully investigated the possibilities of wood-engraving on this coast; we have satisfied ourselves that there is an ample field for the employment of capital, and that it is the proper business of capital, and not of our young enterprise. We may give our readers illustrations at intervals; and we have begun investigations into a new style of engraving now gaining ground in France—a style striking and simple, and specially adapted to the circumstances of our coast. If these investigations should prove satisfactory, we may renew monthly engravings before the time we indicate by saying that fine engraving on this coast is a matter for capital to take up. Meanwhile, the suspension of illustrations will be amply compensated for by increased reading matter.

OUTCROPPINGS.

FAMINE.

A dusky chapel carved in Spanish oak,
Its sculptured rafters grimy with the smoke
Of countless censers swung in ages past—
Poor little choristers, where are they now?
Forgotten as the hymns they chanted then,
Their only epitaph a blackened ceiling.

Its shelves and coverts rich with precious store
Of hoarded vestments and discarded treasures;
Its walls with tapestry and faded portraits;
An ancient Coronation of the Virgin,
A statue carved in wood—a reliquary,
A crucifix in ivory and niello;
And there, beneath a tattered crimson banner,
A pale ascetic, reading from his missal.
The sunlight through the jewel-fretted windows
Playing at checkers on his snow-white surplice,
And in the shadow sweet and sad his face,
Illumined by a sacred light within,
All that is earthly gone—a devotee
By purifying scourgings, purely spiritual.

A rapt expression as he reads—a sigh,
Like some lost sorrowing angel shut from Heaven,
An unstrung harp that for long weary years
Is silent, when the wind sweeps out a note
That brings the music of the past to memory.

Inspired by his glorious dark eyes,
I creep behind his seat, and nearer stand,
To see the psalm, the chapter that he reads.
What brings the sigh?—across the page
The sunlight rests on the illumination;
And bending so I almost touch his shoulder,
I read—the book—of—*The Decameron!*

EDMUND WARREN RUSSELL.

WASHINGTON IN 1807.

The following letter forms a companion to that printed last month, and is from the same pen, written a year later:

WASHINGTON, 31 January, 1807.

Our friend the General, my dear madam, some days ago made known to me that I should prepare my annual epistle to your ladyship. Having, however, not given it to him as soon as he expected, I was last evening reminded of my obligation and requested to discharge it. And so, with the full consciousness of the honour you do me in giving me this task to perform, I set about it with the utmost cheerfulness. . . .

I understand you as not wishing a political essay; I shall, therefore, treat upon other matters.

The greatest Exhibition in Washington is the Levee of Mr. Jefferson on New-Year's day. A large number of the fashionable and respectable persons here make it a point to visit the President on the 1st of January, and that gentleman is always civil enough to be at home and receive them. It is the only great levee day that there is at our Court, and on this occasion the company assembles voluntarily and without invitations.

Of the personages present I observed the king and queen of the Mandanes, a tribe of Indians living about 1,600 miles up the Missouri. His Majesty was dressed in a sort of regimental coat, given him by the Government since his arrival; and her Majesty, wrapped in a blanket, sat on one of the sofas in the great Audience chamber, and received

the visits of the ladies and people of quality. When I had the honour of being introduced, she did not rise, nor did she quit her seat during any part of the ceremony.

Another person of distinction was the French Minister. This great military character is distinguished by the uncommon size and extent of his whiskers, which cover the greater part of his cheeks, and by the profusion of lace that covers his full dress coat. His lady was not with him. On account of a rupture which happened a little before the commencement of the session of Congress, between General T—— and his consort, she has withdrawn from his house and society, and passes her time, at present, in an humble and solitary way in the neighboring village of Georgetown. In consequence of this misunderstanding, the Minister had, it is said, attempted to ship off his lady to France. She refused to submit to this, made an outcry, alarmed the neighborhood, and brought a mob to her house, and finally made her escape from her gallant spouse, and has ever since been deprived of the pleasure of his company. Under these circumstances, this distinguished lady did not make her appearance.

The British Minister and his lady were both there. They have lately succeeded Mr. and Mrs. Merry in their diplomatic capacity. Being newly arrived, they attracted a good deal of attention, particularly the lady, who is a pretty Philadelphian.

The greater part of the Senators were there, and the few whose wives were in town brought them thither to partake of this great exhibition. So it was with the principal heads of the Executive Departments. They came forth on this grand occasion to pay the homage of their respects to the Chief Magistrate of the nation. The members of the House of Representatives, the respectable resident inhabitants, the officers of the Army and Navy, the strangers of consideration who happened to be in the city, and the Ossage Indians, men and women, little and big, crowded to the President's House to partake in the festivities of the morning.

The day was very favourable, and the assemblage brilliant, as you may suppose. Great mirth and good humour prevailed, and you may easily conceive wherefore, when it is computed that, besides the smiles of cordiality and welcome which the company received from their generous entertainer, they consumed for him a quarter-cask of wine, a barrel of punch, and a hundred weight of cake, besides other knick-knacks to a considerable amount. While the refreshments were passing around, and the company helping themselves, a band of music entertained them with martial and enlivening airs.

Before the hour of dining, the assemblage of people dispersed, well pleased with their manner of spending the morning, and in high hope that Mr. J. might long continue in the Presidential chair. The ladies in particular are charmed with this handsome way of doing things.

The dancing assemblies are conducted very much as they have been for several years. Minuets are quite out of fashion; still, contra-dances and cotillions are as much in vogue as ever. The Balls open with the former, and after a few sets the dancers generally enter upon the cotillions, and perform them in great variety.

The girls who frequent these places of fashion here are generally taught to dance well. Generally speaking, they dress with more gay colours and a greater display of finery than our New Yorkers do. They therefore appear to advantage on the floor. And I think the Rooms of this season contain a good proportion of beauty, though I think the Belles are less numerous than common.

But you know that the scarcity of the commodity makes it the more dear and valuable.

Private parties are frequent. I have told you before that there is a good deal of high life in Washington. There are a number of families here who delight in gay and fashionable displays. The succession of these renders the place agreeable enough for polite strangers of all sorts, and particularly for ladies. A woman of quality, who is fond of party-going and carousing, need be at no loss for occupation at this place during the session of Congress.

At these gatherings of the people the individuals assembled amuse themselves in the customary way. Tea, coffee, cakes, wet and dry fruits, lemonade, wines, and other refreshments are offered them. They form talking parties, whist parties, loo parties, music parties, and sometimes dancing parties in the different chambers that are thrown open, according to their humour or the circumstances. Many of the ladies refuse to gamble, but with others cards are almost necessities of life, and some of the fine creatures have acquired remarkable skill in their use.

Pockets are not yet restored to their places, and among the first-rate damsels, ridicules and bags are quite in disuse. If they have anything to carry beyond what the hand will contain, they must take with them a beau or some servant to be the bearer.

The President of our Senatorial body is much more indulgent than his predecessor was. Burr excluded the ladies from the fires and floor where the Senators sit, and confined them to the gallery; but Clinton admits them to the places they before occupied in the lobby. The consequence is, that our presiding officer, who is a man of gallant spirit and feelings, has the pretty girls fair in his eye, and enlivens himself by the prospect during a tedious debate; and the Senators themselves can now and then leave their scarlet arm-chairs, and relieve their weary limbs while they saunter about a little in the lobby, and pay their adorations to the sovereigns of the land.

As my paper is almost filled, and my time elapsed, I must terminate my epistle. But before I lay down my pen, I beg to renew the assurances of respect for yourself.

S. L. MITCHELL.